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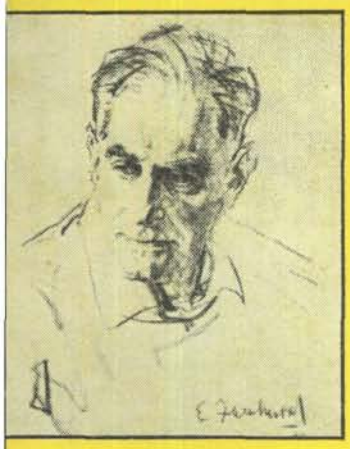

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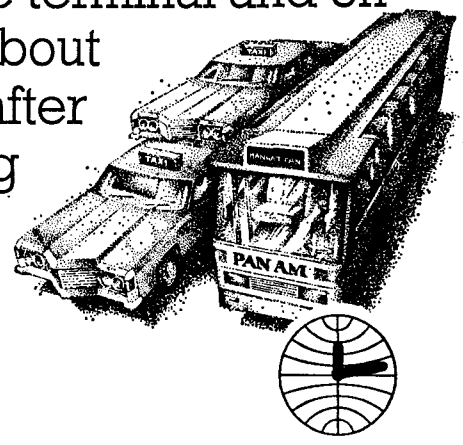


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# Encounter

APRIL 1973

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*C. B. Cox*

# Who Needs Examinations?

MR EDWARD SHORT, a former schoolteacher and ex-Minister of Education, now Deputy Leader of the British Labour Party, has condemned examinations as "a great disincentive to true education, hanging like a mill-stone around the necks of the schools. . . ." In a policy statement published in April 1972, the Labour Party's Science and Education Committee advocated the abolition of the General Certificate of Education examining boards, and their replacement by almost complete reliance on teacher assessment.

> Examinations [it was argued] at present exert a disproportionate influence in the curriculum and tend to be inflexible and irrelevant to the world today as well as reinforcing social divisions.

Children must not be depressed by failure, we are told, and everyone must have prizes.

Let me say immediately that Mr Short has some powerful arguments, and that I myself have published attacks on the British examination system as it exists today. If we apply the usual criteria of validity, reliability, and the backwash effect on teaching, British methods leave much to be desired. A major complaint is that the Eleven-plus and Eighteen-plus tests have been used as a final arbiter on a student's fitness for grammar or university education. A child's whole future has been determined by a few days in an examination room; and it is not surprising that this has provoked so much anger. This raises certain broad issues which I can only deal with briefly here. A major weakness of British education is its lack of flexibility. If transfers from one institution of higher education to another were made easy, this would help to prevent abuse of Eighteen-plus examinations. The introduction of the Eleven-plus selection mechanism was an historical accident. Selection at Thirteen-plus would be more just; but, again, flexibility is essential, and late-developers should be given every opportunity to catch up. It is always wrong for examinations to be used too rigidly for selection processes.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS have been accused of unreliability. Famous proofs of this, such as *An Examination of Examinations*, by Hartog and Rhodes, were already being publicised in the 1930s. Individual examiners (particularly of traditional "essay questions") offer extraordinarily divergent scores for the same piece of work. It is also true that with the huge increase in recent years in the numbers of candidates, it has proved difficult to find enough competent examiners; and that payment for the service is comparatively low. This unreliability, however, has been exaggerated for propagandistic purposes, and often the sophisticated standardisation procedures developed by British G.C.E. examining boards have not been taken into account. Examiners must meet together to discuss objectives and mark-schemes, and samples of their work should be closely scrutinised. Obviously, perfection is never possible, and in Britain there have been significant differences among the various boards. But the most recent survey, *British Examinations*, published by the National Foundation for Educational Research, found standards of reliability "a creditable achievement".[1] Obviously, problems arise from the misuse of results—for University selectors sometimes appear to become mesmerised by the "infallibility" of grades.

But I do not wish to bog myself down in statistical problems of reliability, about which the N.F.E.R. survey already provides plenty of material. A major flaw in British examinations is that they impose *too much specialisation*, and

[1] D. L. Nuttall and A. S. Willmott, *British Examinations* (1972), p. 125.



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inhibit the development of new subjects. If a subject is not examined, then students refuse to study it, as they scramble madly for the necessary grades for university entry. Certain subjects (*e.g.* "creative writing") cannot be tested in an examination room; and examiners prefer questions which produce answers easy to fit in with a mark scheme. I remember some years ago, when I was an examiner for the G.C.E. Ordinary Level, how a scheme to introduce "poetry appreciation" fell through because we could not agree on exactly how it should be marked. Unfortunately the G.C.E. examinations no longer impose any general requirement for breadth of study. This could easily be reformed if universities insisted on wide qualifications as essential for admission; they could demand four subjects at Advanced Level, for example, plus a general studies paper. Narrow-minded specialisation can also become a curse at universities, and "exam fever" makes some students abandon all other activities. Lord David Cecil has criticised most strongly the excessive absorption with examinations at Oxford: "Remember that there are two days of judgment and that that of the Oxford final examination is the less important of the two. . . ."

IMPROPER USE of selection; unreliability; over-specialisation—these are all major objections to the British system; but, for the teacher, perhaps even more important is the danger of parrot-learning. Criticisms of this kind have frequently been voiced. For many years at Cambridge Dr F. R. Leavis argued that the Tripos examinations do not properly reward originality, and the first-class honours man in English is a walking cliché. British students, when interviewed for admission to universities, often have a peculiar habit of speech. When asked about their work, they do not reply "I think that . . .", "I've read . . ."—but always "We thought that . . .", "We've read . . .". Even when asked directly for their own opinions, these candidates desperately shift the discussion back to what has been said and done in class at school. In these circumstances honesty can be a mistake. To the question "What poets do you enjoy reading?", candidates for English Honours have been known to reply: "I don't really like poetry." In *The Future of Education*, A. D. C. Peterson has criticised the G.C.E. examinations because they

> promote a method of teaching which depends on the structuring by the teacher of a limited amount of material and the memorisation by the pupils not merely of facts but of second-hand interpretation of facts. The pressure towards this kind of teaching becomes more intense the greater the competition involved in the examination and the shorter the time allowed for answering the questions.[2]

AFTER THIS SUMMARY of objections to the British system, it may appear puzzling that I have become a well-known advocate of the view that in modern society education can only thrive in a context of examinations. I have already tried to suggest certain ways in which the faults of the British system could be remedied by sensible reforms. I believe public examinations have basic virtues which no other system can supply. All education institutions are imperfect; when we decide to be rid of some existing practice it is wise to be sure first that the alternative is not worse. Although examinations have their faults, the alternative is a breakdown of rigour and discipline. Without the pressure of competition, the average teacher and his class sink easily into relaxed, undemanding activities.

It is noteworthy that during the last five years or so, the debate over examinations has completely changed its character. Moderate reformers, like myself, have found ourselves in strange company. We now see that we have been supplying ammunition for certain way-out educationalists who wish to "destroy all traditional structures." Their jargon is familiar to us all. Examinations are "divisive", "élitist", "repressive", "authoritarian", even "fascist"; an essential part of a class-stratified, competitive society; a barrier to the emergence of their dream of a "popular culture." The new school, in Lord James's words, is to be ungraded, untested, and unperturbed. This breakdown of consensus I shall discuss later: first I wish to stress certain basic arguments in favour of examinations.

IT IS USUALLY AGREED that in 19th-century Britain the introduction of competitive examinations was enormously successful in raising standards and in furthering the development of a just society. The scholarship system helped intelligent working-class children to clamber up the educational ladder. John Stuart Mill believed that "throwing open the Civil Service to competition was one of the greatest improvements in public affairs ever proposed by a government. . . ." For Benjamin Jowett examinations had moral value, for success depended

[2] *The Future of Education* (1968), p. 51.

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on perseverance and self-discipline. Jowett felt that examinations would exercise the happiest influence on the lower classes, "acting by the surest of all motives: the desire that a man has of bettering himself."[3]

After the publication of the first *Black Paper* a few years ago I came in for much public abuse for writing: "The new fashionable anarchy flies in the face of human nature, for it holds that children and students will work from natural inclination rather than the desire for reward." It was the Victorian recognition of this obvious truth (denied by our modern radical reformers) that persuaded them to develop an examination system. Indeed, it was so-called "progressive" opinion, following the ideas of Jeremy Bentham, that in the 19th century advocated examinations as an answer to selection by bribery and favouritism. Examinations help both teacher and pupil to check on progress. They provide specific objectives, clarifying for the student the requirements of the course. They give a candidate the pleasure of demonstrating his ability, and of receiving public recognition for his attainment.

The standards achieved by the influence of competitive examinations have been the pride of British education. In the Victorian period the tests for entry to the public schools at Thirteen-plus reached fantastically high levels. The Rugby School Scholarship examination of June 1899 contained algebra questions roughly of modern G.C.E. Advanced-level quality. It has often been argued that British universities can achieve high standards in a three-year course because the competitive examination system has brought on students so quickly, and that by the age of eighteen a good British student has reached a level equivalent to the American B.A.

## *They Shall Pass*

*London*

MR BRUCE REED, *an Open University tutor, has said that he passed all his students in an examination without consideration of their performance, "The Teacher," the journal of the National Union of Teachers, reports today. Mr Reed said that the examination, for students taking the course "Understanding Society", was not on the subjects they had been studying.*

*A small percentage had been required to take the hour-long examination because they had failed a final examination. "This particular examination simply did not deserve the weight being given to it", Mr Reed said.*

THE TIMES

But what is the situation now? In recent years many voices have been raised to question whether standards are in fact being maintained. In *Black Paper Two* the late Professor Sir Cyril Burt suggested that the growth of "progressive education", with the removal of competition, tests, and examinations, had produced a decline in standards: "Judged by tests applied and standardised in 1913–14, the average attainments in reading, spelling, mechanical and problem arithmetic are now appreciably lower than they were 55 years ago." He published his evidence in *The Irish Journal of Education* in 1970. These *Black Paper* claims were most bitterly challenged; but they were partially confirmed by the N.F.E.R. report *The Trend of Reading Standards*, by K. B. Start and B. K. Wells, published in March 1972. This showed that during the last ten years reading standards among British eleven- and fifteen-year-olds have *not* improved, and in certain ways appear to have deteriorated. As might be expected, different interpretations of this decline are put forward. It is significant that many secondary school teachers have complained that the disappearance of the Eleven-plus examination has caused a dramatic decline in ability in basic subjects. In June 1971 Dr Rhodes Boyson, headmaster of a large London comprehensive school, described various disturbing features consequent upon the abolition of the Eleven-plus:

> I notice that there is a big difference in standards between pupils entering my school from different primary schools. The 11-plus examination could be attacked for forcing a set pattern on the primary schools but with little meeting of minds between primary and secondary schools the *no* 11-plus examinations system could be more disastrous for pupils. . . . Every year my staff find it progressively more difficult to know what skills and knowledge they can take for granted from new entrants to the secondary school. . . . If there is no 11-plus standard against which children "taught" by teachers following opposing ideas can be judged, then how many thousands of children must enter the secondary school as backward readers before their minds are changed? (*Teacher's World*)

When objective standards disappear, no one can know precisely what is going on. I believe the removal of tests, grades, and examinations has been doing great harm to British schools. For what it is worth, I might mention that on several recent occasions I have met American parents in England who have complained that standards in British state schools are lower than in the United

[3] See R. J. Montgomery, *Examinations* (1965) for a full account of 19th-century developments.

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States! Twenty years ago the opposite was usually taken for granted.

AN OBVIOUS MERIT of public examinations, in contrast to school assessment, is that national standards provide students and parents with a guide to local achievements. This had considerable importance in my own career. When I was seventeen I sat for the old H.S.C. examinations, with English as one of my main subjects. For seven years I had been a pupil at a secondary school in Grimsby, a rather isolated sea-port in Lincolnshire. At school I had been fairly successful, and so I wrote my papers with confidence and enjoyment. The results were a painful disappointment. My marks were only average, probably slightly lower than the standard now required for admission to my own English department at Manchester. Only in one paper, which demanded some original appreciation of poetry and prose, had I achieved a high grade.

This experience taught me a number of things. For the first time I realised that my own school could not rival the academic standards of the famous British grammar and public schools. I began an intensive study of new books, and I questioned my teachers closely about the inadequacies in my approach. I also learnt that in my case high marks in literature depended (contrary to fashionable opinion today) on committing myself to personal appreciation, rather than to repetition of my teachers' views.

University exams at the end of term are particularly successful in helping a student to understand his own limitations. When I went up to Cambridge I learnt some hard truths from my comparatively low marks in the first-year Preliminary examination. I happened to dislike certain over-subtle interpretations of Shakespeare, and I had pleased my supervisor with a series of knock-down essays making fun of this new-style pedantry. Repetition of my belligerent approach produced a lower second-class mark, whereas a friend obtained a first. From subsequent discussion with him, I realised that it is more important to consider why Shakespeare succeeds than to waste time demolishing second-rate criticism.

In preparing for the 17th-century paper I had foolishly ignored the major authors, and spent my time studying lesser-known writers. The combination of various questions prevented me from using this prepared material, and I was forced to write on authors about whom I had read little criticism. After a few moments of despair, I started thinking hard about the questions, and developed arguments which depended on careful, honest assessment of my own personal responses to literature. I scored a higher mark than on the other comparable papers, and again the message for my future studies was clear.

During the *Black Paper* campaign I received letters from parents whose children had performed badly in public examinations after attending well-known "progressive" schools (the kind admired by visiting American educationists on one-day visits). In several cases this misfortune persuaded the parents to transfer their children to a different school; and the result had been amazing improvement. Without the shock of bad examination results, parents can too easily be duped by a school atmosphere which is happy but systematically anti-intellectual. The common sense of this is, I fear, largely ignored by the purveyors of our current educational mumbo-jumbo. They often tell us that clever children will do well in any circumstances, even under bad teachers. Anyone with experience of average schools knows this is untrue. In an article in *Black Paper Three,* Professor Derek Colville described the mounting anger of some third- and fourth-year American undergraduates when they realised the inadequacy of their high-school training. Educational opportunities missed at the age of ten or fourteen cannot easily be made up later.

MANY CRITICISMS of the British system could be answered by improvement in examining techniques. In his recent *International Baccalaureate* (1972), A. D. C. Peterson describes a variety of methods of coping with the problems I outlined at the outset. In Britain the new Certificate of Secondary Education has experimented in methods offering the teacher more freedom and some participation in assessment. "Teacher assessment" is valuable in certain circumstances, but introduces special difficulties, particularly where large numbers of candidates are involved. Standardisation is virtually impossible, for even when a chief examiner has the time to visit schools it is difficult for him to assess the worth of large piles of projects, of "creative writing", etc. More than that, in the last few years the growing breakdown of any consensus about educational objectives has created a new problem. You visit one school, and you find that the children have been encouraged to organise "happen-

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ings" in the streets; at another you are shown well-prepared exercises in iambic pentameters. My example may seem extreme, but from the "new freedom" for teachers have emerged widely divergent, often freakish, activities, for which "assessment" is an absurd exercise.

THE LABOUR PARTY'S DETERMINATION to place examining in the hands of teachers will make standardisation impossible. Teachers are often unreliable in their estimates of the worth of their pupils, and some indulge in gross exaggeration. Without external assessment there will be no check on this sentimentality. How shall we decide in future who will be granted the privilege of admission to higher education, *e.g.* to our medical schools? If the G.C.E. system is abolished, then all institutions will have to set their own entrance tests. The result will mean increased pressure on the student, who will have to submit himself to a nerve-wracking variety of examinations.

There are also the well-known objections that "course assessment", either in school or university, can lead to favouritism, plagiarism, and downright cheating. The relationship between student and teacher is profoundly altered. When a student is competing in a national examination, he can relax with his teacher, as they both cooperate to defeat the examining board. He can be honest about his deficiencies. In contrast, students under course assessment become adepts at influencing their teachers by various stratagems of flattery and blackmail. If the students do badly, then clearly the teacher is in some degree to blame, and pressure is on him not to give low grades.

In these circumstances public examinations have unique virtues, and plans to abolish them in Britain will, in my view, produce a chaotic situation. The best schemes combine different forms of assessment, both traditional examinations and satisfactory completion of projects under the direction of a teacher.

I HAVE, so far, been mainly concerned with the success of examinations in promoting high standards. They also have a vital social purpose in any advanced functional society. In the *Universities Quarterly* (June 1967), Professor Marie Jahoda wrote:

> Examinations serve a function for society at large in attesting to standards of academic performance. As Tawney pointed out long ago, it is inherent in professional work—and a first degree from a university is the *sine qua non* for entering many professions—that the public is not in a position to judge the quality of performance which it must take on credit. Passing examinations before entering a profession is, thus, a necessary protection for the public.

Before we call in a doctor, we want some proof that his studies have not been confined to witchcraft. Before a headmaster appoints a teacher of French, he needs proof that a candidate has reached an acceptable standard. A complicated society *depends* on such safeguards and classifications. To abolish examinations would leave us altogether too vulnerable. Lord Bowden, Principal of the Manchester University Institute of Science and Technology, said recently:

> As far as we are concerned, the rigour of the scientific disciplines has been unimpaired by "progressive education". If a man wants to learn how to design a suspension bridge or to remove an appendix, he has to accept traditional discipline and submit himself to formal examination before he can be let loose on the world.

Maintaining just standards *is* difficult; but this is, after all, a main function of a profession. In Britain, examiners have earned a high reputation for fairness and scrupulosity. It is noticeable that

## *Class Struggle*

CAMBRIDGE DONS *have voted against the introduction of a radical change in the economics Tripos examination. By 446 votes to 273, a majority of 173, they rejected a proposal from the Economics faculty to abolish classified results lists in Part I of the tripos, which indicate candidates' performance. Many undergraduates were angry last night that their views had been ignored. The faculty board had said the change was desirable because "the absence of publication of classes would avoid the public labelling of candidates as being third class." In place of class lists average marks should be circulated to college tutors.*

*A second proposal from the faculty, suggesting that undergraduates should be allowed to prepare a dissertation of 6,000 words over a long period instead of taking two of the six three-hour papers in Part II of the Tripos, was approved by 372 votes to 318, a majority of 54.*

*The poll was one of the highest at the university on any subject for some time, and indicated strong feeling among the 2,000 members of Regent House —the university's sovereign body—on moves regarded by many dons as a major departure from Cambridge tradition.*

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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opponents of examinations rarely mention this *social* necessity for professional qualifications. Could it be that our tough-minded realists inhabit a Cloud-cuckoo-land? Examinations are a means of maintaining high standards in particular disciplines, of carrying on traditions. I cannot avoid the conclusion that competitive examinations are needed by a modern technological society as an efficient means of ensuring that the able and well-educated are given appropriate responsibility.

ARGUMENTS ABOUT EXAMINATIONS are deeply involved with the crisis in education which has been tearing our institutions apart. This crisis gives the issue of public examinations a special new importance. A. D. C. Peterson's excellent proposals for the International Baccalaureate presuppose some kind of consensus among teachers and examiners about the aims of education. I find my own students increasingly critical of ideas which were accepted by almost everyone as recently as ten years ago. Their opinions are influenced in various ways by neo-Marxist demands for a "common culture" and by neo-Freudian longing for a "non-repressive" civilisation. In a brilliant recent article, "Where the Educational Nonsense Comes From", Jacques Barzun has discussed our present-day problems now that the "high Renaissance ideas on which we have lived for 500 years have lost their power and we drift."[4] In the last decade many American universities have witnessed the disappearance of any organising image at the centre of the curriculum. The teaching profession now includes many opponents of examinations who see their abolition as part of a revolutionary campaign to destroy "bourgeois Western civilisation" and to substitute some "new concept of man." Mr John Bevan, new president of the Association of Teachers in Technical Institutions, said (in his opening address on 28 May 1972): "Education should be an agent of revolution, threatening the established order. . . ." Such pronouncements from our fashionable revolution-mongers have become commonplace. These "revolutionary" aims are not sufficiently understood by parents, and I feel there is an urgent need for publicity campaigns to bring home to the public what is being lost, exactly what is being disestablished.

[4] *Papers on Educational Reform*, Vol. II (1971), p. 13.

THE NEW REVOLUTIONIST'S OPPOSITION to public examination is reflected in the present quarrel between literary and sociological studies; and it is useful to look at this in order to locate the theoretical basis to our current disputes.

The Arnoldian concept of a tradition of literature, art, and ideas, which it is the responsibility of critics and the generally "cultured" to keep up, is being displaced by a value-free concept of the total social character of a society. Basic to literary studies has been the belief that art consciously and continuously keeps alive the "best values", that it preserves essential standards of clarity and worth. This is now confronted by fashionable sociology, which holds that high art-culture is not necessarily superior to any other. Behind this thinking lie complex responses to Marx's thesis that it is not the consciouness of men that determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence that determines their consciousness.

This distrust of high culture, of "élitism", of hierarchies of value, of graded examinations, is now endemic in our popular journalism. In a recent *Times Literary Supplement* we have been told:

> The word "culture" has, mercifully, outgrown its old élitist meaning; if the cultural is enlarged, as it should be, to take in everything that is not natural, then it no longer makes sense to stick to an exclusive view of culture.

The implications of this kind of sociologese for education have been grasped by many left-wing writers. A typical recent book is Jonathan Raban's *The Society of the Poem*, in which he attacks the traditional university emphasis on the value of the high culture of the past. He associates its forms of rhetoric with the conservatism of T. S. Eliot, and argues that belief in high culture is out of touch with the "living forces" in art today. High culture is said to be essentially a product of aristocratic or bourgeois society. The concern of a critic such as Dr F. R. Leavis for value, greatness, worth, richness, and substance reflects his "meritocratic" social assumptions. According to Mr Raban, when we say an artist is great and another vulgar, we merely draw upon our experience as members of an economically stratified, competitive society. The value attached to originality in Western culture stems from our élitist assumptions, whereas this concept is relatively unimportant in most folk art or, say, in the culture of contemporary China. Mr Raban

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is typical of left-wing sociologists in his determination to savage the "bourgeoisie" for its old presumption in believing itself to be the repository of lofty and classless values.

Such arguments have become the jargon of many young teachers, who are victimised by hearing hoary old clichés for the first time. The implication is that poets like Milton or Keats, Eliot or Yeats, are no longer to be seen as superior to the "pop" artist. For many contemporary writers, "order" is rejected as part of an obsolescent metaphysical view of the world; and with this rejection goes the traditional Apollonian notion of the artist as someone who imposes form and order on life, on the raw flux of experience. Instead there is a preference for the *random*, and the *inconsequential*, for *anti-art*. Such views can only regard traditional literature examinations with contempt, for these depend indeed on belief in a high culture, and on the value of the controlling, ordering, rational intellect. This confusion of high culture with "pop" values, so that the Beatles can be called major poets, is a characteristic of our present discontent. As George Steiner has pointed out in *In Bluebeard's Castle*, the democratisation of high culture has been brought on by a crisis of nerve in culture itself. As high culture has become increasingly uncertain of its own values, even at times an expression of despair, the young have turned to "pop" for life and energy. These trends give new strength to those educationists who promote "cultural studies" or "life-adjustment programmes" at the expense of the traditional study of the humanities.

This attack on high culture not only means that examinations which demand understanding and appreciation of great writers are deemed "irrelevant"; it also involves a distrust of all kinds of intelligent use of language, and this I find particularly frightening. Those teachers who accept the fashionable "value-free" concept of cultures usually also argue that so-called "correct" English, the grammar-school tradition of clarity, is not superior to the vitality of working-class speech. The same argument, of course, is put forward in the United States with regard to the Negro use of language, *i.e.* Black English. Albert Rowe, a leading British progressivist, thinks the new teacher "must recognise the working-class culture of pupils as valid. Not inferior to others, simply different. . . ."[5] Recently a university teacher was interviewing a student indoctrinated with these views:

CANDIDATE: The school forces middle-class values on the working classes.
INTERVIEWER: (*with intended irony*): You mean Beethoven and Shakespeare?
CANDIDATE: Yes.

IN THESE MATTERS a strong vein of primitivism is at work and this gains warrant from much modern art. A sense of guilt about the British Empire, or about Viet Nam, associates itself with a revulsion from the achievements of Western civilisation, underpinning a distrust of the linguistic forms in which this culture has found its richest expression. Steiner has linked the breakdown of aristocratic and middle-class concepts of hierarchy with a revulsion from language:

> an explicit grammar is an acceptance of order. . . . The counter-culture is perfectly aware of where to begin the job of demolition. The violent illiteracies of the graffiti, the clenched silence of the adolescent, the nonsense-cries from the stage-happening, are resolutely strategic. The insurgent and the freakout have broken off discourse with a cultural system which they despise as a cruel, antiquated fraud.

He also refers to the present retreat from the word:

> It is a commonplace of current sociology and "media-study" that this primacy of the "logic"—of that which organises the articulations of time and of meaning around the *logos*—is now drawing to a close.

Steiner himself deplores this process: "We empty of their humanity those to whom we deny speech. . . . Deliberate violence is being done to those primary ties of identity and social cohesion produced by a common language."[6]

I am not so pessimistic as Steiner about the retreat from the word, but I would not wish to underestimate the gravity of our present situation. The existence of the humanities, of verbal culture itself, is under attack. The traditional belief that the study of great literature and of great thinkers of the past releases us from the debased myths of the present, that it ennobles and civilises, needs to be fought for both at the level of theory and at mundane committee meetings to discuss "examination reform". The value of clear thought needs to be reasserted. Words are indeed essential to our humanity, and we need to preserve lucidity of speech as part of our common culture. Without such refinement we lose an essential element in personal relations and in our liberal political life. We diminish our humanity.

[5] *The Dudley Educational Journal*, Vol. I, no. 1, p. 32.
[6] *In Bluebeard's Castle* ( 1971), pp. 88–9.

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MUCH THAT IS HAPPENING in the arts and society today implies a lack of confidence in responsible action, in structures of language or behaviour which impose meaningful, rational order on our environment. Just as there is widespread doubt among writers about the mimetic function of words, about their relation to reality, so there is a prevalent scepticism about the forms of behaviour prescribed by institutions, and their correspondence with meaningful activity. No doubt bad examinations can contribute to this sense of absurdity; but good examinations prescribe a pattern of behaviour of enormous social value. A student must submit himself to a period of self-discipline and preparation extending over a length of time, often more than a year. He is given a precise objective, and can succeed only by hard work, concentration, self-knowledge, and careful development of the rational faculties. Traditional essay-questions demand high standards of lucidity, and British students have achieved international repute for their powers of articulation. This model of behaviour is exactly what is required from doctors, engineers, architects, agriculturalists, if they are to solve the problems of the pollution of the environment, of suffering and starvation. It is only men and women who have received the toughest education in such disciplines who can gain the knowledge and acquire the insight to make a fresh contribution to the appalling problems that beset us all over the world.

And by insisting on high standards of literacy, public examinations provide a means of opposing the intellectual Ludditism of the attack on verbal culture. By prescribing the study of great authors, of our past history, they can do something to preserve European traditions for transmission to the young. In my view we must fight against those who wish to "dilute" or abolish examinations if we are to protect our children from the Counter-culture now so powerful in our society. No doubt about it; if in Britain we do away with our G.C.E. examining boards, the result will be that increasingly our past culture will just not be studied.

Nor is this all. Abolition of examinations will also have the most damaging influence on our ability to compete, if compete we must, with other nations, and on the character of our national way of life. Can a society which does not recognise and reward excellence avoid decadence? There is a warning from C. S. Lewis in his *Miracles*:

> A world in which I was *really* (and not merely by a useful legal fiction) "as good as everyone else", in which I never looked up to anyone wiser or cleverer or braver or more learned than I, would be insufferable.

## The snow party

Bashō, coming
To the city of Nagoya,
Is asked to a snow party.

There is a tinkling of china
And saké into china;
There are introductions.

Then everyone
Crowds to the window
To watch the falling snow.

Snow is falling on Nagoya
And farther south
On the tiles of Kyōto.

Eastward, beyond Irago,
It is falling
Like leaves on the cold sea.

Elsewhere they are burning
Witches and heretics
In the boiling squares,

Thousands have died since noon
In the service
Of barbarous kings;

But there is silence
In the houses of Nagoya
And the hills of Ise.

*Derek Mahon*

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## *Norman Levine*

# *In Lower Town*

WHEN I WAS A KID we lived in Lower Town, Ottawa. The first house was on Guigues Street. It was a brick house on a corner. On one side was King Edward Avenue with its boulevard of tall elms, their roots above the ground. And on the other, our neighbour, Nadolny. Mr Nadolny, a nice-looking man in glasses, had been something different in Europe. Here in Ottawa he was, like my father, a fruit pedlar. The rest of Guigues Street was French Canadian.

It was a large three-storey house and to help things out my mother took in boarders. All of them were recent immigrants from Europe.

There was Isaac and his wife Ethel. He looked like a professor with his monocle, and worked in a jewellery store, uptown, doing watch repairs. She stayed home as she was pregnant. She looked a bit scatty with her blonde fuzzy hair that she had difficulty in combing and her large pale eyes. She also couldn't speak English. When she started to have labour pains, she called out to me.

"*Me hoits. Me hoits.*"

They soon left Ottawa for California.

And there was Bobeh and Zaydeh Saslove. They were brought over by their sons when they were in their late sixties. He was short and quiet and had a long beard and not much to do except go to the synagogue. In Poland, when he was younger, he was something in wood. Here he would go to the market and buy, in summer, the wood we needed for the winter. I'd see him come back with the horse and wagon and blocks of wood piled high in the back. He made several trips. Then he spent days building the blocks of wood carefully together along the back fence near where the wild cucumbers were growing. He took care and had the wood meshed evenly—like I tried to do on the table with matches. After he had stacked the couple of cords he would ask us to come out and see how it looked. We all said it looked very nice. A couple of days later he would knock it all down flat. And then start to build it up again, very neatly.

Both he and his wife spoke in whispers. And they ate their meals together out of the same bowl.

MY FATHER only knew a few words of English and a few words of French. When I was twelve—and we had moved from Guigues to Murray Street where just about everyone was either a fruit or a rag pedlar—I decided to help my father with the peddling. When school finished at the end of June, I left the house early in the morning and walked to the market and helped him load the wagon with the fruit and vegetables that he bought from the farmers and the wholesale stores. Then we went out—the white horse pulling the high red wagon, over Rideau, along Nicholas Street, by the jail, over Laurier Bridge and across the Rideau Canal, to the first street with my father's customers—Gloucester.

It was a quiet street with lots of trees and squirrels on the grass lawns and wooden houses with verandahs painted green or brown. In the middle of the block there was a greystone convent where someone was always practising the piano.

It was a humid day and our shirts were damp when my father asked me to come along to his first customer—to help break me in.

We walked around to the back of the house to the kitchen. He knocked on the screen door. A pretty woman in a black slip appeared. She was in her thirties. She began to ask questions as to the price of the corn, bananas, tomatoes, cucumbers, potatoes—and she started to squeeze the peach I had,



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as a sample, in my wicker basket.

"*Kvetch. Kvetch.*" My father began to talk in Yiddish. "I bet you know how to squeeze in bed."

I looked at the woman's face trying to pretend I didn't hear what my father was saying.

"How much are the spring onions," she asked.

"Three bunches for twenty cents," I said.

"Look at the prostitute," my father said in Yiddish. (The word he used was *curveh* which is much more evocative.) "You can see she's got nothing on underneath."

"How much are the cherries?" the woman asked with a nice smile.

"Twenty-five cents a box," I said looking at her brown eyes, the dark hair cut short, the even teeth.

I tried to keep a straight face while she gave me her order and my father went on, in Yiddish, about her likely performance in bed.

As we walked back to the wagon to get her order made up, I felt embarrassed and pleased. I had never heard my father say anything like this before. Without turning my head, I glanced at his face. He was grinning like a kid.

That evening—after he had put the horse in the stable and had his supper—he came outside to sit with my mother and sister on the verandah. He was the same self I had known before, in his chair, in the corner, by the hanging Morning Glory, drinking *Kik*. And looking at the families sitting outside on the other verandahs doing much the same.

I THOUGHT it was only my father who behaved differently away from Lower Town until I happened to be in one of the wealthier West End streets a couple of days later. By now I knew the route as well as the horse. And I used to go well ahead of the horse and wagon so I could sit on a verandah, in the shade, and rest a bit, while my father served his customers.

I was sitting like this when I saw old man Pleet—our neighbour on one side in Murray Street. He had a broken-down horse pulling a shabby wagon with old mattresses, old bed-springs, bottles and sacks. But instead of calling out "rags, rags for sale", which he did in Lower Town; here he was saying, in a slight sing-song, the evening service of the synagogue. He didn't see me. As the horse and wagon went by I looked at his face. Mr Pleet was miles and miles away.

Another time, also in a wealthier street, in Rockliffe, I saw Mr Slack, another rag pedlar from Murray Street. He too was going through with his horse and wagon, very slowly, on this hot summer's day. Junk piled behind him. And calling out sadly in Yiddish.

"Thieves. Thieves. Nothing but a bunch of thieves live here."

I guess they knew that once away from Lower Town they might as well have been in a foreign country. And they also knew that they could never become part of it.

But I would.

At school I not only played with the other Lower Town kids but also with kids whose parents only spoke English. Had nice jobs in the government. Some of these kids asked me back to their houses. (It was a very democratic place.) Large houses with maids and with trees and bushes and lots of grass. I remember being asked back by a classmate whose father was an aide-de-camp to the Governor General. And when I arrived there was a garden party on the lawn. Another time a doctor's son asked me. And after we had nice things to eat in a large gloomy house we went in their white boat along the Rideau Canal. Another time a blonde girl in the class asked me back for her birthday party—it was to a large house off the Driveway. We had to take our shoes off because the floors were new.

I couldn't invite them back to the house in Murray Street. They had made me ashamed of where I lived, of the house that smelled of the stable, and of parents who couldn't speak English.

I used to go to school day-dreaming that I had other parents, pretending I lived somewhere else. And wondering when I could get away from here.

I did get away when I was eighteen-and-a-half. The war was on. I joined up, went overseas. And after the war I went away to university in Montreal. Then moved over to England and thought I had put all this very far behind me.

But what happened?

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Now that most of the fruit and rag pedlars are dead and Lower Town has changed—I find I am unable to stay away from it. It's become like a magnet. Whenever I can, I return.

THE LAST TIME was this summer. I was supposed to go to Montreal and Toronto. But I only spent a short time in those places. I wanted to be in Ottawa. And though I stayed in a hotel with everything modern and neat, I kept on walking through the streets of Lower Town.

On Rideau, I went into Nate's delicatessen. And saw some of the kids I grew up with—children of those men who used to go out with a horse and wagon.

"You've really made it," Moe Slack said, shaking my hand. "Both *The Citizen* and *The Journal* gave you a full page. My wife bought your last book when it came out. I tried to read it but gave up halfway. Why don't you write dirty books? That's what people want to read."

Harvey Reinhardt came in. He was the same size as me but had put on more weight.

"How are you?" I asked after he sat down.

"I'm impotent," he said.

(Except he pronounced it important.)

"Ten years ago I had five dames going at the same time——"

"What do you mean?"

"I had five mistresses," he said. "My mother caught me with one at home. She said if you don't get that woman out of the house, I'll cut my throat right here. Do me a favour, I said, go out on the lawn. You'll spoil the carpet. I was a real bastard," he said with a grin.

We were sitting around a table in the back of Nate's. Moe Slack and I were having smoked-meat sandwiches and coffee and there was a blown-up informal photograph of Trudeau on the wall. We were now about the same age as those fruit and rag pedlars.

Harvey Reinhardt ordered a kipper.

"I like an English breakfast," he said. "The English girls—do they like to screw? What is it?" He asked me.

"It must be the damp climate," I said.

"You think so."

The kipper came.

"Have you ever gone to these group things?" Harvey Reinhardt said.

"No," I said eager to hear more.

"Very high-class people," said Harvey. "They only let you come with your wife or your girl-friend. It starts off like a real party. They give you a drink. Then you start dancing. And you go off to a room. I had this beautiful twenty-five year old. And I couldn't do a thing."

"Didn't she know what to do, to help things along?" I asked.

"She knew what to do," Harvey said. "But it was no good. She said she worked at some agricultural place with boars. And when some boars overdid it they were no good after that. I think this has happened to me. Later I saw her go off with some other fellow into a bedroom. I don't think I'll go again. There's no fun in it for me."

"You're a millionaire—I hear," Moe said to Harvey.

Harvey takes out a cigar and winces. "Who knows," he said.

I LEFT THEM at Nate's, remembering when they were younger and I was younger, remembering their mothers and fathers, their sisters and brothers. And crossed into Lower Town.

The streets were being altered, the wooden houses demolished and other houses had doors and windows boarded up waiting to be pulled down.

I walked along York, Clarence, Murray, St Patrick, Rose, McGee—

Here my father's horse got loose from the stable and came out into the street one summer evening. And then the whole street came out to watch the men coax him back.

In this courtyard I saw a wedding where the young red-haired bridegroom broke the glass on the ground under the held canopy. And the white bits of fluff from the dandelions, or the trees, were blown across by the summer wind so that it looked like falling snow.

Here in winter we hired two horses and a long sleigh without sides. About ten boys and ten girls. We rode at night to the sound of bells on the harness. The overhead street light showed the hard-packed snow. And in the shadows, on either side, the wooden houses moved slowly by. We pushed one another into the snowbanks, then ran to get back on to the sleigh. . . .

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I came to the small park at the end of King Edward Avenue, sat on a green bench, and felt strangely timeless. The white Minto bridges across the hardly moving Rideau river, the swans, the blackbird in the tall grass seemed—like the streets—to be frozen like a photograph. And in an extraordinary stillness.

I went to see my mother.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"I walked along Murray Street and St Patrick Street and down to King Edward Park."

"I haven't been back there for over ten years," she said.

"They're knocking the wooden houses down," I said. "And changing the streets. Soon there will be nothing left of the place the way it was."

"You'll see how nice they'll make it," she said. "All those wooden houses—that's past. We need high-rises, motorways. It will be a lot better. You can write about that," she said. "Tell how nice everything is here. Look at that high-rise across the park. At night, when the apartments put on their lights, it looks like a ship.... You won't write any more about fruit and rag pedlars?"

"No," I said.

"That's the old life—it's finished."

She fussed over me, giving me things to eat. And as soon as I finished something on a plate she quickly took the plate away and I could hear her washing it up in the kitchen. Her whole flat was spotless, everything in place. After a while, all this neatness was getting me down. Until I went to look in the drawer of a dresser in the living room for the old photographs. And saw, to my relief, that the neatness, everything in its place, was only on the surface. That in the drawers, in the dresser, things were still jumbled up.

I looked at the faces of people in the Lower Town of not so long ago. There was a photograph of my mother in her early twenties with two friends... my father on the verandah... a family picture in front of the house... a photograph of my sister and me by a large elm on King Edward Avenue when I was five and she was three... a gathering at someone's wedding....

My mother watched me. "When I'm gone," she said, indicating the photographs with her hand and then sweeping her hand downwards. "*In* the garbage! *All* in the garbage. You'll see."

She said it almost defiantly.

On the day I arrived for this visit men in yellow machines were busy knocking down the large convent on Rideau Street. I asked Harvey Reinhardt why were they knocking down a perfectly good convent?

"You can't make a buck out of a convent on Rideau Street," he said.

A few weeks later all that was still standing was part of the chapel. I could see a large painting painted on one wall of the chapel. It showed a young nun in a black and sky-blue habit. And coming down from the top left of the picture, down to the upturned eyes of the nun, was a wide ray of sunshine. Several cherubim were in this ray of the sun. They had curly blond hair and wings.

On the day I left Ottawa the chapel had also been knocked down, the rubble cleared. It was all very tidy. Nothing to show that there ever had been a convent there at all.

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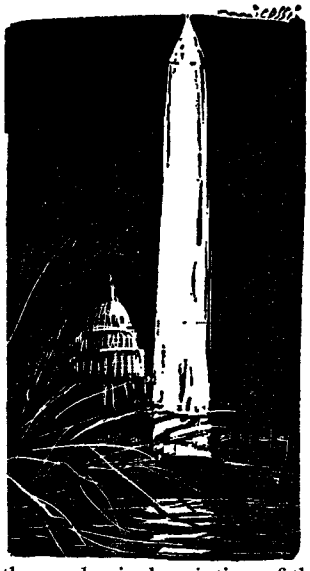
AMERICAN CHRONICLE

# The Conscience of George Kennan

*By Max Beloff*



GEORGE KENNAN is not unique in having combined the career of diplomat with that of historian. But his predecessors in that dual role—John Lothrop Motley, for instance—have rarely meditated with such persistent determination upon the relationship of the one profession to the other. How does the practical man find the very different constraints involved in the academic description of the activities of other practical men? How does the would-be moulder of national policy profit by a more than usually profound and searching attempt to understand the raw material with which he is dealing—the society and government of the countries to which he is accredited, and the society and government of his own country which he endeavours to serve to the best of his ability but which imposes its own constraints upon him? Nor of course, given the American career structure and the openness in some respects of American government, has Kennan's public career been limited to carrying out the policies of the President and Secretary of State. He has also played a part in shaping, or attempting to shape, public opinion on foreign policy both in the United States and in the wider Western community.

For these reasons, it is perhaps understandable that Kennan's most illuminating writings have been the two volumes of his autobiography. The first brought his story up to his first withdrawal from the foreign service in August 1950.[1] The second deals with the period that includes his two subsequent missions as ambassador, to the Soviet Union and to Yugoslavia.[2]

But in the case of someone with so personal an attitude to public affairs, it would be a mistake to seek to define his position only through his autobiographical writings. His historical inquiries were made to answer questions that arose for him in the course of his diplomatic work. The subjects are not chosen at random as is so often the case with academic pieces of research: they are part and parcel of two continuing concerns. *(1)* How could his own America transcend the limitations that democracy apparently imposes upon policy-makers in international affairs because of its proneness to over-simplifying issues and to seeing every contest in terms of black and white? *(2)* How, in particular, could one explain the original breach between the Soviet Union and the United States along with the rest of the Western world, and how in the light of one's conclusions about the sources of Soviet policy could one prevent the breach plunging the world into the abyss of total war between the Super-Powers?

Even works that fall outside the main framework of the inquiry play a subordinate but unmistakable role. Kennan's book on Custine was a natural outcome of an interest in the intellectual origins of Western attempts to explain the specific characters of the Russian experience before the new dimension added by the Bolshevik Revolution.[3] His interest in the Student Left arose from an attempt to discover the nature of the threat which he believed was posed by the student troubles of 1968 to the whole Western idea of a University as a place for seeking and imparting the truth.[4] Kennan's distress at some manifestations of a very different point of view was rendered more poignant to his friends by the recollection of the enormous success he had as a lecturer in Oxford in 1957–8 when he tried to explain to an undergraduate audience the historical roots of the Soviet Union's attitude towards the West.[5]

Indeed it is well to remember in reading Kennan that he has probably been at his best as a lecturer,

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[1] *Memoirs 1925–1950* (1967; London, 1968).
[2] *Memoirs 1950–1963* (Boston, Atlantic-Little Brown, 1972; London, Hutchinson, £4.50).
[3] *The Marquis de Custine and His "Russia in 1839"* (Princeton University Press, 1971).
[4] *Democracy and the Student Left* (1968).
[5] The lectures provided the material for part of *Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin* (1960).



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and that the degree of rhetoric which some people find obtrusive in his writing comes from a preference for the spoken word. The reason that his lectures were so unusually well attended was again that as a lecturer Kennan was always something of the preacher. It was thought at the time, and it is even clearer now, that despite the apparently hard-boiled cynical attitude of modern student youth, the urge to be told what is right as well as what is correct is always there. To make historical choices look like moral dilemmas, to ascribe to errors in statesmanship some taint of sinfulness, these are still the ways to pack in the young. The new volume of the autobiography tells us something of the circumstances in which the B.B.C. broadcast the famous "Reith lectures" of 1957.[6] It is clear that it was this capacity to suggest the moral implications of policies in the international arena and the responsibilities incurred by the statesmen who adopt them that both explained the reasons for Kennan being invited to give the lectures, and the quite extraordinary furore created by some of the views put forward in them.[7]

IT IS, THEREFORE, as a teacher and an expounder both of general attitudes towards foreign policy and of particular applications of them that Kennan has made his mark, rather than as a technical historian. Yet his performance as an historian in the narrower sense is very impressive. Indeed one must regret that Kennan's detailed study of Russo-American relations intended to cover the whole period 1917 to 1920 was not completed. The two volumes that did appear do, however, indicate that Kennan's instinct for the degree to which personal rivalries and misunderstandings, bureaucratic inefficiencies and unexplored prejudices can influence governments in ways that defeat the best-intentioned professional analysts is supported by historical inquiry, as well as by reflections upon his own experience.[8]

Indeed the particular impediments that American democracy and American legalism place in the way of a realistic approach to problems of foreign policy was the theme of an even earlier set of lectures delivered at Chicago in the spring of 1951.[9] And this took into account the Spanish American War and the "Open Door" policies in the Far East as well as experience in both World Wars to support the plea for a return to something more like the cautious and limited aims of traditional European balance-of-power diplomacy than Wilsonian or Rooseveltian moralism.[10] That morality might indicate a lesser reliance on moralism is something that Kennan has found it particularly hard to expound successfully to his own countrymen.

For Kennan himself (and for other Americans) I suspect indeed that it is his feelings about his own countrymen and their institutions and habits of thought that loom largest. To find one's own people falling short of one's hopes is more galling than disappointments at the hands of foreigners. But for most non-American readers it is Kennan's wrestling with the problem of Russia that is the important thing. It was the celebrated Mr *"X"* article of July 1947 in which the doctrine of "containment" was first publicly enunciated that made Kennan the public figure he has been ever since.[11]

To some extent this is surprising. Most foreign experts on a particular country develop some kind of intimate obsession with it, a love-hate relationship, arising usually from some original attraction to that society and coloured by subsequent disillusion. Kennan's writings do not suggest that this was his case. On the contrary, as shown in the first volume of the autobiography, it is Germany's experience that Kennan finds more challenging when it comes to trying to explain the course of the last half-century. It is the moral dilemmas of Germans that he finds it easier to penetrate. Indeed it could be said that it was because the original version of "containment" as put into effect by the American government did not provide, in Kennan's view, for a solution of the German problem (or an adequate safeguard for the future of Berlin) that Kennan sought to find a way around the limitations of the policy and towards something that did not imply to the same extent the perpetuation of the "Iron Curtain."[12] If there is a foreign country that Kennan has admired, or his own improved vision of which he has admired, it is Britain not Russia. And as was again shown in the first volume of the autobiography, what made him so much an odd man out in the State Department of the Wartime and immediately post-War

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[6] *Russia, the Atom and the West,* B.B.C. Reith Lectures (1958).

[7] See, for example *The West, the Atom and Russia: a Round Table Discussion of the Views of George Kennan* (ed. M. J. Lasky Paris, 1958).

[8] *Russia Leaves the War* (1956); *The Decision to Intervene* (1958).

[9] *American Diplomacy* (1951).

[10] I discussed this work at greater length in my review of it in *The Twentieth Century* (April, 1952).

[11] "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," *Foreign Affairs* (July 1947). See also "America and the Russian Future," *Foreign Affairs* (April 1951). Both these articles were printed as appendices in *American Diplomacy.*

[12] Kennan did not of course have any illusions about the Germans when in a controlling position. He had seen them at work in Czechoslovakia. See *From Prague after Munich: Diplomatic Papers 1938–1940* (1968).

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period was his failure to share in the Department's anti-British and anti-British Empire sentiments.

KENNAN HAS TOLD US in the first volume of the *Memoirs* that his interest in Russia was early aroused by his being related to his namesake, the George Kennan of *Siberia and the Exile System*.[13] The earlier George Kennan went to Russia assuming that the Tsarist régime had been traduced by exiles and came back a bitter opponent of its political methods. Kennan himself began with no ingrained hostility to the Soviet Union but ended up (as illustrated by the circumstances in which he was declared *persona non grata*) deeply and permanently alienated by the sheer weight of bureaucratic oppression and inhumanity and the measureless capacity for total mendacity that he found in the Soviet leadership and among its subordinates. And this mendacity, stretching as it did and does to a complete distortion of the past, has always worried Kennan perhaps more than anything else, except the unwillingness of the authorities ever to permit, even among literary men or pure scholars, the personal friendships and contacts stretching across frontiers that have for centuries been a normal part of the intellectual life of the West.[14]

Kennan thus came through his experiences in Europe to be an advocate—*before* the end of the Second World War—of the view that the purposes of the Soviet Union were not those of the Western allies, that the anti-Hitler combination represented only a tactical shift in the Soviet position and that the Soviet Union would, unless checked by other Powers, continue to endeavour to fulfil the original intentions of its makers and to remodel the world in its image. What made the difference between Kennan and others who, then or later, took up the same position was that he discounted the likelihood of direct military assault on the West being the chosen instrument of Soviet expansion, and was therefore hostile to policies which placed their reliance too exclusively on the military strength of the West in general or on nuclear weapons in particular. In this he was, as we have seen, fortified by his abhorrence of policies such as the large-scale rearmament of Germany which seemed to imply that the West accepted as permanent the existence of the "Iron Curtain." Kennan thus found himself increasingly at odds with those who, like Dean Acheson, accepted Kennan's idea of "containment" but interpreted it in what Kennan regarded as a dangerously rigid fashion. Acheson, on the other hand, while admiring Kennan's insights and felicity of expression, tended (as in his pithy comment on the Reith lectures) to regard Kennan as someone who had "never grasped the realities of power relationships" and had instead taken a "rather mystical attitude toward them."

KENNAN'S MEMOIRS cover some of the same ground as Dean Acheson's, and Kennan himself expresses his regret that Acheson did not live to deal with the comments that Kennan makes upon his policies and some aspects of his own book. Their differences became apparent as early as the preparation of the Presidential announcement that became known as the Truman Doctrine which Kennan would have liked to tone down.[15]

But the real divergence arose over Far Eastern policy. Acheson accuses Kennan of having supported two criticisms of his own policy which he regards as inconsistent: *(1)* that agreement should have been sought over Japan with the Russians on the basis of a neutralised Japan confined to forces adequate only to preserve the country against internal subversion (something like the Reith Lectures' specification for a Europe from which American, Russian, and British military power would have been withdrawn); and *(2)* that the failure to do this and the decision to go ahead with a Japanese Peace Treaty was a factor in the Russians giving the go-ahead to North Korea. On the latter point, Kennan's answer carries some conviction, in the sense that Acheson's attempt to trip him up by pointing to the actual date of the Japanese Treaty is met by showing from Soviet press sources that the probability of its conclusion was fully appreciated in Moscow.

The course of the Korean War itself brought Kennan and Acheson together again for a time. Both tried to limit the freedom claimed by the military to extend the aims of the war beyond securing respect for the frontiers of South Korea, or to frame war aims without taking into account the entire complex of Great Power relationships including the interests of the Soviet Union. Of a memorandum of 21 August suggesting an arrangement with the Russians (in which United Nations control of Korea would be traded against American concessions over Japan), Acheson wrote that it was "typical of its gifted author, beautifully expressed, sometimes contradictory, in which were mingled flashes of prophetic insight and suggestions, as the document itself conceded,

[13] George Kennan, *Siberia and the Exile System* (New York, London, 1891); abridged edition by George F. Kennan (1958).

[14] See *e.g.* Melvin J. Lasky, "A Conversation with George Kennan", ENCOUNTER (March 1960).

[15] See Dean Acheson, *Present at the Creation*, (1970) p. 22.

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of total impracticality. . . ." And Acheson adds that while Kennan emphasised the possibility of Soviet intervention, he did not allude to what *actually* happened, the massive participation in the war of the armed forces of Communist China.

When the Chinese incursion led to a near-disaster for the Americans, Kennan stood by Acheson in trying to stem the tide of defeatism that now crept over military Washington, and in arguing that a time of defeat was not one at which to expect help from the Russians in avoiding the consequences of American error. Nor do their accounts differ materially as to the circumstances in which Kennan made the contacts with Malik through which peace talks were eventually set in motion.

YET FOR BOTH ACHESON AND KENNAN, Europe was the test case for all generalisations about an appropriate American foreign policy. Kennan, in trying to get directives for his mission to Moscow as Ambassador, was disturbed to find the absolute priority attached to the E.D.C. (and to the "construction" of Western Europe generally) and Acheson's seeming indifference to the effect upon the Russians of these policies. He also regarded as unrealistic the belief that anything could be gained from disarmament negotiations without a political settlement first. Later on, when Acheson was in semi-retirement, his hostile reaction to the Reith lectures was attributed by Kennan to his having called into question the very foundations of the system of which Acheson regarded himself as one of the proud founders.

Acheson's position was, of course, a very consistent one. If the Russians were as determined upon expansion as Kennan believed, if they understood no argument but superior force, if no agreement was sacrosanct for them and if any reached could be thrown over as soon as it suited them to do so, why negotiate with them at all?

To these arguments, Kennan now replies in a passage which may be regarded as the political kernel of the present instalment of his memoirs. Kennan gives three reasons for not having accepted the Acheson thesis. In the first place, he believes that the Soviet Union's contempt for agreements extends only to those publicly reached and trumpeted for propaganda purposes; agreements on severely practical and definable issues in whose preservation the Soviet Union has a definite interest can safely be negotiated. In the second place, Kennan draws a distinction between the active use of the Soviet Union's own military power to impose a political settlement which he regards as unlikely anywhere and its readiness to intervene in support of those it favours in a civil war situation, of which examples obviously exist and which is in no way ruled out by Soviet doctrine. Finally, there was the view that if disengagement were entered upon—and here the reference is primarily again to Japan—there would always be the possibility of returning in strength should the Russians not fulfil their part of the bargain.

The last of these arguments—which has, of course, come to play some part (though for rather different reasons) in recent American strategic thinking about Europe—does demand very considerable levels of technical and psychological preparedness. But that reflection in turn raises once again the whole question of Kennan's position as a critic of his own country, both as he sees it and as it is seen by those who have criticised him in the past.

TO RELY ON BEING ABLE to use the nuclear deterrent not as an excuse for "thinking the unthinkable" (which is not Kennan's way) but as a framework within which political warfare can successfully be conducted is an appealing notion for intellectuals. But it involves levels of political discrimination that non-intellectuals find it hard to make—as Kennan discovered when he tried to induce U.S. Congressmen to accept the view that Tito-style communism was more useful as providing a break in the Soviet monolith than when denounced as "just another way of being red." At the same time, it means that the traditional weapons of diplomacy must be used to help make it possible for the adversary to come to agreements without imposing upon him the loss of face that a public demand to submit would undoubtedly do. Americans must be prepared, as he says, for "wholly secret, informal and exploratory contacts even between political and military adversaries, as adjuncts to the overt and formal processes of international diplomacy. . . ."

IT IS CURIOUS INDEED in the light of the fact that Kennan's service in senior positions had been always under Democratic Presidents (and of the fact that, despite his proclaimed indifference to the two Parties, he very nearly found himself running for Congress on the Democratic ticket) that this lesson has been heeded for the first time by a Republican President. In a sense Henry Kissinger corresponds more nearly to a Kennan-style negotiator than any other recent figure on the American scene. The circumstance that Kissinger started as an historian and that Kennan has ended by becoming one may not be totally coincidental. Both have drawn some inspiration from the Europe of periods when the holding of a balance was more important than

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the quest for total victory or ideological purity. Whether or not Kissinger's achievements prove lasting in their effects, the technique that he has employed is the negation of the "open covenants openly arrived at" that have for generations of Americans represented true righteousness in international affairs.

The matter is not just one of a bizarre paradox. It is part of the Kennan style that he brings a highly moralistic tone to the advocacy of Machiavellian policies. For he is aware that Machiavellianism itself demands that certain values should be observed. The most notable of these is the respect for truth. Kennan's condemnation of the whole Joe McCarthyite episode is not only because of the wanton cruelty inflicted upon honourable men and their families, but also because of the indifference to truth of the persecutors and of those who refused to stand up to them, and their unwillingness to allow for the duty of servants of the State to tell the truth as they see it even if the result is to call into question the prejudices they hold. It is obvious from his own account that the failure of Dean Acheson to intervene decisively in the John Paton Davies case (a failure which Kennan knew Acheson too well to put down to pusillanimity) counted more for him than their differences over high policy.

IT IS OBVIOUS THAT this concern for keeping to what actually happened—and for explanations in terms of the realities of given situations—is something particularly congenial to the historical temperament. The achievement of such understanding where the past is concerned is the historian's main source of satisfaction:

> To eke the living past out of the hieroglyphics of the dead page—to feel the personalities of a bygone age come to life, achieve plausibility, and respond to the revivifying touch of one's own attention and imagination—to know oneself to be involved in the discovery of new and significant historical truth: all this, surely, if one has the taste for it, is one of the truly great creative experiences of which men are capable.

For many scholars indeed this experience has been enough in itself. For Kennan, clearly, it has not. It was impossible not to respond to the calls of the outside world, particularly for someone who was worried about the way things were going and who would have reproached himself if it looked as though his presence on the scene might have made a difference. But in re-entering the arena either as commentator, adviser, or executant, Kennan was coming once again among men to whom the austere values of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton were totally alien—for whom truth and falsehood were commodities like any other.

Men have been warned not to put their trust in Princes—and popular sovereignty is a Prince like any other. Kennan's memoirs are the story of the struggle of an American conscience, and of a struggle never fully resolved.

## Love Song

Remorse half-given, or a
Too-tired kindness, or a blankness grown into the eyes . . .
and how a hand nurtures another hand
Too briefly, and releases it, and falls:
Those pale signallings.

—Inside all of the stereo a song is circling,
To its midnight stop,
Making love full again.
And what was wrong, or couldn't be said out
Is lulled, or even seems explained.

No lovers would have time washing at them
In a quicker way.
Or in a truer way than the song's.
Or leaving any cave below their sleep
Not filling with it, filling while they sleep.

*Alan Brownjohn*

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# SCIENCE

# Indeterminism is Not Enough

## *A Philosophical Essay—By* KARL R. POPPER

THE TOPIC of my paper is human freedom. By human freedom I mean what has usually been called "free will." For various reasons I shall however avoid the term "will", mainly because its discussion is liable to sidetrack us into sterile problems of terminology. For similar reasons I shall not explicitly discuss moral freedom, even though it is the kind of human freedom in which philosophers have interested themselves most frequently. Instead, I will discuss the freedom to create works of art or explanatory theories in science. Moral freedom is no doubt of great importance, but again, its discussion is liable to sidetrack us into the problem of moral responsibility or even into the problem of reward and punishment. I hope to simplify my paper by avoiding the discussion of moral issues and by restricting myself to questions of the freedom to create, and the freedom to give weight to reasons, or to arguments for or against statements of fact, or scientific theories.

The title of my paper, "Indeterminism is Not Enough", means, of course, that an indeterministic physics is not enough to make room for human freedom: it is not enough to make human freedom understandable. For this purpose, I assert, we need more. My argument will be that we need at least the *causal openness* of what I am going to call world 1 towards world 2, and the *causal openness* of world 2 towards world 3, and *vice versa*. Thus I will begin by explaining what I call world 1, world 2, and world 3.

### *The Worlds 1, 2, and 3*

BY "world 1" I mean what is usually called the world of physics, of rocks, and trees and physical fields of forces. By "world 2" I mean the psychological world, the world of feelings of fear and of hope, of dispositions to act, and of all kinds of subjective experiences. Thus both the terms "world 1" and "world 2" are easily explained. The explanation of what I mean by "world 3" is a little more difficult.

By "world 3" I mean the world of the products of the human mind. Although I include works of art in world 3 and also ethical values and social institutions (and thus, one might say, societies), I shall confine myself largely to the world of scientific libraries, to books, to scientific problems, and to theories, including mistaken theories.

Books, journals, and libraries belong to both world 1 and world 3. They are physical objects, and as such they belong to what I call world 1: they are subject to the physical restrictions or physical laws of world 1. For example, though two copies of the same book may be physically altogether similar, they cannot take up the same part of physical space; thus they are two different world 1 objects. But they belong not only to world 1: they also belong to what I call world 3. *Two* very similar copies of the same book are *different* as world 1 objects; but if the *contents* of two physically similar (or dissimilar) books are the same, then as world 3 objects, the two books are identical: they are different copies of *one* world 3 object. Moreover, this one world 3 object is subject to the restrictions and the valuations of world 3, such as the laws of logical consistency and the value of having informative content.

The *content* of a book, or of a theory, is something abstract. All *concrete* physical bodies, such as rocks, trees, animal and human bodies, belong to what I call world 1; and all psychological states, whether conscious or subconscious, belong to world 2. But *abstract* things, such as problems, theories and arguments, including mistaken ones, belong to what I call world 3. Moreover, unless



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we choose to introduce for works of art, say, a new term such as "world 4", a play like *Hamlet* and a symphony like Schubert's "Unfinished" also belong to what I call world 3; and just as an individual copy of a book belongs to *both* world 1 *and* world 3, so a particular performance of *Hamlet* and of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony belong to both world 1 *and* world 3. They belong to world 1 in so far as they consist of complex physical events; but they belong to world 3 in so far as they have a content, a message, or a meaning.

The terms "world 1", "world 2", and "world 3" are consciously chosen as being colourless and arbitrary. But there is a historical reason for numbering them 1, 2, and 3: I assume that the physical world existed before the world of animal feelings; and I suggest that world 3 only begins with the evolution of a specifically human language. In my present paper I will take the world of *linguistically formulated human knowledge* as being most characteristic of world 3. It is the world of problems, theories, and arguments; and I shall also include those problems, theories, and arguments which have not yet been linguistically formulated. I will also assume that world 3 has a history—that certain problems, theories, and arguments were discovered or refuted at certain dates, while others were at those dates still undiscovered, or unrefuted.

## *The Reality of the Three Worlds*

IT IS, I THINK, good common sense to accept the reality or existence of the world 1 of physical bodies. As Dr Johnson's famous reply to Berkeley shows, a physical body such as a rock can be said to exist because it can be *kicked*; and if you kick a rock hard enough, you will feel that it can kick back. Following Alfred Landé, I propose to say that something exists, or is real, if and only if it can be kicked and can kick back; or, to put it a little more generally, I propose to say that something exists, or is real, if and only if it can *interact* with members of world 1, with hard, physical, bodies.

Thus, world 1, or the physical world, may be taken as the standard example of reality or of existence. However, I believe in the insignificance of questions of terminology or of the *usage or meaning* of words. Thus I regard the usage of words like "real" or "existing" as not very important; especially if compared with questions about the *truth* of theoretical assertions or propositions.

The proposition the truth of which I wish to defend and which seems to me to go a little beyond common sense is that not only are the physical world 1 and the psychological world 2 real but so also is the abstract world 3; *real* in exactly that sense in which the physical world 1 of rocks and trees is real: the objects of world 2 and of world 3 can kick the physical objects of world 1; and they can also be kicked back.

## *The Reality of Worlds 1 and 2*

AS I HAVE already said, I propose, with Dr Johnson, Alfred Landé, and other commonsense realists, to regard world 1 as the very standard of reality. However, I am not a monist but a pluralist. A monistic immaterialism or phenomenalism which denies the existence of world 1 and admits only experiences as existing, thus only world 2, was fairly fashionable until quite recently. At present, the opposite view is much more fashionable. I mean the view that *only* world 1 exists. This view is called monistic materialism or physicalism or philosophical behaviourism. More recently this theory has also been called the "identity theory", because it asserts that mental experiences are, in reality, identical with brain processes.

The various forms of monism will be replaced here by a pluralism: the thesis of the three worlds. This pluralism can be supported by two very different lines of argument. First, to show the reality of world 2 one can appeal to common sense, and the failure of the physicalists to produce telling arguments against the commonsense view that a bad toothache can be very real indeed.

However, my second and main argument proceeds very differently. It starts from the assertion that world 3 objects, such as theories, do in fact strongly interact with the physical world 1. The simplest examples are the ways in which we make changes in world 1 when building, say, nuclear reactors or atom bombs or skyscrapers or airfields, in accordance with world 3 plans and theories.

My main argument for the existence of the world 2 of subjective experiences is that we must normally grasp or understand a world 3 theory before we can use it to act upon world 1; but grasping or understanding a theory is a mental affair, a world 2 process: my view is that world 3 usually interacts with world 1 *via* the mental world 2. An example is the planning, construction, and use of bulldozers for the building of airfields. There is, first, an interaction between the world 2 planning by the human mind and the internal restrictions of both world 1 and world 3 which limit the planning of the machinery. Secondly, we have an interaction between world 2 and the world 1 of the human brain, which in turn acts upon our limbs which steer the bulldozers.

THE EFFECTIVENESS of this argument clearly depends on world 3. If world 3 exists and if it is at

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least in part autonomous, and if, further, plans in world 3 do affect world 1, then it seems to me inescapable that there also exists a world 2. In this way my main argument for the existence of world 2 has led us back to the problem of whether world 3 exists; and further to the problem of whether world 3 is, in part, autonomous.

## *The Reality & Partial Autonomy of World 3*

I ASSERT THAT human language and human thought evolve together, in mutual interaction. Human language, admittedly, expresses human thought processes, that is, world 2 objects. But it is my thesis that it makes a very great difference to these subjective world 2 objects when they are formulated in an objective human language: there is an immensely powerful feedback effect between human language and the human mind.

This, I assert, is mainly due to the fact that a thought, once it is formulated in language, becomes an *object* outside ourselves; such an object can then be inter-subjectively *criticised*—criticised by others as well as by ourselves. Inter-subjective or objective criticism in this sense only emerges with human language; and with it emerges the human world 3, the world of objective standards and of the contents of our subjective thought processes.

Thus it makes a great difference whether we merely *think* some thought or whether we *formulate* it in a language (or still better, write it down, or get it printed). As long as we merely think the thought it cannot be objectively criticised. It is part of ourselves. To be criticisable it must be formulated in a human language, and become an object: a world 3 object. Linguistically formulated thoughts belong to world 3. They can be *logically* criticised, for example by showing that they have certain unwelcome or even absurd logical consequences. Only *thought contents* belonging to world 3 can stand in logical relationships, such as equivalence, deducibility, or contradiction.

Thus we must clearly distinguish between the subjective *thought processes*, which belong to world 2, and the objective *contents* of thoughts, the contents in themselves, as it were, which constitute world 3.

In order to make the point quite clear, take two mathematicians who, by making some mistakes, both arrive at a false theorem—for example, at the theorem that $5+7=13$. Their thought processes, which belong to world 2, can either be similar or entirely different. But the *content* of their thoughts, which belongs to world 3, is one and the same, and can be criticised. The two mathematicians can be kicked back by the logical structure of world 3, which shows that their alleged theorem *contradicts* the objectively *true* statement "$5+7=12$", and that it therefore must be objectively *false*. The two mathematicians are kicked; not by other people, but by the laws of arithmetic itself.

MOST PEOPLE are dualists: it is part of common sense to believe in the worlds 1 and 2. But it is not easy for most people to accept the existence of world 3. They will of course admit that a very special part of world 1 exists which consists of printed books, or of acoustical language noises; and they will admit brain processes, and subjective thought processes. But they will assert that what distinguishes books from other physical bodies like trees, or human language from other noises like the howling of wolves, is *only* the fact that they help us to have certain special kinds of world 2 experiences, namely thought processes of a special kind (perhaps running parallel with brain processes) which are correlated with just these books or these linguistic noises.

I regard this view as totally insufficient. I shall try to show that we ought to admit the existence of an autonomous part of world 3; a part which consists of objective *thought contents* which are *independent of*, and clearly distinct from, the subjective or personal *thought processes* by which they are grasped, and whose grasp they can causally influence. I thus assert that there exist autonomous world 3 objects which have not yet taken up either world 1 shape or world 2 shape, but which, nevertheless, interact with our thought processes. In fact, they influence our thought processes decisively.

Let us take an example from elementary arithmetic. I assert that the infinite sequence of natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and so on, is a human invention, a product of the human mind. As such it may be said *not* to be autonomous, but to depend on world 2 thought processes. But now take the even numbers, or the prime numbers. These are not invented by us, but *discovered* or found. We *discover* that the sequence of natural numbers consists of even numbers and of odd numbers and, whatever we may think about it, no thought process can alter this fact of world 3. The sequence of natural numbers is a result of our learning to count—that is, it is an invention within the human language. But it has its unalterable inner laws or restrictions or regularities which are the *unintended consequences* of the man-made sequence of natural numbers; that is, the unintended consequences of some product of the human mind.

The same may be said about the prime numbers.

The discovery of prime numbers has led to many difficult problems, some of which have been solved, and many of which are still open problems. These problems are discovered by us in the new

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field which we have created, in the sequence of natural numbers. They are discovered as being there, independently of whether anybody has thought of them before. Thus we have constructions in mathematics which are the products of the human mind, and problems and theories which are the objective and perhaps never thought-of consequences of these constructions. This shows that the world of mathematics contains an autonomous part: an autonomous part of world 3.

My next point is that this autonomous part of world 3 is *"real"* in the sense that it can interact with world 2 and also, via world 2, with world 1. If one man or many men seek for a solution of an as yet unsolved mathematical problem, then they are all, possibly in many different ways, influenced by this problem. The success of their attempts to solve it will depend, at least partly, upon the existence or non-existence, in world 3, of a solution to the problem, and partly upon whether or not they are led by their thought processes to objectively true thought contents. This shows that the autonomous world 3 objects can have a strong causal influence upon world 2 processes. And if a newly discovered world 3 problem, with or without a solution, is published, then the causal influence extends even into world 1, by helping to set in motion the fingers of typesetters and even the wheels of printing machines.

For very simple reasons such as these I hold that world 3 is not only partly autonomous, but that its autonomous part is real, since it can act upon world 1, at least *via* world 2. And the situation is fundamentally the same for every scientific discovery and every technical invention. In all these cases, world 3 problems and theories play a major role. The problems may be discovered, and though the theories which are, say, about world 1, may be products of the human mind, they are *not merely* our constructs, for their truth or falsity depends largely upon their relation to world 1, a relation which, in all important cases, we cannot alter. It depends both upon the inner structure of world 3 and upon world 1, the latter of which, as I have suggested, is the very standard of reality.

## *The Human Situation & the Natural World*

The origin of life may be, for all we know at present, a unique occurrence in the universe. We cannot explain it and it comes very near to what David Hume would have called, grudgingly, a miracle. The emergence of a world 2 of animal consciousness, of feelings of joy and of pain, seems to be a second such miracle.

It seems reasonable to regard the emergence of consciousness and previously that of life as two comparatively recent events in the evolution of the universe; as events which, like the beginning of the universe, are at present, and perhaps for ever, beyond our scientific understanding. This modest approach admits freely the existence of open problems, and thereby does not close the way to discovering more about them—about their character and perhaps even about the ways to a possible solution, or at least to a partial solution.

A third great miracle is the emergence of the human brain, and of the human mind and of human reason. This third miracle may be less far removed than the others from an explanation, at least in evolutionary terms. Man is an animal. He appears to stand much nearer to the other animals than these stand to inanimate matter. But this is not to belittle the gulf which separates the human brain from the animal brain, and the human language from all other animal languages —from the dispositions which most animals possess to *express* their inner states and to *communicate* with other animals.

Man has created the human language, with its *descriptive* function and the value of truth, and with its *argumentative* function and the value of the validity of arguments, thus transcending animal languages with their merely expressive and communicative functions. With it man has created the objective world 3, something for which there are only fairly remote analogues in the animal kingdom. And with this, he has produced a new world of civilisation, of learning, of non-genetic growth: of growth which is not transmitted by the genetic code; of growth which depends not on natural selection but on a selection that is based upon rational criticism.

It is, therefore, to the role of human language and of world 3 that we should look when we are trying to explain this third great miracle: the emergence of the human brain and of the human mind; of human reason and of human freedom.

## *Determinism & Indeterminism in Physics*

The title of my paper is "Indeterminism is Not Enough"; that is, not enough for human freedom. But I have yet to give at least a sketch of classical determinism (or physical determinism, or world 1 determinism), and of that indeterminism which is its opposite. Moreover, I have yet to show why these two ideas are insufficient for a discussion of human freedom.

Classical determinism, or world 1 determinism, is a very old idea which was most sharply formulated by Laplace, on the basis of Newton's mechanics.

Laplace's thesis of determinism can be stated in the following way. Assume we are given the exact

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masses, positions, and velocities of all material particles in the universe at some moment of time; then we can in principle calculate, with the help of Newtonian mechanics, all that has ever happened in the past and all that will ever happen in the future. This would include all the physical movements of all men, and therefore all spoken or written words, all poetry, and all the music that will ever be written. The calculation can be done by a machine. It need *only* be programmed with Newton's laws of motion and the existing initial conditions. It can be stone deaf, and unaware of the problems of musical composition. But it will be able to predict what black marks would be placed on white music paper by any given composer in the past or in the future.

I personally find Laplacean determinism a most unconvincing and unattractive view; and it is a doubtful argument, for the calculator may have greatly to exceed the universe in complexity, as was first pointed out I believe by Professor Hayek. But it is, perhaps, worth stressing that Laplace does draw the correct conclusions from his idea of a causally closed and deterministic world 1. If we accept Laplace's view, then we must not argue (as many philosophers do) that we are nevertheless endowed with genuine human freedom and creativity.

However, Laplacean determinism had to be modified upon the collapse of the attempts of Maxwell to reduce electricity and magnetism to Newtonian mechanics by a mechanical model of the ether. With these attempts collapsed also the thesis of the closedness of Newton's mechanical world 1: it became open towards the electromagnetic part of world 1. Nevertheless, Einstein, for example, remained a determinist. He believed, to the end of his life, that a unified and closed deterministic theory was possible, comprising mechanics, gravitation, and electricity. In fact, most physicists are inclined to regard a causally open (and therefore indeterministic) physical universe—say, a physical universe that is open to the influence of world 2—as a typical superstition, upheld only perhaps by some spiritualist members of the Society for Psychical Research. Few physicists of repute would take it seriously.

BUT ANOTHER FORM OF indeterminism became part of the official creed of physics. The new indeterminism was introduced by quantum mechanics, which assumes the possibility of elementary chance events that are causally irreducible.

There are, it appears, two kinds of chance events. One kind is due to the independence of two causal chains which happen, accidentally, to interfere at some place and time, and so combine in bringing about the chance event. A typical example consists of two causal chains, one of which loosens a brick while the other independent causal chain makes a man take up a position where he will be hit by the brick. This kind of chance event (whose theory was developed by Laplace himself, in his work on probability) is perfectly compatible with Laplacean determinism: anybody furnished in advance with sufficiently full information about the relevant events could have predicted what was bound to happen. It was only *the incompleteness of our knowledge* which gave rise to this kind of chance.

Quantum mechanics, however, introduced chance events of a second, and much more radical kind: absolute chance. According to quantum mechanics, there are elementary physical processes which are not further analysable in terms of causal chains, but which consist of so-called "quantum jumps"; and a quantum jump is supposed to be an absolutely unpredictable event which is controlled neither by causal laws nor by the coincidence of causal laws, but by probabilistic laws alone. Thus quantum mechanics introduced, in spite of the protests of Einstein, what he described as "the dice-playing God". Quantum mechanics regards these absolute chance events as the basic events of world 1. The various particular results of these chance events, such as the disintegration of an atom with consequent radioactive emission, are not predetermined and therefore cannot be predicted however great our knowledge of all relevant conditions prior to the event may be. We can of course make testable statistical predictions about such processes.

Although I do not believe that quantum mechanics will remain the last word in physics, I happen to believe that its indeterminism is fundamentally sound. I even believe that classical Newtonian mechanics is in principle indeterministic. This becomes clear if we introduce into it physical models of human knowledge—for example, computers. The introduction of objective human knowledge into our universe—the introduction of a world 3 (we must not forget that computers, even though inhuman, are man-made)—allows us to prove not only the indeterministic character of this universe, but its essential openness or incompleteness.

RETURNING NOW to quantum mechanics, I want to point out that the indeterminism of a dice-playing God, or of probabilistic laws, fails to make room for human freedom. For what we want to understand is not only how we may act *unpredictably and in a chancelike fashion*, but how we can act *deliberately and rationally*. The famous probabilistic constancy of such chance events as the posting of letters bearing no address may be an interesting curiosity, but it has no similarity whatever to the problem of the freedom to write a

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piece of poetry, good or bad, or to advance a new hypothesis concerning, say, the origin of the genetic code.

It must be admitted that if quantum mechanics is right, then Laplacean determinism is wrong and that arguments from physics can no longer be used to combat the doctrine of indeterminism. But indeterminism is not enough.

## *Indeterminism is Not Enough*

LET US TAKE the physical world to be *partially* but not completely determined. That is to say, let us assume that events follow each other according to physical laws, but that there is sometimes a certain *looseness* in their connection, filled in by unpredictable and perhaps probabilistic sequences similar to those we know from roulette or from dicing or from tossing a coin or from quantum mechanics. Thus we would have an indeterministic world 1, as indeed I have suggested that we have. *But nothing is gained for us if this world 1 is causally closed towards what I have called world 2 and world 3.* Such an indeterministic world 1 would be unpredictable; yet world 2, and with it world 3, could not have any influence upon it. A *closed* indeterministic world 1 would go on as before, whatever our feelings or wishes are, with the sole difference from Laplace's world that we could not predict it, even if we knew *all* about its present state: it would be a world ruled only by chance.

Thus indeterminism is *necessary but insufficient* to allow for human freedom and especially for creativity. What we really need is the thesis that *world 1 is incomplete*; that it can be influenced by world 2; that it can interact with world 2; or that it is causally *open* towards world 2, and hence, further, towards world 3.

We thus come back to our central point: we must demand that world 1 is not self-contained or "closed", but open towards world 2; that it can be influenced by world 2, just as world 2 can be influenced by world 3.

## *Determinism & Naturalism*

THERE CAN BE LITTLE DOUBT that the fundamental philosophical motive in favour of a Laplacean determinism and the theory that world 1 is causally closed is the realisation that man is an animal, and the wish to see ourselves as part of nature. I believe that the motive is right; if nature were fully deterministic then so would be the realm of human actions; in fact there would be no actions, but at most the appearance of actions.

But the opposite argument also holds. If man is free, at least in part free, then so is nature; and the physical world 1 is open. And there is every reason to regard man as at least partly free. The opposite view—that of Laplace—leads to predestination. It leads to the view that billions of years ago, the elementary particles of world 1 contained the poetry of Homer, the philosophy of Plato, and the symphonies of Beethoven as a seed contains a plant; that human history is predestined, and with it all acts of human creativity. And the quantum theoretical version of the view is just as bad. It makes human creativity a matter of sheer chance. No doubt there is an element of chance in it. *Yet the naturalistic theory that the creation of works of art or music can, in the last instance, be explained in terms of chemistry or physics seems to me absurd.* So far as the creation of music can be explained, it has to be explained at least partly in terms of the influence of other music (which also stimulates the creativity of the musician); and, most important, in terms of the inner structure, the internal laws and restrictions, which play such a role in music and in all other world 3 phenomena, laws and restrictions whose absorption and occasional defiance are immensely important for the musician's creativity.

Thus our freedom and especially our freedom to create stand, clearly, under the restrictions of all three worlds. Had Beethoven, by some misfortune, been deaf from birth, he would not have become a composer. As a composer he freely submitted his freedom to invent to the structural restrictions of world 3. The autonomous world 3 was the world in which he made his great and genuine discoveries, being free to choose his path like a discoverer in the Himalaya mountains, but being also restrained both by the path so far chosen and by the suggestions and inner restrictions of the open new world he was discovering.

## *The Open Universe*

THUS WE ARE LED BACK to assert that there is interaction between the worlds 1, 2, and 3.

There is no doubt in my mind that the worlds 2 and 3 do interact. If we try to grasp or understand a theory, or to remember a symphony, then our minds are causally influenced; not merely by a brain-stored memory of noises, but at least in part by the autonomous inner structures of the world 3 objects which we try to grasp.

All this means that world 3 can act upon the world 2 of our minds. But if so, there is no doubt that, when a mathematician *writes down* his world 3 results on (physical) paper, his mind—his world 2—acts upon the physical world 1. Thus world 1 is open towards world 2, just as world 2 is open towards world 3.

This is of fundamental importance; for it shows that nature, or the universe to which we belong, and which contains as parts the worlds 1, 2 and 3,

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is itself open: it contains world 3, and world 3 can be shown to be *intrinsically open.*

One aspect of the openness of world 3 is a consequence of Gödel's theorem, which showed that arithmetic is not completable. Yet the incompletability and openness of the universe is perhaps best illustrated by a version of the well-known story of the man who draws a map of his room, including in his map the map which he is drawing. It is clear that his task defies completion, for he has to draw, within each map, an infinity of smaller maps.

The story of the map is a trivial case compared with world 3 theories and their impact upon world 1, but it illustrates in a simple way the incompleteness of a universe that contains world 3 objects of knowledge. The universe is bound to be open if it contains human knowledge, and books, or papers, like the present one, which on the one hand are physical world 1 objects, and, on the other, world 3 objects that try to state or describe human knowledge.

THUS WE LIVE in an open universe. We could not make this discovery before there was human knowledge. But once we have made the discovery there is no reason to think that the openness depends exclusively upon the existence of human knowledge. It is much more reasonable to reject all views of a closed universe—that of a causally as well as that of a probabilistically closed universe; thus rejecting the closed universe envisaged by Laplace, as well as the one envisaged by quantum mechanics. Our universe is partly causal, partly probabilistic, and partly open: it is emergent.

No good reason has been offered so far against the openness of our universe, or against the fact that new things are constantly emerging from it; and no good reasons have been offered so far that shed doubt upon human freedom and creativity, a creativity which is restricted as well as inspired by the inner structure of world 3.

Man is certainly part of nature, but, in creating world 3, he has transcended himself *and* nature, as it existed before him. And human freedom is indeed part of nature, but it transcends nature—at least as it existed before the emergence of human language and of critical thought, and of human knowledge.

To sum up. Indeterminism is not enough: to understand human freedom we need more; we need the openness of world 1 towards world 2, and of world 2 towards world 3, and the autonomous and intrinsic openness of world 3, the world of the products of the human mind.

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## Hearing Japanese Again

Liquid, glottal, with other sounds
Caught in the throat and gargled,
This speech avoids
The firm, peremptory plosives I know best.
The withdrawn hiss of concurrence or deference
Hovers over long-vowelled nods and becks,
The pause-words of politeness.

Raised to hieratic pitch, it comes through masks
Enunciating ghosts and demons,
Or with a plaintive monotonous whine
Is thought proper for children on the stage.
But this is conscious artifice—
The demotic is strange enough, heaven knows,
Heard in the street or floating into the garden.

Hearing it now again, after fifteen years,
The apartness of it chills and startles me
Like no other familiar but unlearnt tongue:
It is as if the air
Were full of the growl of feudal princeling doves
Making obeisance to a hawk that hovers
Above them, its beak impatient to stop the parleying.

*Anthony Thwaite*

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*Jan Morris*

# Black Thoughts from the Caribbean

## *Letter from St Lucia*

ALONG THE BRIGHT SANDY BEACH of Choc Bay in St Lucia, Windward Islands, a group of Negroes jauntily progresses, south to north. They seem to move to some internal drumbeat, inaudible to the stranger's ear: sometimes they burst into snatches of song, or a syncopated dance step. The women carry coloured bundles on their heads, the men are muscular and gleaming, and as they pass the line of *chaises longues* upon the beach of the resort hotel, mischievously from the corners of their eyes they cast glances compounded partly it appears of amusement, partly perhaps of contempt, towards the basking tourists beneath the palms—who, faintly stirring under their floppy hats, either wave a diffident response, or burrow embarrassed into their paperbacks.

I am one of those basking and blistering visitors. My paperback is *Corridors of Power*, which grey tale I am reading late in the day as a kind of anti-tropic nostrum, and when my companions have returned to their interrupted torpor, or are deep once more in erotic fancy, I find myself peering still, in an uncomfortable way, towards those retreating Negroes on the beach—distant black figures by now, intermittently jogging along the shore, whose sudden high laughter still reaches us across the hiss of the surf, and who seem to have left, so light is their tread and deft their movement, no footprints at all on the sand behind them. What did their glances really mean, I worry myself with wondering? How much was amusement, how much contempt—how much curiosity, how much display? Were they impelled by an emotion that I myself might share, or did they reflect some alien dimension of thought, some attitude or response that I know nothing of, have no words to define or facial expression to project?

These are conundrums I am accustomed to in Africa, where I am left as baffled by the purposes of educated black Kenyans as I am by the arcane protocol of the King of Swaziland's royal kraal. But they puzzle me still more in the British West Indies, for there the Negro is, on the first face of it, a black Briton. We seem to have so much in common, he and I, we recognise so many of the same customs, loyalties and shibboleths, that when I experience one of those moments of enigma, a look beyond my interpretation or a suggestion of passions beyond my grasp, it gives me a chill sensation, as though I am insulated there on my *chaise longue*, for ever closeted with Lewis Eliot, while recondite happenings occur all around me.

"Would you like to be black?" asks the child at my side, watching the vanishing Negroes too. I wouldn't mind, I say. I wouldn't burn then.

I SUPPOSE I wouldn't burn. I can swear to no certainty about the Negro generic. He remains to me hardly less marvellous a mystery than he was when, flying into Khartoum for the first time half-a-lifetime ago, I first saw him on his home ground. It has since dawned upon me that the black peoples differ among themselves at least as much as the white, but still I look upon the African, in image if not always in person, with a bemused awe, as one sometimes looks upon a work of art, or listens to a symphony, wondering from what inconceivable sources of human imagination such prodigies emanate.

In an island like St Lucia the African presence is, if anything, heightened by exile. I rented a Mini-Moke there, and in the evening, as the dusk fell abruptly upon the island, I would drive into the hills for a breath of the cool forest. Then the crickets are awakening for the long night's courtship, the tree frogs call out of the shadows, and magically winking among the banana trees the fireflies purposefully progress. A damp fungoid smell sometimes issues from the woods, mingled with that fragrance of rum which, like incense in some immense cathedral, lingers in every Caribbean corner. The air is fresh and



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soothing as the sun goes down, and often a breeze stirs gently: but along the dark mountain roads of the inner island, far from the Captain's Bar or the Rum Hole Cocktail Lounge, Africa stirs.

There are drums beating. Some indeed may be sounding from the Halcyon Beach Club, but others are thudding from lantern-lit shacks among the trees, or from villages over the crest of the hill, and others seem to be beaten by unseen musicians on the move, now behind one's back, now somewhere round the corner, like the hallucinatory signals of imps or elves. Sometimes a sudden flare of light and noise beside the road proclaims a country tavern: then the latent rum-smell becomes overpowering, more anaesthetic than sacramental, and against the bright-lit door of the tavern one may see lively black figures in silhouette—arguing, making love, roaring with laughter, dancing, or crazily toppling, besotted already, towards the nearest ditch. Or sometimes one discovers, all unexpected around a turn in the road, some small settlement in the forest—three or four shambled houses, with smoke emerging from their verandahs and flickering lamps inside, with a little store, perhaps, whose illuminated shelves of tins and bottles glitter through the open door, and a bench at the roadside bus-stop around which, like other peasants around a village pump, the people cluster in the half-light for chat and company—children scrambling all around, and multitudinous merry dogs, and sometimes a patchy pig on a lead, or a small elegant cow.

The people wave as one passes, and call out greetings through the gathering dark—"Hi!", "Need a guide?", "Very nice!", "Lovely!", "How are you? How are you?" The children, in their shorts and hair-ribbons, are everyone's picture of little black angels. The women are shy and kindly. The old men look properly gnarled, and smoke short black pipes. The youths elaborately respond, when you ask them the way home. And when, as the night grows blacker, and the tropical stars suddenly pierce the sky between the trees, one bumps down the unpaved tortuous road to Castries, then as one enters the purlieus of the little capital, out of the black hills behind, it is as though one is entering some great city of the African homeland—so strident is its music, blaring from every other house, so tireless its bustle, with such swagger do its young men walk the streets, and with such painted sway its courtesans (though it contains no more than 40,000 inhabitants, most of whom have never been off St Lucia in their lives).

FOR SUCH A BLACK ISLAND, isolated though it is so far from any great metropolis, somehow does not feel provincial. Its population may be small, its experience distinctly limited, and there is something endearingly innocent to the knights bachelor or commanders of imperial orders who, thanks to Colonial Office lists of long ago, sprinkle its social register and boards of directors. But its very blackness makes it feel bigger than it is. Whatever else people may feel towards the Negro race, very few nowadays, I think, feel patronising towards it.

For myself, as I watch those diminishing figures along the beach, and wonder whether to have a late cup of coffee or an early rum punch—for myself I feel first of all, unexpectedly, gratitude. Africa, that continent of massacre, bigotry and expulsion, has been kind to me. Wandering the world in recent years beset by life's conundrums, a puzzle to others and a problem to myself, I have found stimulation most in Australia and America, understanding most in France or India, but solace most of all in Africa. There, if people found me inexplicable, they respected the condition, setting no bounds to personal behaviour and imposing no norm. With his instinct for the magic and the wonderful, the Negro looks on singularity unamazed. Intolerant though I am myself of people who snigger at animals, or degrade them in zoos in circuses, still I could not help laughing once at a family of small wart-hogs fussily waddling across the grass in the Nairobi game park. "You should not laugh at them," my African companion gravely reproved me, "they are beautiful to each other."

All too often this gentleness of vision is perverted by politics and communal hysteria, but one finds it still in unexpected places—behind the bluster of apparently lunatic statesmen, deep in the personalities of preposterously braided generals, masked by the frenzied pieties of evangelists. It is an instinct very near the roots of life, and goes with a consciousness, I think, of nature very close—the nearness of animals, the immediate meaning of sunrise or summer, the sense of other-worldliness that still haunts so many African landscapes. It is a sophisticated admission of ignorance, or agnosticism, a recognition that there is much we do not understand, and even more that we have not experienced for ourselves.

The Negroes took it with them to the Caribbean, and there it lingers to this day, having miraculously survived the ideological assaults of Empire, the enlightenment of Christianity, and

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even the invention of the transistor radio. There are said to be voodoo men in the St Lucian interior as there are in most West Indian islands, but one need not beard such weird specialists to discover that lovely sense of wonder in any Caribbean community. It is around one always, in the wide-eyed crowds about the public television set above the market door, in the flamboyant if rusted roar of the sports-car exhaust, and not least in the spring of those islanders along the beach, who look as though they have never walked such a strand in their lives before, nor seen such spectacles on the lawn—so alive and eager is their movement, and ceaselessly roving their glance.

FOR ME it is specifically this *négritude,* carnal or visionary, that gives the West Indies their sensual allure. You can keep your palm trees, your crab-scuttled sands, even your sunshine. One feels much fitter in Brighton, and I would far rather have a week in Manhattan than a week sprawled at Doctor's Cove. It is the presence of the black people that puts these islands, away in the western hemisphere, on their particular plane of delight.

In New York once I went to the black version of the musical *Hello, Dolly*, with Pearl Bailey, Cab Calloway and a cast of millions. I had seen the show in its white version, and thought it on the whole a lumpish entertainment, but played with the electric enthusiasm of these black singers and dancers it came out altogether different, as thrilling in its beat as it was pungent in its dry and self-disparaging humour. It is the same in a place like St Lucia. A society essentially parochial and domestic, clad in the forms of Victorian propriety and tempered by centuries of British rule, miraculously achieves excitement. I looked towards it, between chapters of Lord Snow, as one might wistfully witness some passing festivity out of the office window.

No doubt this Negro brilliance, like pith of Jew or *hwyl* of Welshman, is partly the product of oppression. Blithe though the St Lucians seem, their history is very sad. Every single one of these citizens can look back to tragic origins. Trapped in war or slave-raids far away, all their ancestors endured the horrors of the Middle Passage to be deposited half-starved and bewildered upon this remote and narrow island; and for generations their descendants lived in a state of abject uncertainty. They were absolutely the chattels of their masters. They might be strung up from trees by their heels. They might be cherished as household favourites. I do not believe all the atrocity tales of the evangelical reformers, just as I cannot accept those diagrammatic exposés of overcrowding on the slave ships frequently reproduced to this day as documentary truth. But it seems to me that more horrifying than any physical ill-treatment must have been that sense of utter dependence upon an alien owner, free to treat you as he would his dog. In those days as in these not all Africans placed much value upon human life: but most African peoples did have an advanced sense of social participation, ordering their own affairs communally. Finding themselves no more than ciphers upon a tally-book must have been, for the West Indian slaves, a terrible atrophy of the spirit.

The effect of slavery upon the black man was more drastic, more prolonged and more evident than the effect of imperialism. In Africa itself the effect of the British Empire is fading fast, and the old ideals of transplanted democracy, wigs on black pates and speakers' chairs of stinkwood, are already comically discredited—already, after less than a generation, not a single true democracy survives in the old black African empire (let alone the white). Yet the impact of slavery remains vivid to this day, not only because of that sense of suffering and reaction, but because in the Caribbean the forms of the pernicious institution are still apparent. In many a West Indian plantation, Jamaica to Trinidad, one may still see the old slave-quarters almost precisely as they were, inhabited by Negro families still, with the house of the overseer still extant beyond the crumbled refinery, and the Great House still fragrant on its hill: and in a banana island like St Lucia one may experience, even now, when the banana boats are loading, almost the complete aesthetic of colonial slavery (though I hasten to add, in case the banana princes think of sueing me, that of course it is *only* the aesthetic).

On banana-loading day, twice a week, all St Lucia seems to turn its face towards Castries docks, and down the steep hills from the interior the smallholders hasten, some in trucks, many still on foot, with their consignments of fruit for the loading. I sometimes followed them to the quay after dinner, to watch them loading a Geest boat for England. Floodlit against the blue-black night the ship stood towering there, high above the warehouses, with a couple of sailors lounging sociably at its rail, and a hum of generators deep inside: and filling the quay below with incessant

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movement, like the chorus of some gigantic musical, or more appositely perhaps the labour force of a pyramid, the women of St Lucia worked through the evening. In long energetic lines they hastened, the banana boxes gracefully upon their heads, backwards and forwards from warehouse to gang-plank, laughing, sometimes singing, exchanging breathy badinage, or sometimes striding to-and-fro like brisk automatons, masked in their own thoughts. They wore the same thin cottons they must have worn in the slave days; they moved with the same stalwart and apparently tireless movements; their children played hilariously in and out of the piled boxes, or weaved precarious passages through the labouring lines, as once their ancestors doubtless challenged the humanity of the plantation foremen.

There sat the tally-men, too, beside their little tables, impassively handing grubby metal discs to each passing woman, and there at the mid-ship hatches were the big black loaders, outlined against the ship-board lights, rhythmically heaving crates in pairs to the unseen hold below. There was a smell of rum, sacking, sweat and sawdust: and so inexorable seemed the moving pattern of those women, so expressionless were the tally-men, so allegorical seemed the shapes of the loaders, so languid was the conversation of the English crewmen far above, that the whole scene might have been in permanent performance since the 18th century, with those cheerful energetic women in bondage still, and the vessel a sugar-schooner homeward bound for Bristol.

THE MAN I REMEMBER most clearly from my first visit to St Lucia was the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, in those days Administrator of the island, who gave me lunch in his official mansion above the sea, and seemed to me in his gentle way the very epitome of the retreating Empire. The man I shall remember most vividly from my latest visit is the wine waiter in one of the air-conditioned credit-card hotels on the west coast of the island. I do not myself have much faith in the vinous properties of Caribbean-cellared Beaujolais, but never have I seen a *maître du vin* so magnificently celebrate his mysteries.

With what reverent care does he raise that bottle from its basket—with what delicacy sniff its cork and lay it like a gem upon the table—how infinitely thoughtful his sampling of its bouquet—how prolonged his contemplative sip from his tasting spoon, his head held high, his eyes wide and analytical, his focus far away, as though he is hearing distant melodies of Médoc, or recalling more legendary vintages. It was not with a vulgar condescension that he awaited the verdict of his client, but with a fraternal confidence, as though he were merely anticipating a moment of shared intimacy; and sure enough, I noticed, his customers invariably honoured his judgment, sipping those torpid fluids with grave attention, rolling them around the mouth, and expressing their considered satisfaction with a half-bow—their ladies meanwhile, blisters smothered in emollients or instant tan, watching from across the table with airs of submissive admiration.

The children and I loved to watch this nightly spectacle, but we were all a little perturbed by an expression of complicity, almost of parody, which the wine waiter now and then threw in our direction—something nearly approaching, we all thought, a wink. Could it possibly be, the children asked me early in our stay, that it was all an *act?* Could it be that the wine waiter really did not care whether the wine was good or bad? More disturbing still, could it conceivably be that he did not really *know?* I could not deny the possibilities; deeply enamoured though we all were of the wine waiter, he remained for me, first to last, a delightful illusionist, skilfully blurring, night after night, the frontiers of disbelief.

The thing about Lord Oxford and Asquith was his absolute reliability. I did not greatly admire the British Empire in its last years, but like most people, even its subjects, I did recognise its integrity. One knew where one stood with it. Its policies would probably be vacillatory, but they were certain to be fairly humane. Its methods, though they might be bumbling, were in their way thorough. Corruption was minimal. Bullying was rare. Earls of Oxford and Asquith ate frugally enough up at Government House, and expatriate chiefs of police stuck mostly to the rules of evidence. When I first went to St Lucia such standards were almost universal in the British West Indies, and just as British Caribbean families were brought up to the staunchest disciplines of our great-grandparents in England, so the politics of these lustrous islands honoured, more or less, the British Empire's grander standards.

And now? Now, as with those impenetrable glances or that inscrutable gourmet, now I cannot be sure. My feelings towards the African peoples are happily tinged, as I have said, with uncertainty: but when it comes to politics, uncertainty

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is tinged with fear. I cannot be sure. I have always been shaky on *apartheid* because I have always thought that if I were a white South African I would, under the impetus of this uncertain fear, behave just as odiously myself, and the same ignoble wariness seizes me sometimes in the Caribbean. I cannot help wondering, as I lie there in the sunshine, how long the imperial restraints will linger, and how soon the St Lucias and the St Vincents, the Antiguas and the Jamaicas will go the way of Haiti, say, or the Dominican Republic.

It is up to them, of course. It is none of my business how they comport their affairs, and I do not doubt that by and large they will be as courteous to harmless tourists under a petty dictator as they are under an elected Prime Minister. Years ago, though, I detected signs of unease among Europeans who had elected to live in these idyllic islands—not the jet-set expatriates, but people who chose to stay on when the Empire ended. Standards, they hinted even then, were beginning to crack. Black Power was bubbling. Dash and nepotism, those ancient curses of Africa, were becoming ever more prevalent in the Caribbean too, and before long one might expect political mayhem, if not violence. "They're not ready," the old hands said. "We left too soon—it's skin-deep democracy here—*when puss gone ratta take house!*"

They say it everywhere in the old Empire, but in the Caribbean sometimes I sense it for myself. The arrogant sprawl of an immigration officer—the unsmiling policeman—something funny about the price of a landing ticket—a nod from a fat official, lolling behind tinted windows in the back seat of his limousine—are they signs of degradations to come? Or are they all, like the panache of the wine waiter, no more than natural theatricals? No society could look more stable and reassuring, when the Girl Guides and Brownies, for example, end their weekly meeting in the secondary school, and the proud parents of the Carib bourgeoisie come to pick them up—some in their family cars, some strolling gossipy around the corner, straightening Polly's hat as she emerges from the playground, dusting down Amanda's skirt, or murmuring no dear, not today, she can come next week but we're expecting Granny to look in this evening. But how illusory is it? Are the emotions as familiar as the gestures? How well would Granny's inner sentiments satisfy the criteria of the Fairchild Family, say, and how resiliently would Daddy resist a fiver from the back of the hand? Will those Brownies stick with Brown Owl all their lives, or will Baden-Powell be presently denounced (as Heaven knows he reasonably might) as an agent of imperialism?

I do not know. I might almost say I do not care, since I am there only for the sea, the sunshine, and the fireflies: but even the transient hedonist is sometimes dragged into the Caribbean anxiety. It may be only the unhelpful blank look that overcomes the airline clerk, when he reveals to you that owing to an oversight at the Castries office, you are stuck at St Vincent without a bed for the night. It may be an insidious whiff of dash, when you learn for the first time that your hotel, your taxi and your restaurant are all owned by the same company. It may be a snatch of Black Power, overheard from the conversation at the next table, or bawled across a Kingston street. Or it may be just the rhythm of the bass which, nightmarishly amplified in the small hours, is relentlessly projected through the bedroom wall to remind you that where the black drum beats, it beats for all of us.

SUCH WERE THE THOUGHTS which, expressed in a less literary mode, intermittently passed through my mind as I lay on the lawn that day, and they left me then, as they leave me now, troubled and discontented with myself. For I was thinking *au fond* not just of St Lucia, nor of the Caribbean, nor even of Africa, but of Them and Us—or more frankly, I suppose, Them and Me. Though I was seeing the picture crudely in terms of black and white, I knew that the demarcation line was not so convenient, and that even the most disparate of cultures and prejudices overlap. I was thinking of the black and white within us, and the gulf that divides them still.

Yet I returned to Lord Snow as to a comfortable haven, for I knew that in his little English world I would at least meet characters I thought I understood, speaking my language anyway, sharing some of my emotions I supposed, certainly frequenting the same familiar streets. The black people had disappeared, jaunty in the distance. My neighbours stirred, stretched, and applied new dollops of lotion. Why, the children demanded, couldn't we have something decent for lunch for once, like fish fingers, or steak-and-kidney pie? "Really," I expostulated, "you must learn to be more broadminded. Don't you like travelling abroad?" Not particularly, they morosely said, for they were in a pettish mood. The people seemed nice, but the food was ghastly.

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# Julien Benda

## *On "Intellectual Treason"—By* LEWIS A. COSER

ROBERT LOWELL urged the poet to go into "the bull-ring," and Jean-Paul Sartre has staked his literary reputation on the notion that "the writer is speaking to his contemporaries and brothers of his class and race." Their insistence on the writer's social responsibility has by now become the conventional wisdom of most of the Western intellectual community. It needs to be challenged if only to provoke a few responses less hackneyed than what one has come to expect in recent years. There is no better way to start than to return to the work of a French author, Julien Benda, whose *The Treason of the Intellectuals*[1] was widely debated in England and America in the 1920s and '30s, but who is now largely forgotten.

Benda had an unusually long career as a writer. His first book, *Dialogues à Byzance*, was published in 1900 and his last *Mémoires d'infra-tombe* appeared shortly before his death in 1956. In all those years he never tired in pointing out that contemporary men of letters had "betrayed their calling." Intellectuals, he argued, had inherited the responsibilities and mandate of mediaeval clerks

> whose activity essentially is *not* the pursuit of practical aims, all those who seek their joy in the practice of an art or a science or metaphysical speculation, in short the possession of non-material advantages, and [who] hence in a certain manner say: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Benda attempted to show in a number of works that most modern intellectuals had abandoned their birthright by succumbing to political passion, by pandering to the modern preference for action over ratiocination, by commitment to the politics of Nation or Class. When descending into the political arena as champions of this-or-that ephemeral "Cause," Benda argued, intellectuals betrayed their mission as the predestined defenders of certain general and abstract ideas and ideals on which Western civilisation rested. "Once the moralist gave lessons to actuality, now he takes his hat off to it. . . ."

Benda saw a major cause of the modern predicament of the intellectual in the fact "that the modern World has made the 'clerk' into a citizen, subject to all the responsibilities of the citizen. . . . Consequently, it is far more difficult for him than for his predecessors to despise lay passions." The true clerk "renders unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, *i.e.*, his life perhaps, but nothing more." But modern social conditions make it almost impossible to lead the life of the clerk.

> One of the gravest responsibilities of the modern State is that it has not maintained (but could it do so?) a class of men exempt from civic duties, men whose sole function is to maintain non-practical values.

In addition, the modern intellectual, much more than his "clerkly" ancestor, is caught in the competitive struggles of the market place.

> First of all, most of them work . . . many of them even if they do not precisely work, live by thousands of combinations, thousands of intrigues, thousands of dealings and wheelings. . . . This makes their disdain for disinterested activities understandable. . . . And the constant anxiety created by economic insecurity, by insecurity of social rank at all social positions; the perpetual state of tension which results from the increase in competition in all spheres of life, the increase of difficulties in attaining a position, honours, in placing one's children, in "making it", in being brilliant and in attracting attention.[2]

Benda was born in 1867, and came to maturity in the years of *l'affaire* Dreyfus. This case decisively marked the whole of his subsequent moral and intellectual development. The Dreyfusard intellectuals believed that they had the right—and the moral duty—to uphold universal

[1] *The Treason of the Intellectuals* (New York, 1928). It was first published in England as *The Great Betrayal*, translated by Richard Aldington. My quotations are from the Beacon Paperback edition (Boston, 1955), entitled *The Betrayal of the Intellectuals*. There is also a more recent paperback edition, *The Treason of the Intellectuals*, published by Norton (1969).

[2] *Belphégor* (Paris, 1924), pp. 164–165



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ideas and ideals against even the demands of the state. They believed that in defending Dreyfus they were at the same time defending their own claim to represent the realm of ideas beyond narrow specialisation. They considered it their mission to attack the ruling powers when these interfered with the claims of reason or justice. They saw themselves as deeply committed to the defence of disinterested inquiry and the sceptical scrutiny of traditional verities. Commitment to justice, even if it should prove corrosive of stability and social order—the major concerns of the anti-Dreyfusards—had priority over all other concerns. What disgusted Benda in regard to such anti-Dreyfusard intellectuals as Maurice Barrès, Charles Maurras and Lemaître was "their passionate clamour that the mark of the true intellectual was to know how to make reason serve society." This "was acceptable in a statesman, but infamous on the part of priests of the spirit."[3]

Benda never contended that intellectuals should hold themselves totally aloof from all human affairs. On the contrary, the "clerks" had the peculiar mission, according to Benda, to recall to the public at large the errors of its ways and, like Old Testament prophets, to attempt to bring it back to the path of righteousness. The "clerks" did not err by entering the fray, but by espousing momentary causes and ephemeral passions instead of recasting in modern language the universal standards of reason and justice on which a civilised modern society had to rest.

IN AN ATTEMPT to clarify misunderstandings of his position after the publication of *The Treason of the Intellectuals*, Benda wrote:

> I have never said that the clerks' only task is to limit himself to the contemplation of eternal values and let the lay world manage its affairs in its essential impiety. I have said, on the contrary, that the clerk may very well, without ceasing to be a clerk, enter into this fallen world so as to introduce sacred values, even though he can never fully realise them. In other words, I accept the secular clerk, the militant clerk, the one who resigns himself to the relative in order to gain something from human nature. But I insist that side by side with secular clerks *there must be regular clerks*, purely speculative men, who maintain the ideal in its absoluteness, quite apart from the alterations which the ideal must necessarily undergo when it is being transformed into reality. . . . But it is just the existence of such speculative types that this century does not tolerate. . . . All the moderns, even the best of them, have respect only for action.[4]

[3] *La jeunesse d'un clerc suivi de Un régulier dans le siècle et de Exercice d'un enterré vif* (Paris, 1968), p. 115.

[4] *Jeunesse*, pp. 258–9.

[5] *Jeunesse*, p. 118.

Partly sharing Charles Péguy's disillusionment with the course of French politics after the Dreyfus affair, when many of the erstwhile defenders of Dreyfus became successful politicians and when the Dreyfus "*mystique*" became just another "*politique*", Benda nevertheless clung throughout his long life to the belief that it had been a joy to be alive during the passionate debates of the Dreyfus case, that "palladium of history." Some forty years later he wrote a very characteristic sentence defining his intellectual credo:

> I would love it if there existed something like a Dreyfus affair in permanence. This would always allow us to distinguish those who are of our own moral race from the others. . . .

Think of it, a permanent Dreyfus case as a cultural touchstone always highlighting the distinction between the sheep and the goats, so that "one need never shake the hands of people whom one despises." An extraordinary intellectual vision!

Benda, clearly, preached an ideal of detachment with great passion; and makes a dramatic, and curiously contradictory, confession in his autobiography. He writes that

> The Dreyfus affair taught me that I was capable of true ideological fanaticism. I knew moments when I would have with pleasure killed General Mercier [Minister of War during Dreyfus' first trial]. . . . I love those who, unable to hurt a fly, are capable of becoming ferocious in the name of an idea.[5]

He espoused and applauded passion in the service of general ideas; he abhorred the mindless passion of those who exalted such "inferior" values as courage or engagement for engagement's sake. One may well imagine what he would have said to the modern admirers of, say, Castro or Guevara when one recalls his words about Maurice Barrès and his followers:

> The treason of the clerks consists precisely in the fact that they have put courage at the summit of their values, hence adopting the morality of colonels of the cavalry.

Contemporary nationalists of various stripes and colours, on the other hand, might ponder Benda's comment on the recommendation by Barrès that intellectuals root themselves in their native soil: ". . . Antisthenes replied to his colleagues who boasted that they were native to the soil that 'they shared this honour with the slugs and grasshoppers' ". . . .

MODERN INTELLECTUALS were appalling to Benda because of their "gluttonous thirst for the immediate," their refusal to consider ideas *sub specie aeternitatis*, their tendency to exalt "intuition" at the expense of "intelligence." Benda's earliest

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writings are a series of devastating onslaughts against Henri Bergson's exaltation of spontaneity and life, his distrust of reason and cool analysis. According to Benda, Bergson's doctrine could be summed up in the sentence, "I think, therefore I am not." Péguy attempted to defend Bergson by pointing to the latter's alleged demolition of the doctrine of eternally fixed categories of thought, and exclaimed: "If you only knew of what ills he has cured us!" Benda answered coolly: "Perhaps, but these are ills from which I have never suffered."

The political targets against which Benda directed his poisoned arrows changed over the decades. By the 1940s and '50s Barrès and Bergson were no longer in the forefront of the enemies of the intellect, and other had taken their place among Benda's objects of scorn. When Marshal Pétain's minister of education Bonnard wrote an *ukase* to the schools of Vichy which said: "No more neutrality in the school. Life is not neutral," Benda wrote in his notebook: "No, but truth is neutral."[6] A few years later, trying to come to terms with the intellectual landscape of post-war France, he remarked:

> I have discovered what separates me from ... Malraux, Mauriac, Sartre, Bernanos, Aragon, Courtade.... All these men think for something: for France, for youth, for the proletariat, for Christianity, for peace, for humanity.... And I, I just think.

And in the same pages, reflecting on Péguy's remark "Temporal affairs are essentially military," Benda adds: "And I say, spiritual affairs are essentially monastic!" Always a disturber of intellectual peace (to use Veblen's fine phrase), Benda never—well, almost never—lost his cool.

Benda was merciless when he chided modern intellectuals for hankering after some lost age of innocence: "They do not have enough moral stamina to carry the weight of their culture."[7] "It is a well-known trait of ages of decadence," he wrote after World War II, "that hyper-evolved men try to manufacture for themselves the souls of infants." The opening sentence of *Belphégor*, mostly written before 1914 but published only after the first World War, reads: "Present-day French society expects of works of art that they give rise to emotions and sensations, it no longer understands how to derive intellectual pleasure from them." Present-day readers might be in an even better position than his contemporaries to understand what Benda had in mind when he wrote of modern poets that it is difficult to find out "whether they write poems to express their passions or whether they hunt for passions in order to write poems."

THE FRANTIC QUEST FOR NOVELTY so characteristic of the French intellectual scene, then and now, was as distasteful to Benda as the quest for spontaneity and the attempt to break the restraints of reason. When asked at a philosophy conference in August 1947 to discuss the newly fashionable existentialist philosophy, he stood up and stated: "... This is one of those philosophies that one cannot understand if one has not been touched by what Christianity calls grace. Not having this privilege, I think that I don't understand existentialism and herewith state that I am not qualified to talk about it." Few in France, now and then, dared follow his example.

Benda, of course, lost most of the literary wars which he fought, as a glance at the twentieth-century literary scene in France and elsewhere makes abundantly clear. But who, except inveterate Hegelians, still believes that honour should go only to the victors?

Benda was a prolific and versatile writer who tried his hand with unequal success at a variety of literary *genres*. His novels are not likely to find many readers today. He will be chiefly remembered, I think, for his essays and polemical writings, among which *The Treason of the Intellectuals* is probably the most outstanding. In addition, his autobiographical writings and notebooks, in particular the splendid *La Jeunesse d'un clerc*, deserve the closest attention of any reader interested in the life of the mind in the twentieth century. We have been neglecting Benda at our own peril and are badly in need of antidotes against the "with it" intellectuals, the Sartres, Marcuses and Mailers of the age.

BENDA was a typical son of *la grande bourgeoisie juive*. His father had founded a lucrative export business, and after his death the son lived rather well on the returns from this business. The young Benda did not have to look for regular employment. He frequented the best salons, and moved with ease in the *grand monde*, his income allowing him truly to live up to his role as an independent intellectual. When shortly before the outbreak of the first World War the export house went bankrupt, Benda reacted with consternation to what he termed a "catastrophe." "For two days I lost all capacity to come to terms with the event, I lost all self-control.... The intellectual ceased being an inheritor. The clerk was precipitated into his times and into its economic pincers."[8] When friends tried to find him a position as librarian in one of the ministries,

[6] *Les cahiers d'un clerc* (Paris, 1949), p. 91.
[7] *Délice d'Eleuthère* (Paris, 1935), p. 141.
[8] *Jeunesse*, pp. 211–212.

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Benda was "filled with terror that they might succeed." He wanted to be nobody's man and liked to quote Socrates's answer to Gorgias: "I am, though all by myself, of another opinion." He borrowed from friends without being sure of ever being able to repay them, and he remarks that, at that period, "The perspective of the life of a parasite did not seem to me strictly intolerable. In short, I did not resolutely reject the idea of saving my intellectuality at the price of a certain social dignity." If need be he was willing to save his intellectual independence by social compromise; but he was spared from making such a decision by being invited to join the staff of the daily *Figaro* as a regular contributor so that he was able to continue to live in the style to which he had become accustomed.

VERY MUCH ATTUNED to the life of the élite salons, a connoisseur of fine wines and good food, Benda nevertheless maintained that he was contemptuous of the life of the senses. Though women were attracted to him, he "used" them; he never seems to have really fallen in love. "It is not from the life of the heart," he wrote, "that I attend the realisation of my being, the contentment of my profoundest beliefs. I attached myself to reason in its most inhuman form." "Philosophy," he wrote elsewhere, "requires the celibacy of its priests." Late in his life he noted that "the women who have meant most to me, those about whom I think with most pleasure in my old age, are not the women I have possessed, but those who, quite apart from questions of the flesh, have impressed me by their judgment and their moral personality, or who have charmed me by their *esprit*, their grace, their artistic gifts." There are even passages in the writings of the elderly Benda that express a physical loathing of things sexual: "Seeing a pregnant woman, an infant in diapers, a mother who gives her breast to her baby . . . are things I find repugnant. I venerate the Cathars with their anathema on the reproductive act. I understand that practical life had to destroy them. But these values are not mine. One of the things that I find worthy of contempt in reproduction is that, not being spirit, it is never part of the sphere of freedom."

Benda always distrusted the delights of the senses even when he partook of them. Anything that might endanger the life of reason had to be approached with a great deal of suspicion. This mandarin of the *haute bourgeoisie* summed it all up when he wrote that his image of the model of a man would be someone who would "love to read *The Imitation of Jesus Christ* in a good room in the Ritz Hotel."

CONCERN WITH THE PRECISION of language and the construction of solid structures of thought remained uppermost throughout Benda's career. When at the age of about nine he once took a wintry walk with his father he suddenly said to him: "Why does one say that an overcoat is warm, it does not feel warm to the touch. . . ." His father explained that what was meant was that overcoats were bad conductors of heat so that they retained the heat of the body; Benda accepted the explication but "remained unhappy about the lack of rigour with which men use their language." Later, when a comrade in school reproached him for his excessive penchant for rational construction and his neglect of experiment, he replied: "And you, with your experimental spirit, remind me of those kids who pour milk into wine in order to find out what will come of it. . . ."

What Saul Bellow's Herzog says about T. E. Hulme might just as well have been said about Benda: "He wanted things to be clear, dry, spare, pure, cool, and hard." His carefully chiselled sentences, the elegant and effortless logic of his prose are reminiscent of the brilliant expository clarity of the French moralists of the 17th century, even if the glitter of the surface sometimes hides a certain lack of profundity. Indeed, his total commitment to reason and logic is at times bought at the price of obtuseness when it comes to that which Pascal called the logic of the heart.

Living as we do in an age marked by a veritable debauch of subjectivity, one is tempted to feel refreshed by Benda's intellectual puritanism and to overlook the excesses of objectified distance with which he occasionally commented on life and letters. Yet, his dryness of heart sometimes severely restricted his vision. Some of his polemical writings are infused with a kind of inhuman and icy passion that brings to mind Robespierre's deadly diatribes against all those who lack virtue. A Canadian commentator, Pierre Brodin, once noted that Benda "has made himself the Fouquier-Tinville of intellectuals suspect of infidelity to the Eternal Values."[9] This is, of course, not quite applicable to Benda who, unlike Robespierre's Public Prosecutor, wished no involvement with secular and temporal power. Yet there is enough truth in the sentence to make it worthy of mention. Benda at times had so withering a contempt for the frailties of his fellow men that he adopted the stance of the moral executioner of transgressing intellectuals. His mind worked like a metaphysical guillotine.

There are other less admirable qualities in Benda that must be noted in passing. This intensely egocentric man, who was utterly convinced of his own rectitude and selfless devotion

[9] Pierre Brodin, *Maîtres et Témoins de l'entre-deux-guerres* (Montreal, 1943), p. 43.

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to the intellect, deluded himself into thinking that the causes in which he happened to be interested were always instances of the war of Truth against Falsehood, of Justice against Injustice. His jingoistic patriotism during the first World War is hardly made palatable by his repeated assertions that the French collectively represented the cause of the Dreyfusards and the Germans were an anti-Dreyfusard collectivity. Nor can one overlook the fellow-travelling propensities of the old man in the years before and immediately after the second World War. Even if it be granted that Hitler and Mussolini could be seen in those years as a distillation of pure evil, it is a bit hard to swallow Benda's view at the time that the Popular Front and Stalin's minions embodied the hope of mankind and the future of Platonic values. Oscar Wilde once said of Sargent that he "spelled art with a capital *S*"; one can say in a similar vein that Benda spelled truth with a capital *B*.

Sometimes, in addition, Benda fell into deplorable polemical excesses and made things far too easy for himself. There was his unfortunate habit, as Herbert Read wrote long ago, "to compare the minor clerks of our time with the major clerks of other ages."[10] Many already half-forgotten scribblers of his time are measured against Socrates, or Thomas Aquinas, instead of comparing them to some minor ancient sophist or obscure mediaeval churchman.

These are blemishes indeed, and they must be noted. Yet, in these days, I much prefer to think of the Benda who in his lonely battle to defend reason against the onrush of unbridled passion and subjectivity remained throughout his life an exemplar of the true intellectual. What E. M. Forster once wrote about Orwell might equally well be said of Benda. "No one can embrace [his] works who hopes for ease. Just as one is nestling against them, they prickle. . . ." The man who almost fifty years ago ended his *The Treason of the Intellectuals* with a desperate warning, a terrifying vision of a future state in which the life of the intellect had come to an end, well deserves at least a cross-Channel niche next to the author of *1984*.

"Humanity," Benda wrote, "would be unified in one immense army, one immense factory, would be aware only of heroisms, disciplines, inventions, would denounce all free and disinterested activity, would long cease to situate the good outside the real world, would have no God but itself and its desires, and would achieve great things; by which I mean that it would attain to a really grandiose control over the matter surrounding it, to a really joyous consciousness of its power and its grandeur. And History will smile to think that this is the species for which Socrates and Jesus Christ died. . . ."

It is not an irrelevant message for our times.

[10] Introduction to *Treason* (Boston ed.), p. xxii.

## The Automatic Oracle

The inveterate Heavens cast down arrows.
The flaw in religion is death, as death is its jewel.
The artist fades from his work like his body from earth.

The player who invents new rules plays badly.
You should never be afraid of abstraction and pomposity.
God is a self the good will never comprehend.

You may love God if you have the energy left over.
We too are draining to a pool of language.
The outlines of the dark are broad as Brobdingnag.

When you discover you are unlovable, then rejoice.
There, in Baldovinetti's picture, crouches the broken heart.
Pass over to chemistry now in the accustomed circle.

*Peter Porter*

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## THEATRE

# Spool, Stool, Drool

### By John Weightman

AFTER A LIFE-TIME of cogitation, Paul Valéry came to the conclusion that man is *un tube digestif à sens unique*—a one-way digestive tract—and that his mental functioning follows the pattern of his assimilative functions: the future is appetency, the present is digestion, and the past is excrement. Claude Lévi-Strauss, in decoding the myths of the South American Indians, points out that what may be formulated in buccal terms in one context may occur in anal terms in another; the high anterior is balanced by the low posterior. A minor 18th-century *philosophe*, whose name has slipped my memory, makes the interesting suggestion that verbalisation is a digestive process of the intellect. We absorb "reality" through the ears, the eyes and the other senses, convert it into language and emit it in this transmuted form as modulated air through the mouth or (in a secondary stage) as written words on paper. With typical 18th-century frankness he concludes: *La pensée est un excrément qu'on thésaurise.*

But, we may ask, if this is so, is our linguistic digestion any more personal than our physiological digestion? Bodily digestion is an impersonal chemical event, for which we normally take no credit after the age of two or three. Ought we to be any more proud of our "command" of language? The language in our mind is a verbal digestive apparatus provided by society, not invented by us. Therefore, when we digest reality into language, are *we* saying something through language, or is language as social potentiality saying something *through* us? This is a problem which exercises a number of contemporary French philosophers and psychologists, who have serious doubts about whether the individual can be said to exist at all. What is "I" but an illusory aspect of "you", "we" or "they"? The argument can be taken still further and all personal pronouns deemed misleading, since they may make us believe in a falsely subjective notion of "man", whereas the individual and society should more properly be seen as mere nodal points through which objective forces are operating. Things have got to such a pass in Paris that one contemporary master, although not remarkable for his modesty, can never bring himself to use the pronoun "I" in his writings, and so has to resort to a rich variety of circumlocutions. To read his prose is to experience the strange sensation of hearing a great ego silently screaming: "I is not I!"

If the reader has followed me so far, without giving vent to the obvious expletive, he will have guessed that I am trying to sketch in a suitable Gallic background for a discussion of *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Not I*, two monologues by Samuel Beckett, recently performed at the Royal Court Theatre by Albert Finney and Billie Whitelaw. Beckett seems to me to be very Irish in his fundamental sensibility, but strongly influenced by France in the intellectual department. It is true that the Irish, because of something in their own tradition, are great verbalists. But Beckett's obsession with language as such—his attempt, as it were, to put nothing on the stage but language reverberating in the void—must owe a lot to the linguistic preoccupation that has been a dominant theme in French literature since Mallarmé, not to mention the concept of language as the ghost in the machine, which has been prevalent since Descartes. And it is not difficult to suggest a commentary on the two "plays" in the light of the other French authorities I have just quoted, who have complicated the issue of linguistic expression in its connection with organic or intellectual being.

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE, as the title clearly indicates, is an anal work, whereas *Not I*, in which the only character (apart from a silent auditor) is an anonymous speaking mouth, lit by a spotlight or phosphorescent paint, is buccal. However, there is something faintly obscene about this isolated mouth, glowing in the darkness and spewing out its stream of words, over which it seems to have only uncertain control. Is it only like the mouth of a nigger-minstrel divorced from the reassuring presence of the nigger, or is it a more alarming *bijou indiscret*? It speaks in the third person, yet it appears to be referring to the female owner of the mouth; not "I", then, but schizophrenic logorrhea being ejected almost impersonally. And the words, if we manage to pay attention to their apparent meaning, seem to suggest that a long period of linguistic constipation has been followed by release.

*Krapp* is doubly or triply anal in that the hero keeps accounts of his past on tape-recorder spools. (He repeats the word "spool" with a little drool of bliss, possibly because it rhymes with "stool" but is more smoothly laxative through beginning with *sp*—sibilant plus plosive —instead of *st*—sibilant plus dental.) He frequently refers to his constipation (which he exacerbates by his phenomenological, homo-



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erotic, or coprophagous passion for bananas, a difficult fruit for some intestines). And he lives his life in terms of the past, or cannot slough off his past in favour of the future. Just as the mouth in *Not I* is a tiny illuminated aperture in darkness spouting words, so Krapp is reduced to a verbal faculty, reduplicated on tape and sitting under a single light in a gloomy room.

But who is Krapp? Is he the decrepit old man in the present (Krapp 3), who has forgotten the meaning of some of the words he used in the past (he has to look up "viduity" in the dictionary)? Or is he the younger man in middle life (Krapp 2), or the still younger man (Krapp 1), whose recorded voice Krapp 2 says he has been listening to? Clearly, there are *n* Krapps, so that the character has no identity or several identities. He is up to his ears in unresolved past, like those senile eccentrics who preserve their stools in neatly labelled glass jars, or those native tribes of Borneo who keep their children's stools in caves so that their being is not incomplete at maturity.

Yet, in spite of these visceral implications, I cannot honestly say that I enjoyed *Krapp's Last Tape* much in performance. Perhaps the flowing lilt of an Irish intonation is necessary to offset the effect of the constipatory theme. Finney gave a conscientious rendering, but in a flat Midlands voice which seemed to reduce the already marginal poetry. Then it occurred to me that such a haphazard, untidy old man as he made Krapp into would never have had the maniacal precision to record his experiences at regular intervals, and to keep a check-list of the recordings in a ledger. The production, I suspected, must be pushing Krapp in the direction of those two more messy characters, Vladimir and Estragon in *Waiting for Godot*. But, on referring to the text, I see that all the stage business is indicated by Beckett himself and was faithfully reproduced by Finney. I also note that the action is set "in the future," although the Irish local colour appears to relate to the time of Beckett's childhood and youth. So I arrive at the tentative conclusion that the combination of the tape-recorder with the nostalgic, hard-drinking, pre-technological Irish character is perhaps not perfectly managed.

One can understand the fascination of the auditory narcissism of tape-recorders for a linguistic temperament such as Beckett's, but he cannot have experienced this fascination until relatively late in life. He apparently wrote the play around 1958; and, wishing to get an interval of "thirty years" between Krapp 1 and Krapp 3 and to avoid referring back too obviously to a period when tape-recorders were not in general use, he had to push the action artificially forward into the future. But the whole flavour of the character is retrospective and dated, so that we cannot quite believe that he is the sort of man to have spent a life-time depositing his psychological stools on spools. At best, he would have kept an intermittent, written diary. I admit that this is a "realistic" objection, but there are occasions when a realistic detail can interfere with an imaginative effect.

*NOT I* is in perfect structural opposition to *Krapp's Last Tape*. Whereas the latter is masculine, relatively slow, and exploits the "I" in depth, the former is feminine, hysterically rapid—I suppose the speed was indicated by Mr Beckett himself—and depersonalised through the avoidance of the first person. Miss Whitelaw runs a sort of vocal hundred yards' race with splendid virtuosity, but a good deal of the text escaped me in the theatre, and even after studying it in print (Faber & Faber, 40p) I still cannot claim to have mastered it.

If the "she" referred to by the voice is the woman who is speaking, the female subject is seeing herself as object, and there is a gap between her psychological identity, in so far as it exists, and her speech organs. Language, as it were, is running away with her and "speaking" her in spite of herself. Mouth has taken over from brain and the tongue is wagging the cerebellum. The stage directions mention Mouth recovering at one point "from a vehement refusal to relinquish the third person." This effect is imperceptible in practice, but the phrase may be meant to indicate the predominance of linguistic matter over mind. The experience is similar to finding oneself in a mental home and hearing a voice raised in a wild, rhythmical rant in the next room, where some poor creature has lost the centre of her being; poignant enough, while it lasts, but not a variegated aesthetic speech, like Winnie's monologue in *Happy Days*.

THE MEMORY OF the two works leaves me with one general query. I wonder if there is not a discrepancy between Beckett's technical inventiveness or linguistic knowingness and the basic emotional resonance of his writing. Would it be shocking to say that he is sentimental? Or could the point be made more accurately by suggesting that the extreme *taedium vitae* conveyed by his work, which is accentuated rather than relieved by the references to memories of lost love or of lyrical moments long ago, is not adequately explained within the context of his writing?

Perhaps what it comes to is that Beckett cannot digest life; *il ne la digère pas*, as the French say with more definite moral overtones. But whether it is the great Absurd absence of God or some particular private sorrow that has got stuck in his gizzard, he does not deign to tell.

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# POETRY

# C. P. Cavafy

## By Rosemary Tonks

WITH THE ART of C. P. Cavafy a new sensibility appears in world poetry. The essence of it is this: it is a triumph of *inner worldliness*. Written down like that, it sounds a very slight achievement; for isn't an inner worldliness a perfectly natural way of thinking, in fact the kind of thinking most people do? It is. It was there all the time in the lives of ordinary people, but no other poet had observed it. No one else had seen that it might be possible to write poetry based on that kind of thinking, and for a poet to express the whole of himself in those terms; and that with this effective limitation, and certain other barriers fixed by the intellect, a great new art might be possible.

The first thing we notice as we read Cavafy is the almost total absence of metaphor; and, in addition, the rarity of concepts, in the sense in which the word is normally used in poetry, when an object or an atmosphere is said to have been freshly conceived. What there are in the way of conceptions, or re-conceptions, are imaginatively of another kind: they are to do with sexual passion, or, almost invisible, are connected with the inner world of the workings of conscience, and therefore partake of morality.

There has been a decision—perhaps one of those purely instinctive decisions inspired by the wholeness of his "worldly" vision, or it may have been a self-conscious literary decision—not to enrich the lines with new pictures of the external world. When he describes, Cavafy appears to take the first noun, the first adjective which is appropriate to the circumstances, and considers the task done. His real energies are given to assembling facts, and thoughts, which are treated exactly like facts, which is, after all what they are. It is hardly conceivable that a mind like this could ever have been influenced by Baudelaire; for Baudelaire without his concepts would be like the earth without its seas. But the influence is there in some of the early poems (notably "Bacchic", "Artificial Flowers", "Singer", "The Inkwell" and others) inside a phrasing which could only be Cavafy's. It is this exquisite phrasing which will "present" his facts and make them so devastating later on; Cavafy can phrase something so that it seems even truer than it is. There are, of course, many kinds of truth. We know that with the use of concepts certain factual realities, the world's sort of realities, recede—and although poetic concepts may replace them by inner realities, Baudelairean archetypes, of equal truth and equal importance, this may be the reason why Cavafy avoided them so carefully.

From the time of the early poems onward Cavafy had set himself at varying distances from the stage on which the action was taking place. Or else—a favourite device—he would disguise himself as one of the actors. Gradually we watch him becoming a case historian who can isolate a significant occurrence and walk around it, changing the points-of-view of those taking part, so as to improve the quality of the drama. And to illuminate the role played in history by those Greeks, himself included, who lived out of Greece.

Political or religious intrigues, ancient battles, subjects once filled with activity, allure him. He can possess them wholly by putting them into an entirely new perspective, by moving the centre. And this new perspective just happens to involve the adjustment of certain highly sensitive moral proportions. Thus an ancient story is re-lined psychologically; emphasis, motive, and attitude are laid in matter-of-factly between the doing of deeds in an idiom which can engross all these things without strain. Even better, there are times when the psychology is implicit, being laid along the slant of allegedly factual reporting. No wonder unobservant critics call him objective. They have never before met such a grand master of subjective value-making. The stress may fall where he likes, and the morality be what he wills, for in a context arranged by Cavafy even history cannot be sure of itself.



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WHAT IS THE result? The material is revitalised. It reads, and feels, as though it has just this moment occurred. And there is a two-way exchange; for now Cavafy uses the past to historicise the present. Many of his casual love-affairs in Alexandria are given the tone, and especially the pace and deportment of words, which is normally accorded only to classical subjects. What a risk. But since it is *Cavafy* who feels these passions, and who watches his thoughts as they think about them, it is perfectly natural that they should think in just that way. Being the sort of man he had become by then, he cannot help civilising, or hellenising, such incidents; and raising them until they become the equals of the past. They are, after all, the whole of his emotional and erotic life.

Cavafy always tells us *exactly what happened.* It is one of the aspects of his work which show him to be the most Greek of Greeks, belonging to Athens as often as to Alexandria. C. M. Bowra wrote of the classical Greek poets, "Behind careering fancies and driving emotions there lay minds which marked the facts and stated them rightly." And so we can, if we wish, read Cavafy as we read a newspaper, to obtain essential—almost sensational—information about sexual behaviour, money, the arrangement of a life, the ruin of ambition, hard news which is useful on its own account, for the poems appear to live the life of life itself.

To find out how all these things are done, we must look closely at his methods; above all, we must define what "form" really is in poetry. To many people it is simply evidence of the use of metre or rhyme; or merely the general appearance of a poem on the page. All that can be said on this level is that the appearance of a poem has an aesthetic of its own, and that this should not be neglected.

But form in its truest sense is the organisation of the poem's inner life: the model made in advance by the thoughts. If there are any traces of Baudelaire's influence on Cavafy in the later poems, it will be here, in his exceptional knowledge of how to set up a poem and progress within it. That Baudelaire was completely successful at progression is borne out by our conviction that we have "been somewhere" after reading him. One technique he uses which contributes to this sensation is that of changing the direction and speed of a poem, without ever going off the point; and the point may be an emotional one. The run of feeling through the stanzas is always maintained. Where Baudelaire brings about such changes by the use of images, Cavafy does so entirely with idiosyncratic comments; with curses ("may the malevolent Irene Doukaina suffer for it"), with sophisticated wit, or with yearnings. And these comments are capable of suggesting another way of life on their own account, and thus of nourishing the text by extending its territories, just as Baudelaire's images do. The movement of Cavafy's thought is always fresh enough to take us by surprise, and always logical enough to seem, in retrospect, inevitable.

IN SETTING UP, many of Cavafy's poems have real landscapes with solid ground under them. He will often spend the first half of the poem calling up such a landscape. Without images to fix it in our minds, he solves the problem by naming objects almost as flatly as an auctioneer's catalogue:

*Near the door over here was a sofa,*
*and in front of it a Turkish rug;*
*close by, the shelf with two yellow vases.*
*On the right; no, opposite, a closet with a mirror.*

and later, "The poor objects must still be somewhere around." He dares to move about so slowly, as though within timelessness, pausing to contradict himself because he has left everything out and there's plenty of room for such behaviour. And thus he contrives, by giving us less content, to give us the whole picture. He has set up limitations, and works so well within his strength that he conveys the impression everything is effortless, limitless. In such quiet stanzas he is capable of bringing our thoughts to a halt, of stilling them, and completing them with a single large comment. This is possible because the smallest poem is always philosophically on a huge scale. The masonry is already large enough should he need it; and produces poems as great as "Ithaca" and "Expecting the Barbarians." As a thinker he has overcome the difficulty of providing an environment for his ideas, by first making them at home in the natural life of his own mind, with its particular historical range and bias, its humour, and above all, its domestic pieces of furniture.

Now Cavafy, when he names objects, can also do something which is Baudelairean; that is, he can give to these objects their own quintessential reality. But he brings it about by altogether different means. He joins them to an emotion, a passion, which he represents with quite exceptional fidelity. They then become vital clues in the engrossing news-story of this emotion, and the result is astonishing: they are thrown into the sharpest of relief. *We see them* for ourselves:

*He asked about the quality of the handkerchiefs,*
*and what they cost, in a choked voice*
*almost faded by longing.*
*And the answers came in the same vein,*
*distracted, in a low voice,*
*containing a latent consent.*

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No description of those handkerchiefs could so bring them before us. It is interesting to observe too, that the material objects have been raised to the level of the emotion, whereas in Eliot's "Prufrock", for example, the feeling or commentary tends to run on a level with the furnishings of the poem, and even arises from them.

AS WE HAVE seen, Cavafy has the extraordinary knack of depicting human passions in a startling personal way, so that they almost appear as new emotions. This task, the most fundamental to the art of poetry, is the most neglected. Each poet must feel for himself, and for the times in which he lives; and feeling begins without words. Cavafy knew how to be aware of himself in this way; and he was, in addition, so humane to his own feelings, and to the feelings of others. His words appear to break the surface after a painful inward re-enactment, or they are taken living in the midst of events. The natural style of a man is there in the kinds of words he obtains from his body for the details of his private life.

Besides the setting up of a solid landscape, Cavafy has two other methods of opening a poem. There are moments when, at the outset, he goes so directly to hard essentials we feel as though we have just jumped into the middle of the poem. And remember, they are always *essentials*, since he never wastes time on issues of secondary importance. Our attention is fixed by the opening sentence:

*Every so often he swears to start a finer life.*
*But when night comes with its own counsels,*
*its compromises, and its promises;*
*but when night comes with its own vigor*
*of the body, craving and seeking, he returns,*
*forlorn, to the same fatal joy.*

We might say that this is a case of a mid-air start being successful on account of its intrinsic news value: we enter the lift on the third floor and start going up at once. Whereas in many poems which begin at a great height—Rilke's *Duino Elegies* for example—there is nowhere to go but slowly, or precipitously, down to earth.

And lastly, Cavafy writes a third kind of poem in which he appears, at first reading, never to come to grips with a theme at all. The entire poem is spent in gossip and comment (often of the sort Catullus gives us, or Lucian) as though the poet had a whole book ahead, waiting to be filled, and need not actually get on with the subject of it for at least a page or two. We arrive at the end of the poem still asking, "What is this poem about?" and only gradually do we become aware that *morally* we have been turning like windmills, facing in one direction and then in another, always with perfect complacence.

WHILE OUR ATTENTION was distracted by the entertainment of the stanzas—some amusing revelation of character; boasting, false pretences, expediency, in the mind of an ambitious young man—our viewpoint was being taken through a hundred and eighty degrees. And it was our viewpoint of ourselves; for we too are capable of such manipulations, although we would never admit it, and especially not to ourselves. There are shades of such compromises in every life, for one cannot live life without them; it is only a matter of degree. And Cavafy lays it all out so clearly: we see it from above, and that makes us feel patronising and superior. Certainly, we have always known of our own personal ability to appreciate many different points of view, and to put such awkward matters as integrity and loyalty into a larger, more humorous perspective, which is really the only possible way to deal with life. And now this has been shrewdly demonstrated for us. At the same time, we can't help smiling at ourselves, for although we were on the "inside" of the narrator throughout the poem, and saw through him, of course, just as we were intended to, yet there were moments when we were almost taken in. . . .

We've had our weaknesses, our *fibre*, exposed by Cavafy, and far from feeling resentful or demoralised by it, we feel, for some inexplicable reason, braced and invigorated as though we have achieved something. When hidden aspects of conscience are brought to the light of consciousness there is a sense of liberation; in the case of the sort of poem I am describing the burden of worldliness, which we did not even know we were carrying, is shed. "Of Demetrius Soter, 162–150 B.C.", "From the School of the Renowned Philosopher", "John Cantacuzenus Triumphs", and this opening from "They Should Have Cared" are fine examples. In the first stanza, observe how the blame is artfully laid on the city:

*I am almost reduced to a vagrant and pauper.*
*This fatal city of Antioch*
*has consumed all my money;*
*this fatal city with its expensive life.*

*But I am young and in excellent health.*
*I possess a marvelous command of Greek*
*(I know Plato and Aristotle backward and forward,*
*what orators, what poets, and whoever you*
*care to name).*
*I have an idea of military matters,*
*and I have friends among the mercenary chiefs.*
*I am a little on the inside of the administration too.*
*I spent six months in Alexandria, last year;*
*I know a thing or two (and that is useful) about*
*things down there:*
*the views of Kakergetis, his villainies, et cetera.*

*So I consider myself qualified*
*and just the man to serve this nation,*
*my own beloved land of Syria.*

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Later, in the final stanza, the range of the poem is expanded as the narrator moves the blame up from material to spiritual authorities.

All these commentaries of Cavafy's are arranged with a first-class sense of timing. Items of significant information are released at calculated intervals to give an illusion of fresh discovery, of ground having been covered, lives having been lived, and of understanding having come about at each illuminating "scoop." Our sense of outer and inner reality is doubled.

THEN THERE is his use of time itself. It is present in every conceivable age, hour, or amount; "he is twenty-three years old", "it was almost four o'clock in the morning", "for a month we loved each other." Behind these small human measures, it passes continuously in decades, or in centuries; and in order to enlarge it, Cavafy will give it to cities to possess, as in "Greek Since Ancient Times." And at the very moment when festivals are going on in those cities, with their long lives, and Cavafy's mind is filling them with new time, he is also burying them in the depths of time of the very oldest sort. When there is so much of it, it tends to lose its sting, and develops a certain timelessness. Eventually a formula that was right for Cavafy was found. The nature of time was most truly comprehended when it took away forever another life which it had formerly brought to him by chance:

*I never found them again—those things so*
*speedily lost . . .*
*the poetic eyes, the pallid face . . .*
*in the dusk of the road. . . .*
*I never found them again—those quite*
*haphazardly acquired,*
*that I gave up so lightly;*
*and that later in agony I craved.*
*The poetic eyes, the pallid face,*
*I never found those lips again.*

The original translations into English by John Mavrogordato are now available in paperback.[1] They seem to me inferior to the translations later published by Rae Dalven (the quotations above are hers). For example, in the rendering of the superb *Julian and the People of Antioch* Miss Dalven has:

*Ah most certainly they preferred the CHI,*
*ah most certainly they preferred the KAPPA;*
*a hundred times.*

which is entirely faithful. Mr Mavrogordato has:

*Most certainly they preferred the letter CHI,*
*Most certainly they preferred the KAPPA—a*
*hundred times.*

which is less accurate, less musical, and misses the lighter overtones in that preference. The Dalven contains in addition an introduction by W. H. Auden, who points out how Cavafy's unique tone of voice survives translation. Twenty-one new poems have just appeared with the title *Passions and Ancient Days*, translated by Edmund Keeley and George Savidis;[2] at least ten are important. No one can doubt the necessity of possessing the book when they read the line, which is also the title of one of the poems: "And I leaned and lay on their beds." A simple action is so beautifully extended that it becomes reinvented, and at the same time indicates the sort of place where the poet was.

[1] *Poems of C. P. Cavafy.* Translated by JOHN MAVROGORDATO. Hogarth Press, 90p.

[2] *Passions and Ancient Days.* By C. P. CAVAFY. Selected and translated by EDMUND KEELEY and GEORGE SAVIDIS. Hogarth Press, £1.25.

## Two Shores

Two women who loved one man,
And the man dead,
And the women talking. . . .
Like a sea that shares two shores,
Calm now and warm, coming from great depths,
Waves that make little sound,
And seem hardly to break, telling each shore of the other.

*Michael Burn*

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## *Douglas Dunn*

# The White Poet

### *Homage to Jules Laforgue*

I've travelled by the ice-floes
Purer than purest first white communicants.
I don't go to church . . .
I'm the High Chancellor of Insight,
Remember that. . . .

I am a random harvest of cells,
Thinking, farting, married.
I could have been the perfect husband—
The whispering of her long dress over the carpet
In the next room is a magic hush-hush.

My shoes have walked cobblers' miles
On the backstreets. Rain, and spires of factories
In the rain . . . pianos in all the houses—
Agoraphobic furniture drizzle would love to warp.
The keyboard, an international gutter.

Pianos in the prim district are playing
Tedious waltzes, the music of moderation.
And over the domes of swimming baths
A clarinet's chalumeau tune drags from subterranean woods
Amazing possibilities of Priapus.

All Saints, Margaret Street, a wedding in a doorway
Touted by photographers, waiting for a cab . . .
Red-brick palace, streaming, baked,
Naked in its numbered days, hallowing the weddings
Of ill-dressed parties without taxis.

And the melancholy horns! Sad, undersea
Deranged tan-tivy, dislocated fanfare!
Driven on the North Wind, ta-ra! ta-ta!
Turning the head of the groom who stands
Like a gland ripped from a throat.

Tanneries, chemical works, docks, post offices,
Brassy flourish of work, the diseased architecture—
Fog-flecked spittle solid on the soul.
Nature, stale factory of sap with the frenzied stink,
Is no one in love?

Or is *this* love?
All night, Our Lady of the Evenings
Never makes her mind up. Her leave-takings
Are the swishes of black dresses,
She leaves a box of brutal adornments—

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A gross Gothic of smoke and bubbling vats,
A Northern torch of furnaces
And Sunday afternoons of business districts
Evaporated of their carnal typists.
Hypochondria and slaughter!

Chattering in the streets, chattering in the shops,
The small talk of commercial companionships—
Where the corner-shop is an off-licence, the delicatessen
Is usually closed. That street is pretty.
This is what is meant by a City. That is the lesson.

And railway stations, breathless at the platform's end—
How lovely to look at, those trains we miss!
Gentlemen, lift the seat! Gone, without me!
Splendid, splendid, to leave the friend
Waiting with his watch in the specified pub.

Moon-woman, lover, I would gladly wring from you
White bodies of the populace
To save them, but you laugh,
Offering your ligature of nebulous caresses,
Pale oddities, mottos of madness

And nothing to grab hold of. Moon, sick angel
Suspended through stages of globular striptease,
You vanish like love, the personality
Sipped through ice, the woman's lips on her Daiquiri—
Crushed, fragile, pink drizzle in blankness.

God so loved the world
He puked every time he looked at it.
He's gone now. Thank God. Sundays,
And the parked cars of visitors, the special joints
Like amputated stumps oozing in the ovens.

And it is the day of The Moderation Waltz—
We will not buy the best, *one two three*
We won't beat our breasts, *one two three*
And we'll have no truck
With that muck
In foreign restaurants, *da-da dum-dum*

Paupers are swimming through their blood
To meet their other parents at the far end
Where fauntleroys picnic in stable sunshine
And father punts mother on the river
To the crystal honeymoon.

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O waves of honey, Moon, perambulators, gloves!
Useless apostrophes!
The world is as passionate as insomnia—
The insomnia of power stations sailing
In self-generated glows like bulky saints;

Insomnia of engines that start with a twist;
Insomnia of police forces, watching
Vulnerable depots of money;
Ships on their incessant stagger;
Insomniac clocks, hysterically

Ticking, the tick-tick-tock
And obliging semaphore
On the complaisant eye
Of the clock—punctual, early, late,
And remember you must die.

Sundays, time-locks, vaults, factories—
Over the land of Sunday, my wet love,
I stretch my hand.
What joins us is an ampersand.
It's easier for us. Should I take off my glove?

Should I cry in the streets, or sail over the rooftops—
Silver Street, Holy Trinity, the Guildhall, Whitefriargate—
Dropping leaflets?
Toddle off, my songs; go to the lutes
Of untuned strings, played by God's mutes,

And make no mark, subside with no pock
Or ripple in the sane mud. More dirt, more dirt!
In the botched fog of outcries, the political sandwiches—
*The sky is high, and so am I—*
Ah, they say, the same neat coat and tidy ties.

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## NOTES & TOPICS

# Arab Dialogue?

IN THE three-and-a-half-years since he came to power, President Moammar Gadafi of Libya has harangued, rebuked, ridiculed and occasionally threatened violence on his fellow-Arab heads of state. As a practitioner of barn-storming diplomacy, Gadafi's escapades in the cause of Arab action and unity included the occasion in 1970 when he reportedly pulled a gun on King Hussain of Jordan at a brotherly Arab meeting in Cairo. Then there was the time last November when he was threatening to lock up his guests in Tripoli, the presidents of warring North and South Yemen, until they agreed to settle their differences in a union of their two countries.

But only three weeks after that incident, Gadafi himself was the victim of lengthy, publicly-applied ridicule by an Arab head of state nearly old enough to be his grandfather, President Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia. This was one of the more bizarre episodes in Gadafi's public career so far. Yet, with his predictable unpredictability, he passed it off graciously, and it was barely reported in the British press.

At first, the Tunisians had been cool towards Gadafi and his fellow junior officers who overthrew the Libyan monarchy in September 1969. Bourguiba, who for years had disputed the claim of Nasser to the leadership of the Arab World, could only regard a coup by Nasserist officers in neighbouring Libya with misgiving. But gradually Tunisian suspicions of Libyan intentions were allayed, and in February 1971 Gadafi made his first official visit to Tunis (although Bourguiba was out of the country at the time for medical treatment). It was not until December last year that the youngest of the Arab revolutionaries—Gadafi was born in 1942—was able to drive the 470 miles from Tripoli to Tunis to meet the oldest of them (Bourguiba is seventy this year).

During Gadafi's state visit from 13 to 18 December 1972, the two heads of state had several meetings, and apparently got on well together. On the fourth day of the visit, Gadafi went to a cinema in Tunis to address a youth rally which was being broadcast "live" on Tunis Radio Home Service. As its leading apostle, Gadafi talked about Arab unity—"from the Atlantic to the Arabian Gulf". He said there was no point in Libya aspiring to unity with Jordan because they were two "contradictory régimes." Similarly, there could be no unity between Tunisia and Morocco because they were "fundamentally contradictory." Only "like-minded régimes" could interact. Libya and Tunisia, he went on, were both republics; there was identity between their political organisations; they were geographically one and they had ethnic ties. He said that in the discussions of the past few days, President Bourguiba and his colleagues had shown real understanding of the demands of "this generation" (presumably Gadafi's). The talks had not been the usual round of diplomatic chat about good neighbourliness, co-operation, and solidarity—slogans, Gadafi affirmed, "which are derided by our generation." Instead, the path to real Arab constitutional unity had been discussed.

Although Gadafi was playing the spokesman of Arab youth, applause by the young audience was moderate; however, one group was sufficiently aroused to shout "Long Live Palestine, One Nation, One People" at suitable intervals.

Gadafi had been speaking for about an hour when President Bourguiba, unannounced and wholly unexpected, appeared at the rally. He quietly took a seat and listened to the remaining half-hour of his guest's address. Gadafi rambled on, attacking Britain for "colonialist aims" against Libya and the United States for supporting Israel. But France and Italy were praised for "respecting Arab rights." Returning to Arab unity, he said it would solve many problems. It was the answer to the search for strength in the confrontation with colonialism. Unity was strength. He and Bourguiba had agreed to work with determination to draw up the broad lines of unity . . . through this effort, frontiers and regionalism would gradually disappear . . . he and Bourguiba would, God willing, put these words into effect so that the masses should not be deceived . . . the two of them had the faith, resolution and confidence to join hands and plan comprehensive Arab unity.

BOURGUIBA, the old *Combatant Suprême* of Tunisian independence, who was first involved in politics in 1922, then stood up and took the microphone. This, his first public speech in many months, was considered by *Le Monde* to be "*une rentrée politique spectaculaire.*" Speaking quietly and with great deliberation, Bourguiba said that when he had started his struggle for Tunisian independence—"about fifty years ago"—his main object had been to change the attitude of the people, to make them love Tunisia and to revive the idea of the country having a character of its own. The Arab World, he declared, had never been united. As soon as the Prophet Mohammed



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died, Muslims had started to fight each other. Time was needed to change the thinking of people who for centuries had been unused to considering themselves as having one character and being one nation. "We cannot just go and establish a unified republic, especially since these things have been tried before," he said, recalling the abortive Egyptian-Syrian union of 1958–61.

Gadafi, he went on, had tried a union of Libya, Syria, Egypt and Sudan, but God alone knew where it was now. People could not be united until their attitudes had changed and they were prepared to accept a wider sense of nationalism. What kind of strength was there, he asked, in adding one-and-a-half million Libyans to five million Tunisians? Bourguiba, who was first arrested by the French for his nationalist activities in 1934, and was imprisoned and confined by them on and off for a total of ten years, told the rally that Gadafi had approached him with a proposal of union between Libya and Tunisia, and had even offered to become President of the two states. Bourguiba said he was convinced of Gadafi's sincerity and honesty, and declared that he personally had been ready to hand over power to Gadafi—"except he lacks the necessary experience."

But perhaps the most breathtaking rebuke of all came when Bourguiba suggested that Libya itself still needed unifying, and then expressed a popular Tunisian prejudice: that the Libyans of the desert were "still living in the Middle Ages, even in the days of Adam and Eve." He did, however, acknowledge that Libya and Tunisia were probably more likely to unite than other Arab states. He concluded by asserting that there was "complete and genuine agreement" on the distant target of unity. But before it came about there should be preparation for it by cooperation, development and "catching up with the march of progress." It was through this cooperation that the narrow concepts of nationalism would disappear and the gates of Arab nationalism would open.

NO IMMEDIATE REACTION by Gadafi to Bourguiba's extraordinary intervention has been recorded. Observers of the North African political scene are reported to have considered that Gadafi might have cut his visit short and returned home through the wreckage of Libyan-Tunisian relations. In the event, his behaviour was perhaps not typical of a man who on more than one occasion has sulked in private for weeks on end after being crossed by his colleagues. The day after the rally, it became clear that Gadafi had decided to stay on his best diplomatic behaviour when the Tunisian Foreign Minister, Mohammad Masmoudi, described the speeches by the two

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presidents as having inaugurated a new method of dialogue that would benefit the Arabs.

Later the same day Gadafi gave a bland and fairly non-committal press conference. Asked his impression of his host, he said he had found Bourguiba as he had imagined him. There was a great age gap between them, but "we are used to respecting the experience of our elders." On his return to Tripoli, Gadafi added, he would be thinking over the "positive aspects" of Bourguiba's experience. The joint communiqué confirmed the apparent success of what it termed "this blessed visit" and listed fourteen main areas of agreement between the two sides.

Bourguiba's motives in slapping down the reigning champion of Arab unity are not entirely clear. He is to be imagined sitting in his presidential palace in Carthage (a bourgeois dormitory-suburb of Tunis nowadays) listening with mounting consternation to Gadafi on the radio and then hastening by car to Tunis to put the record straight and to dilute the memory of Gadafi's speech with one of his own. Alternatively, Bourguiba may have been expecting his guest to say the wrong things at the rally and had accordingly prepared an apparently impromptu intervention. Whatever the case, Gadafi may have learned something from the experience. His next important public address was in Libya on January 1. Speaking at celebrations to mark the eighth anniversary of the foundation of the Palestine guerrilla movement, he analysed the Arab-Israeli impasse with a mature and frank insight that only Bourguiba himself might have bettered.

***James Macphearson***

# Re-reading Keynes's "General Theory"

## *Still Relevant Today?—By H. V. Hodson*

On re-reading Keynes's fundamental work, the *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, one cannot but be struck by three things. The first is the high intellectual level of his thought, and the lucidity and elegance of his language, so remote from the jargon-ridden obscurity of much contemporary economic writing. Sophisticated as Keynes's analysis is, his work can be read and understood by the intelligent layman who is willing to give it close attention, although he was specifically writing to settle a professional debate:

> At this stage of the argument the general public, though welcome at the debate, are only eavesdroppers at an attempt by an economist to bring to an issue deep divergences of opinion between fellow economists which for the time being almost destroyed the practical influence of economic theory, and will, until they are resolved, continue to do so.

Though Keynes did not in fact resolve those divergences, which remain as acute as they ever were, he certainly did more than any other man of his time to restore the practical influence of economic theory. But on re-reading him one suspects that this was more through vulgarisation and even misapprehension of what he actually wrote than from its direct study.

The second impression, indeed, is Keynes's total lack of interest in certain matters which fascinate present-day economists and practical men, especially the concept of economic growth. The word "growth", so far as I can find, appears only once in the *General Theory*, in a short footnote on p. 95, which leads nowhere. Remembering that net growth, in common parlance nowadays, is defined as increase of total net real output, ascertained from net money output adjusted for changes in the price-level, we may take the following passage as illustrating no less the line of Keynes's thinking than the charm of his English:

> The well-known, but unavoidable, element of vagueness which admittedly attends the concept of the general price-level makes this term very unsatisfactory for the purposes of causal analysis, which ought to be exact. . . . The proper place for such things as net real output and the general level of prices lies within the field of historical and statistical description, and their purpose should be to satisfy historical or social curiosity, a purpose for which perfect precision. . . . is neither usual nor necessary. To say that net output today is greater, but the price-level lower, than ten years ago or one year ago, is a proposition of a similar character to the statement that Queen Victoria was a better queen but not a happier woman than Queen Elizabeth—a proposition not without meaning and not without interest, but unsuitable as material for the differential calculus.

Keynes was concerned, not about growth, but about equilibrium, not about expansion but about full employment. No equilibrium of the economic system, he taught, was inherently stable. There could be equilibrium at the level of full employment, from which instability could operate only

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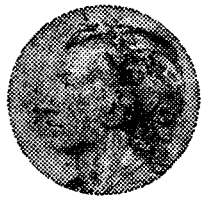
in one direction, but granted the conditions for maintaining that optimum equilibrium the upshot was likely to be eventually what we should now call nil growth—at least if we are to take the following passage as a deliberate conclusion and not a mere *jeu d'esprit:*

> Let us assume that steps are taken to ensure that the rate of interest is consistent with the rate of investment which corresponds to full employment. Let us assume, further, that State action enters in as a balancing factor to provide that the growth of capital equipment should be such as to approach saturation point at a rate which does not put a disproportionate burden on the standard of life of the present generation.
>
> On such assumptions I should guess that a properly-run community equipped with modern technical resources, of which the population is not increasing rapidly, ought to be able to bring down the marginal efficiency of capital in equilibrium approximately to zero within a single generation, so that we should attain the conditions of a quasi-stationary community where change and progress would result only from changes in technique, taste, population and institutions.

That statement, of course, involves not only theoretical analysis but also practical judgments, especially as to the marginal efficiency of capital. Keynes is saying, in effect, that private capital, which has to seek a profit over and above the borrowing rate, will find progressively less and less to do that is worth while at the rate of interest consistent (on the Keynesian analysis) with full employment. We can roughly test the theory and the judgment from actual experience. After World War II we did have nearly a generation of something like full employment, indicating that the rate of interest was consistent with the rate of investment appropriate to that condition; and State intervention, whatever else it did, has not been accused of over-investing at the expense of present standards of life. At the end of the period we did, as it happens, almost attain the conditions of a quasi-stationary community, and the Keynesian analysis may give us a clue to part of the reason. But certainly there was no sign that the marginal efficiency of capital was approaching zero. If anything, technology has caused it to rise; and although rates of interest have been high they have probably not had the decisive effect upon new investment which the Keynesian analysis attributes to them.

THIS LEADS TO one's third general impression, which is overall the most important. It is that Keynes is writing, in 1936, of an actual economic world so radically different from the state of a country like Britain in 1972 that it is hard to imagine either that it existed so recently or that his conclusions can have any practical bearing on our problems today. To begin with, his theoretical hypotheses and examples are all about prices falling and workers accepting lower wages. Thus,

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for instance, when considering what differentiates the money rate of interest from commodity rates of interest he discusses only a *rise* in the exchange value of money, that is to say, a fall of prices. A little later he writes:

> The fact that wages tend to be sticky in terms of money, the money-wage being more stable than the real wage, tends to limit the readiness of the wage-unit to fall in terms of money.

The picture in Keynes's mind is manifestly one of real wages falling in response to unemployment, and falling faster than money-wages. Though he never uses an upward movement as his example, he would presumably have said that, when employment improves, real wages rise faster than money-wages. Indeed Keynes goes further:

> Professor Pigou (with others) has been accustomed to assume that there is a presumption in favour of real wages being more stable than money-wages. But this could only be the case if there were a presumption in favour of stability of employment. . . . [If real wages were stabilised] every small fluctuation in the propensity to consume and the inducement to invest would cause money-prices to rush violently between zero and infinity. That money-wages should be more stable than real wages is a condition of the system possessing inherent stability.
>
> Thus the attribution of relative stability to real wages is not merely a mistake in fact and experience. It is also a mistake in logic, if we are supposing that the system in view is stable.

In other words, real wages *must* go up and down in correspondence with the state of employment, and must go faster than money-wages, or the whole system swings violently to and fro.

THAT ALL THIS SEEMS so unreal today is due, I think, not merely to the fact that Keynes was developing his theory at a time of acute business recession and heavy unemployment, when one of the popular propositions of business economics (which he vigorously challenged) was that industrial recovery required cuts in money-wages, but at least as much to other more lasting and radical changes that have taken place in the actual working of the economic system. His whole theoretical edifice is based on the assumption of a competitive market for labour, mitigated by the resistance of trade unions to cuts in money wages. Instead the dominant characteristic of the labour market today is the absence of competitive conditions, except in an upward direction or when there is a desperate show-down, and the constant and successful pressure of monopoly power by the trade unions for rises in money-wages exceeding productivity and therefore proceeding higher and faster than real wages. The change on the union side has been due less to the numerical strength of the unions than to their closer solidarity, their greater economic sophistication, their extension to white-collar workers, the pay-oriented cohesion and demonstrative capacity of non-unionised groups like doctors or policemen, and the mitigation of the pains of industrial action for strikers by previous high wages, social security benefits, PAYE tax repayments and the use of go-slow, work-to-rule and other guerrilla tactics. On the employers' side the changed factor has obviously been the presence of inflationary finance, due at least in part, ironically enough, to popular faith in Keynes's own, largely misunderstood, prescriptions. Real wages in fact, though much more stable than money-wages, have gone up during a period of comparatively high unemployment. Yet the system has not rocked violently off balance.

Part of the reason—assuming Keynes's analysis to have been sound—may be the incidence of another highly relevant change in the economic scene. This is the vast increase in the numbers and proportion of workers employed by government (national and local) and nationalised industry. For these, capacity to pay wages is governed by fiscal rather than profit-and-loss considerations (or in addition to them). Thus the basic assumption of a generally competitive formation of both supply and demand "schedules" for labour is vitiated.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that Keynes's *General Theory* has nothing to contribute directly to the analysis of wage-inflation, a now-familiar phenomenon which was so far from his contemporary horizon. We can, however, see where we arrive by inverting his propositions about wage-deflation, which he knew all too well.

> The reduction in money-wages will have no lasting tendency to increase employment except by virtue of its repercussions either on the propensity to consume for the community as a whole, or on the schedules of marginal efficiency of capital, or on the rate of interest. . . .
>
> With the actual practices and institutions of the contemporary world it is more expedient to aim at a rigid money-wage policy than at a flexible policy responding by easy stages to changes in the amount of unemployment, so far, that is to say, as the marginal efficiency of capital is concerned. . . .
>
> In the light of these considerations I am now of the opinion that the maintenance of a stable general level of money-wages is, on the balance of considerations, the most advisable policy for a closed system; whilst the same conclusion will hold good for an open system, provided that equilibrium with the rest of the world can be secured by means of fluctuating exchanges.

The converse of the first of those extracts would read: "An increase in money-wages will have no lasting tendency to reduce employment except

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by virtue of its repercussions on the propensity to consume, or on the marginal efficiency of capital, or on the rate of interest." Nevertheless, Keynes's final conclusion would seem to apply for positive as well as negative movements of money-wages, namely, "that the maintenance of a stable general level of money-wages is, on the balance of considerations, the most advisable policy" for our open system, provided that equilibrium with the rest of the world can be secured by means of a floating pound or the ability to revalue the pound upwards when this may be required by a consequent over-favourable balance of payments. In short, he would have been as hostile to wage-inflation as he was to wage-deflation.

THE VULGAR IDEA THAT Keynes was in favour of inflation as a cure for unemployment finds no support in the *General Theory*. He has surprisingly little to say (except, as has been quoted, in scorn at its value as an analytical concept) about the impact of movements in the general price-level. But no doubt he would have said—for this alone is consistent with the rest of his analysis—that inflation will have no lasting effect on employment except by virtue of its repercussions either on the propensity to consume or on the marginal efficiency of capital (or, rather, investors' *expectation* of the marginal efficiency of capital, a point of seminal importance in the theory), or on the rate of interest—which, however, he would presumably regard as rather determining the inflationary element than determined by it. If, largely through the force of expectations, inflation heightens the propensity to consume or the inducement to invest, it will be calculated to increase employment; to the extent that it does otherwise, it will have the opposite effect.

KEYNES'S EMPHASIS, we should recall, was not on increase of *incomes* but on increase of *investment* as the key to the volume of employment. He states succinctly:

> Employment can only increase *pari passu* with an increase in investment; unless, indeed, there is a change in the propensity to consume.

Hence the importance of expectation, of profitable opportunity, which, together with technical factors affecting the marginal efficiency of capital, must govern business investment.

> Every state of expectation has its definite corresponding level of long-period employment. . . .
> Suppose that the change [in expectation] is of such a character that the new long-period employment will be greater than the old. . . . The initial increase in employment will be modest. . . . The change in expectation may lead to a gradual

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> crescendo in the level of employment, rising to a peak and then declining to the new long-period level. . . . The actual course of events is more complicated still. For the state of expectation is liable to constant change.

Keynes's view was fundamentally pessimistic. He believed that with the approach to full employment the propensity to consume would diminish, while he was highly sceptical of the adequacy of opportunities for the profitable investment of capital.

> Consumption—to repeat the obvious—is the sole end and object of all economic activity. Opportunities for employment are necessarily limited by the extent of aggregate demand. Aggregate demand can be derived only from present consumption or from present provision for future consumption. The consumption for which we can profitably provide in advance cannot be pushed indefinitely into the future.
>
> . . . The greater, moreover, the consumption for which we have provided in advance, the more difficult it is to find something further to provide for in advance, and the greater our dependence on present consumption as a source of demand. Yet the larger our incomes, the greater, unfortunately, is the margin between our incomes and our consumption. So, failing some novel expedient, there is no answer to the riddle, except that there must be sufficient unemployment to keep us poor.

This reasoning led on to one of Keynes's most famous paradoxes:

> Ancient Egypt was doubly fortunate, and doubtless owed to this its fabled wealth, in that it possessed *two* activities, namely, pyramid-building as well as the search for precious metals, the fruits of which, since they could not serve the needs of man by being consumed, did not stale with abundance.

Keynes would thus surely have been an ardent champion of the American space programme, a combination of pyramid-building (*i.e.*, ostentation) and the search for materials which cannot be consumed.

His leaning towards government investment was reinforced by another argument:

> There is no clear evidence from experience that the investment policy which is socially advantageous coincides with that which is most profitable. It needs more intelligence to defeat the forces of time and our ignorance of the future than to beat the gun.

Whether governments and their agencies have the intelligence to defeat the forces of time and our ignorance of the future may be a moot question. But, in Keynes's view, businessmen on the whole judge wrongly, even in their own interest—fortunately, since confinement to right judgments would further restrict investment and therewith employment:

> If we exclude the exploitation of natural resources and monopolies, it is probable that the actual average results of investments, even during periods of progress and prosperity, have disappointed the hopes which prompted them.

Keynes could not foresee the immense technological changes and innovations of the last quarter-century, or indeed the equally vast social changes that have radically altered the markets for goods and services. It is plain that while, for him, *net* income was a prime determinant of the propensity to consume, *gross* investment was the prime determinant of employment levels. Gross investment is manifestly promoted by change—whether in technology or in taste or in economic relativities: however much it has to be offset, when calculating *net* investment, by the decline or writing-off of existing capital values, this is irrelevant to its effect on employment. Change for its own sake, regardless of net economic or welfare gain, could thus fulfil the same function as pyramid-building or the pursuit of precious metals.

IT IS EASY TO FAULT Keynes for his failure to take into account phenomena unknown to the age in which he was writing, an age of business depression, high unemployment, price and wage deflation, conservative central banking and fiscal policies, and slow technological change. When all allowance is made for present hindsight, however, there remains something unsatisfactory and incomplete about the *General Theory*. I trace it to that lack of dynamic character for which it was criticised by Joseph Schumpeter and Roy Harrod, among others, when it was first published.

It is strange that an economic analyst with so strong a mathematical upbringing as Keynes, and with so caustic an opinion of vague analytical concepts, should himself have been so vague about the time-element which enters into all sound economic equations—because all economic processes take place in time and over varying lengths of time. Although (as, for instance, in one of my previous quotations) he sometimes describes what happens over an undefined period, and although he throws out such aphorisms as this:

> The importance of money essentially flows from its being a link between the present and the future

his basic propositions are timeless and, in Roy Harrod's words, "his system is still static." If the three determinants of his system ("the propensity to consume, the schedule of the marginal efficiency of capital, and the rate of interest") *are* such and such, then their determinates—savings and investment, and at next remove the level of employment—*are* what they must be. Keynes even uses such antique phrases of classical economics as the "*stock* of money," whereas, on any dynamic view, it is the *flow* of money that matters; not to mention such unscientific parameters as "a period of time":

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> During any period of time an entrepreneur will have sold finished output . . . for a certain sum.

When he writes:

> Mr D. H. Robertson has defined today's income as being equal to *yesterday's* consumption *plus* investment, so that today's saving, in his sense, is equal to yesterday's investment *plus* the excess of yesterday's consumption over today's consumption. . . . When Mr Robertson says that there is an excess of saving over investment, he means literally the same thing as I mean when I say that income is falling, and the excess of saving in his sense is exactly equal to the decline of income in my sense.

one cannot help feeling that Denis Robertson's schemata were more likely than Keynes's to lead to a dynamic theory; by which is meant a theory that could answer such questions as why unemployment or prices go up and down, and at what rate they will do so, or how investment can so march ahead as not only to draw employment after it, until a state of full employment is reached, but also to expand the gross output of capital and labour over the long term and thus exhibit the phenomenon of economic growth. Exactness in the use of the time-element in the equations is vital to economic theory.

ECONOMICS HAS ADVANCED far since John Maynard Keynes's day. He was the essential liberator from the chains of classical theory. But his testament, re-read today, has much less guidance than one had recalled for pragmatic action in the Promised Land of a managed economy.

## *International Commentary*

# Transatlantic Frivolity

### *The USA v. Europe—By* ANTHONY HARTLEY

1973, so Europeans have been informed by noises from Washington, is to be "the Year of Europe"—a piece of news to which many of the recipients have reacted with justifiable apprehension. For in it are implied ominous possibilities of altercation and the wounding candour which even civilised people often feel themselves obliged to use towards their friends and relations. We all know that family quarrels are the most implacable, and the present level of cordiality between the United States and its European allies might be described, with some accuracy, as "a little more than kin and less than kind." What will it be after a bout of frank speaking?

It is no wonder, therefore, that recent months have seen a flurry of beneficent activity aimed at improving mutual comprehension between the two sides of the Atlantic. Seminars and conferences proliferate. One can hardly count—let alone read—the papers and reports. All the experts who for years have brooded over Atlantic relations seem to be marching towards the sound of the diplomatic cannon. It is an impressive, if somewhat confusing, spectacle.

One recent meeting, which took place at Columbia, Maryland (under the auspices of the International Association for Cultural Freedom and the Aspen Foundation) brought together a distinguished and enlightened collection of Americans and Europeans, none of whom were lacking in either understanding or sympathy for each other's points of view. It was not, therefore, for want of trying to unravel the complexities of the present situation that one was left with a sense of just how difficult it might prove to purge the evil humours of American-European relations, so that irritation does not develop into estrangement or differences of perspective into conflicting realities. As speaker followed speaker, one felt that the occasion was a little like one of those battles where two inexperienced bodies of horsemen charge, only to miss each other completely. But the reasons why Americans and Europeans should be intellectually "out of phase" remained elusive.

THERE WAS, OF COURSE, one obvious difference from the situation which would have prevailed at a similar conference ten years ago. There has been a rupture of continuity in American foreign policy, largely caused by the Viet Nam war. The consequence has been that the men to whom Europeans have talked for two decades are now out of power and, it would seem, unlikely to have much influence on the future course of events. Europeans now have to deal with the Middle

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American, a personage not usually to be found at conferences, but who was certainly present in spirit at Columbia, to judge by the warnings and forebodings emanating from the American participants. The administration, we were told, was going to be "tough" in the forthcoming trade negotiations with the European Economic Community (EEC). Congress was getting "impatient" and the labour movement "irrational." Europeans, therefore, must "take an initiative", "show flexibility", and assume some of America's burdens, including that of a greater share of Japanese imports. Otherwise the United States, no longer restrained by the presence of an experienced élite at the helm, would set its course towards the Great Barrier Reef of political and economic isolation. The shadows of the Mansfield amendment and the Burke-Hartke bill lay darkly across the conference table.

NOW SUCH DIRE WARNINGS may be viewed either as an advanced rampart of the American position in negotiations to come, or else—what was certainly the intention in this case—as attempts to avert an imminent American-European clash. Objectively and in European eyes, no doubt, they served both purposes, conveying a sense of both anxiety and menace. The difficulty is, however, that such vaticination, like that of Cassandra, tends to inhibit genuine discussion. For obvious reasons Europeans could not question the view that there were dragons lurking in the American undergrowth which they would do well to propitiate. For rather less obvious reasons they could not accept the consequences which their American interlocutors seemed to draw from this fact.

THE TYPE OF MISUNDERSTANDING implicit here can best be understood when spelled out in the context of some particular problem. For instance, the United States and the European Community each object to certain well-known features of the other's trading policies. A negotiation concerning the disputed points will take place later this year in the framework of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (GATT). Meanwhile the two sides are making preliminary faces at each other, and Atlantic-minded Americans are concerned to convey to their European friends the disastrous consequences of a failure to agree.

Now it may possibly be the case that, if European negotiators do not instantly concede what their American opposite numbers require, their stubborness will cause a transatlantic tempest. But this can only be ascertained by reciprocal bargaining, in the course of which the Europeans will be under political pressures at home every bit as imperative as those stemming from Congress or the AFL-CIO. Morever, since the United States has had an annual trade surplus with the European Community averaging $1·7 billion, it might be thought that President Nixon and his advisers would hesitate to embark on a trade war which would hurt America more than it would Europe. Of course, it is possible that the administration will overplay its hand. Mr Walter Eberle, the President's trade negotiator, when asked by Common Market officials what the United States was going to give in exchange for concessions made by the Community, is said to have answered: "A better world!" If things are to proceed along these lines, then anything is possible. But the immediate point is that the course of events cannot be predicted from signs reading "Here be dragons." Only an encounter with the beasts themselves can show how perilous they are. In other words, it is impossible for Europeans to accept as a fact the immutability of American bargaining positions when they have had no opportunity to probe or change them by argument. And the arguments have to be addressed directly to those responsible for forming American policy rather than to a sophisticated Atlantic élite who know them perfectly well already.

Thus, at the present moment, the mediation between Europe and the United States of those Americans who value the European connection, and are worried by the growing rift between the two sides of the Atlantic, can serve to make communication more difficult. More alarmingly, there are signs that even Americans normally well-informed about developments in Europe are becoming less aware of what is going on. The most recent number of *Foreign Affairs* contained a European section from which no reader would have deduced that European politics are moving quite fast or that the recent "summit" of the Nine in Paris had been far more successful than could have been anticipated, given the real differences of opinion between the countries concerned and the imminence of at least three national elections.[1] Such a failure to appreciate the constructive elements abroad in Europe might lead to underestimation of the European will to resist anything deemed to be an obstacle on the path to future unity—and, consequently, to the feeling that the Community can be brushed aside as a factor in international politics.

THE PRESENT DIFFICULTIES between Americans and Europeans arise from two historical movements which have developed over the last fifteen years. These are the emergence of the European Economic Community (EEC) and the *détente* in relations with the Soviet Union; their respective

[1] *Foreign Affairs*, January 1973.

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consequences in terms of economics and security compose the contrasting panels of the diptych of issues in dispute between the United States and its European allies.

Clearly, it is no accident that American objections to European policies should arise primarily in the area of international trade and monetary policy. The European Community hardly exists as anything other than an economic entity; but, as such, it produces real effects upon other countries, their industry and their agriculture. It is one thing to indicate general support for European integration. It is quite another to accept the unfavourable consequences for oneself of this process. In fact, it is beginning to be evident that, if an enlightened American policy was in the past prepared to accept the creation of a new economic competitor for the sake of political advantage, this by no means applies to the business lobbyists who infest Washington or the politicians whose constituents they are.

The problem has been compounded by the fact that the rise and enlargement of the European Community has coincided with (as well as helped to cause) a perceptible lessening in American economic predominance in the world at large. This diminution—more generally known under the title of "the Dollar crisis," which led to the economic and monetary measures of 15 August 1971 as well as to the recent devaluation of the dollar—was in effect a delayed return to a more normal international equilibrium after the exceptional conditions of the post-war period. But its impact on American opinion was bound to be a painful one, and the European Community provided a useful lightning conductor on which resentments could be discharged. Thus the atmosphere of the coming trade negotiation will be more sultry than disputes about the American selling price of chemicals—or reverse preferences in associated African states—might seem to warrant.

On the European side a somewhat similar sensitivity has built up around *détente*—or, at any rate, around some of its consequences. For while all Western governments are in favour of the lowering of tension between the North Atlantic alliance and the Soviet Union and its East European satellites, their enthusiasm for this development is modified by two conditions: first, that it should not diminish their own sense of security; and, secondly, that it should not result in the settling of Europe's future on a bilateral basis between Russia and the United States. Both of these reservations lead naturally to suspicion of American intentions—suspicion which can be fed by a prominent American Senator calling for troop withdrawals from

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Europe, while proclaiming the end of "the Cold War"; or by an administration official remarking that it is easier to negotiate with one's adversary than with one's allies. Much of this, of course, is a little absurd. President Nixon has resisted the Mansfield amendment. The allies of the United States were kept extremely well informed of the progress of round one of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT/I). Coming negotiations in Europe will be almost oppressively multilateral if Mr Brezhnev's suggestion that all European states should take part in the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction (MBFR) talks is adopted.

Still, suspicion persists. Europeans, now as in the past, appear obsessively concerned that the United States should neither disinterest itself in their affairs nor exercise too tight a control over them. In addition to these somewhat contradictory requirements, politicians and publicists have often seemed to relish the occasion provided by the Viet Nam War for expressing a rather facile moral superiority in respect of American policies. Around the issue of European security too there has been created a climate of mutual recrimination which is liable to make of any negotiation a channel for the expression of European fears and frustrations.

A SHORTER WAY of expressing these difficulties would be to say that, in the American-European "explanation" which seems overdue, Americans will place the emphasis on economic and monetary questions, and Europeans upon security. Each side, in other words, will tend to regard as more urgent those areas of policy where it feels its own position to be a weak one. And this has led to a significant difference of approach in regard to the method of negotiation. If leaks from Washington are to be believed, the Nixon administration will insist on linking security and economic issues so that American readiness to

## *Lady on the Barricades (continuing story of)*

*Hamburg*

*MARGRIT SCHILLER, a 24-year-old psychology student, was given her liberty again today. The Hamburg court found her guilty on all charges, sentenced her to two years and three months, but allowed her to go free in view of the time already spent in prison waiting for trial as a member of the Baader-Meinhof revolutionary group which the German police finally managed to round up.*

*Frl. Schiller was arrested on 22 October 1971. In her pocket-book the police found what they considered sufficient evidence for charges of illegal and criminal activity. There was a loaded revolver, unregistered; it had not been fired, although in the near vicinity a shoot-out had occurred in which one policeman, Norbert Schmid, had been shot dead and another severely wounded by unknown assailants. There was a counterfeit identity card. There were also the keys to a stolen police patrol car in which several other unknown assailants had recently escaped after a shoot-out which severely wounded two other policemen. When her Hamburg apartment was searched there was found: a small arsenal with weapons, ammunition, bombs, and police uniforms; finger-prints of Andreas Baader and Ulrike Meinhof, both of whom have since been captured and are awaiting trial; and keys to several other apartments in Hamburg which the terrorist gang had been using as headquarters and refuge. In the Volkswagen which had been left behind in Baden on 26 September 1971 when the armed assailants shot a police patrol and escaped in their patrol car there were found numerous documents in the name of Margrit Schiller.*

*Frl. Schiller's defence lawyer had pleaded her innocence, and the State Prosecutor had called for a sentence of three years. For most of the three-month trial the defendant refused to attend and there were frequent scenes of tumult and near-riot in the courtroom. Still, the Prosecutor had insisted that it was not a "political trial" and that Frl. Schiller was not being charged for her revolutionary convictions. Nevertheless, the Judge in his summing-up did touch upon matters involving her political philosophy and social attitudes. The latter he found in some respects constructive, and reckoned it to her credit that she had in the past devoted herself to helping the "Release" organisation for the rehabilitation of drug-addicts. As for her political philosophy, he found it rather "thin" and "barren"; there appeared to be no conception of the ends to which so much violent terrorist activity was supposed to be the means, and as a consequence only chaos and dictatorship could result. From the evidence, however, he could only deduce that the defendant was not a central member of the Baader-Meinhof gang but only a peripheral fellow-traveller or sympathiser, misled by the "uncritical generalities" of the RAF (Rote-Armee-Fraktion) ideologists.*

*Frl. Schiller is the daughter of a well-to-do middle-class West German family. Her father is a lieutenant-colonel in the Army reserve and her mother is a school-teacher and city councillor. Margrit studied psychology at the Universities of Bonn and Heidelberg. The conditions for her immediate release from the Hamburg prison were only that she maintain a fixed place of residence and report weekly to her local police station. Outside the prison gate she was met and welcomed by a group of her political friends carrying red flags and banners. She marched away with her friends under a banner which said: "ALL PRISONERS ARE POLITICAL PRISONERS." She immediately announced that she would be joining the three-day hunger strike at West Germany's Supreme Court in Karlsruhe.*

***M.J.L.***

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continue as the guardian of Western Europe can be set against monetary and trade concessions.[2] By this means the United States would receive economic advantages in exchange for its willingness to maintain the *status quo*.

Not unnaturally, this concept of the "linkage" of the two aspects of Atlantic affairs does not appeal to Europeans who see in it a method of exerting permanent pressure in economic negotiations, where no European retreat can bring any assurance that it will be the last. And though most European governments would be willing to do something to ease the strain in monetary terms of the American presence in Europe, they would not wish to allow their dependence for security on the United States to put them in the position of being blackmailed every time there was a difference of opinion between the Department of Commerce and the European Commission.[3]

Here is the crux of American-European relations. It is not unreasonable to think that now, after the end of the Viet Nam War, Americans must make up their own minds once again about their commitments in Europe. For no amount of European bending over backwards in economic negotiations will preserve that commitment if it appears to Americans, whether in Congress or outside, that it is no longer in the national interest of the United States. A situation in which American troops were kept in Europe as a new type of mercenaries is simply not conceivable—let alone the availability of the American nuclear deterrent in such circumstances. In fact, it is clear that the Atlantic alliance has brought the United States considerable advantages. It has helped to avert general war and produced the stable balance of power which is an essential condition of *détente*. It has ensured that the economic and technological resources of Western Europe should remain within the Atlantic system, creating an area of prosperity in which trade could expand, and American investors could find profitable outlets for their capital. As Henry Kissinger has written, "the development of Atlantic relationships" has been "the most constructive American foreign policy since the end of World War II."[4]

IT WILL NOW BE FOR Americans to decide whether or not they still see the same benefits in a close connection with Western Europe. If they do, then certain consequences must follow. For an effective military alliance there is no question but that substantial numbers of American troops will have to remain on European soil. There would also be little point in allowing a major part of the foreign policy of the United States to be put at risk by carrying on trade or monetary negotiations in a spirit of reckless bluff and bluster. From the moment that Americans have decided that the Atlantic alliance is still desirable, relations must be conducted in a tone suitable to exchanges between allies. Perhaps it is in this context that the remark by an official of the Nixon administration quoted above should be understood. For self-restraint in the pursuit of apparently legitimate national objectives is notoriously the most difficult of political virtues.

Moderation and some appreciation of American psychology might also be recommended to Europeans. If the emergence of an economic Europe has produced friction with the United States, then it is probable that other forms of irritation will arise when Europe develops a foreign or defence policy of its own. To make room for Europe in a crowded international system implies a good deal of inconvenience for everyone else, and it is the United States which will be elbowed.

Even positive achievements, like the decision of the Paris conference to aim for a common European monetary policy by 1980, create problems. Many Americans, whose goodwill towards the European Community is not in dispute, fear that this objective will not only be unattainable without the creation of political institutions (of which there is as yet no sign) but that it is liable to confuse and delay a much-needed reform of the international monetary system. For Europeans, on the contrary, monetary unity is an essential step on the road to a united Europe—all the more important in that it does require the development of the political side of the Community. It is difficult to arbitrate between these two legitimately divergent points of view. All one can say is that, if Europe is to be created, then Europeans must put it first: a hill-top never to be lost from sight amid the sinuous paths of day-to-day politics.

It is true that the recent monetary crisis which broke upon the world markets, ending in the devaluation of the dollar and the pound and an overdue rise in the value of the yen, gave no very

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[2] The American representative in the Committee of Twenty of the International Monetary Fund (IMT) has also tried to establish a formal link between the monetary negotiations proceeding there and the forthcoming trade negotiations in GATT—a proposal which has been strongly resisted by some Europeans.

[3] European forebodings in face of the somewhat brutal tone adopted by American officials have recently been expressed by Peter Kirk in a speech before the European Parliament:

> "When you hear an official of the American administration saying that for every citrus farmer put out of business by Common Market policies 20,000 American troops will be recalled from Europe, you realise that this issue goes deep."

[4] Henry A. Kissinger, *The Troubled Partnership* (1966), p. 3.

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favourable impression of the ability of Europeans to act in concert. Not only was no "European solution" found, but the rest of the Nine seem to have been offended at midnight confabulations between the Finance Ministers of Britain, France, and Germany. No doubt, those in the Nixon administration who feel that a unified Europe has lost much of its usefulness for the United States, and would recommend a combination of bilateral security arrangements with the Soviet Union and strong transatlantic pressure in Brussels, have emerged from recent events with their opinion fortified. On the European side there is a good deal of bitterness as well as an impression that the last word remains to be spoken. It is significant that as tried a friend of the United States as M. Raymond Aron could write after the crisis under the heading "The Law of the Strongest":

> Never has a united Europe appeared so necessary for the equilibrium of the transatlantic dialogue. Never have the Americans imposed egotistical decisions on their allies and partners with so much brutality and good conscience. Worse still: I doubt if their egoism has the excuse of clear-sightedness.[5]

But Europeans can console themselves with the thought that these are early days yet. Their embryonic monetary policies could hardly have been expected to resist an international storm at a moment when the new members of the Community are as yet unintegrated into it. Monetary unity is bound to be the result of a slow and painful process, particularly subject to interruption or disturbance from outside. And, in the course of inevitable disappointments and setbacks, they should be aware that not all American objections to the consequences of their actions are made out of sheer perversity or a desire to put spokes in the wheel of European construction. The constant display of suspicion and sensitivity can only damage those in Washington who still believe that the basic premise of American foreign policy must be an alliance between the United States and Western Europe.

IT MAY BE SURMISED that relations between America and Europe will become easier when both sides have got used to the idea that they are separate entities dealing with each other as equals, and that nothing can be assumed about identity of interests in a world which has changed out of recognition over the last decade. By careful negotiation and the exercise of tact the United States and an enlarged European Community can resolve or mitigate their differences. But if they start by taking for granted a similarity of purpose which requires to be created, then they will end with the disappointment and mutual recrimination which come to those who have indulged too great expectations.

American-European relations, therefore, require reconsideration at all levels—and while the past should afford some guidance, it must be realised that what was appropriate during the 1950s and early '60s is not necessarily so now. For instance, because of the failure of the American attempt in the '60s to concentrate all nuclear power within the alliance in one centre of decision it might be thought that a more fruitful policy now would be the encouragement of existing European national nuclear forces—in the expectation that these will eventually be absorbed into the structure of a common European defence policy, thereby relieving the United States of some of its responsibility and providing Europeans with an earnest of American goodwill.[6] A new flexibility, no doubt, will also be the key to a *rapprochement* between France and NATO. Paradoxically enough, such arrangements will follow from that consciousness of the "separateness" of Europe and the United States which appears an indispensable prelude to deeper mutual understanding.

THIS IS PERHAPS A FAR CRY from the deliberations of the Columbia, Maryland conference based, as they were, on the premise that a meeting of minds at some profounder level only required suitable political and institutional arrangements to find expression. But it was just because this "separateness" underlay exchanges where it never became fully explicit that one had the feeling that the participants were never getting to grips with each other. An assumption of unity of purpose can get in the way of more genuine, if more limited, agreement by creating a ghostly edifice everyone feels they have to repair, uneasily turning their backs on its real unfinished foundations. There is merit in seeing emperors naked, provided that one recognises the necessity of clothing them. There is none in attempting to patch invisible raiment.

THE PERIOD OF UNDISPUTED European dependence on the United States, which followed World War II, brought with it acceptance of American political leadership and admiration for an "American way of life" which

[5] *Le Figaro* (14 February, 1973).

[6] As Dr Kissinger wrote in the middle 1960s: "Even from the United States point of view there are important reasons for modifying our heretofore doctrinaire opposition to other centres of nuclear decision within the Western Alliance." *The Troubled Partnership*, p. 168.

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seemed unblemished by the causes of the European catastrophe. Despite Foster Dulles and Joe McCarthy, this lasted until the Kennedy administration, the Suez episode only reinforcing the lesson that nothing was possible for Europeans without American approval. But the 1960s saw the dissipation of much American moral capital. By the end of the decade, Europeans no longer accepted or admired uncritically. Now Americans and Europeans must deal with one another upon terms of equality, and no one pronounces the words "atlantic community".

Yet this establishment of a wider distance between the two shores of the Atlantic ocean does not preclude friendship, alliance or co-operation in organisations designed for the common good and will probably make them easier. Americans and Europeans are not so much bound for "Atlantic Union" as embarked on a voyage of discovery of each other's minds and manners. Matthew Arnold once wrote that "It is by the humanity of their manners that men are made equal", and the phrase may suggest that a greater degree of sensitivity to cultural differences must precede a political relationship uncomplicated by inferiority complexes and an inheritance of one-sided obligation. Confident of their differing identities, Americans and Europeans must learn to take each other more seriously.

At the moment their bargainings and bickerings verge upon frivolity.

# Columbus on a Secret Mission?

## *A New Theory—By* GERHARD PRAUSE

MONTHS BEFORE his book was published (in seven countries "simultaneously"[1]), news of Simon Wiesenthal's "sensational findings" swept round the world: Christopher Columbus, allegedly a Jewish convert, embarked on his first voyage of discovery under the auspices of a "secret mission" which all school-books, historical works and encyclopedias sedulously fail to mention. Hardly surprising, since—to quote his German publisher's adverts—this "secret mission" was only brought to light by "years of investigation" on the part of the author, who heads the Jewish Documentation Centre in Vienna and first attracted world attention by his part in the capture of Adolf Eichmann.

Columbus was to seek a place of refuge for the persecuted Jews of Spain in India, where the ten lost tribes of Israel were supposed to be. His expedition was not, therefore, financed by the Spanish Crown (as previously believed) but by influential Jews who regarded his voyage of discovery as a last desperate hope.

In the meantime, the results of Wiesenthal's investigations have appeared in book form, and with them the items of evidence which ostensibly transform the entire known story of Columbus's life.

Interviewed by an Associated Press correspondent, Wiesenthal claimed to have stumbled on the connection between Columbus and the Spanish Jews by chance, while searching for parallels between the Nazi régime and the Spanish Inquisition. The first thing that struck him was that Columbus put to sea from Palos with his three ships only a few hours after the deadline for the expulsion of the Jews had expired—too much of a coincidence to be fortuitous, in Wiesenthal's opinion. His book opens with an account of how Columbus stood on the quay-side during the evening of 2 August 1492, personally supervising the embarkation of the members of his expedition. His orders were that they must be aboard by 11 p.m.

But this, says Wiesenthal, was unusual. The fleet did not set sail until half-an-hour before sunrise on 3 August, so it would have been sufficient if the men had embarked immediately prior to departure. Wiesenthal's explanation: they included a number of Jews, and under the terms of the expulsion order no Jews were to remain on Spanish soil after midnight on 2 August 1492. *Ergo,* Columbus wanted to prevent his Jewish crew-members from being arrested at the last moment. Hence his 11 p.m. time-limit, and also his personal check on the embarkation. Wiesenthal does not reveal how he learned of Columbus's quay-side vigil. No references to it exist, save possibly in a few historical novels, but Wiesenthal blithely draws some sweeping conclusions. In support of them, he invokes Columbus himself by quoting from his journal:

[1] The German edition was published by Walter Verlag (Olten, Switzerland). Other editions will be published in the USA by Macmillan (New York), France by Stock (Paris), Italy by Garzanti (Milan), Denmark by Branner og Korchs (Copenhagen), Sweden by Berghs Förlag (Stockholm), Holland by Becht (Amsterdam), and Spain by Ayma (Barcelona).

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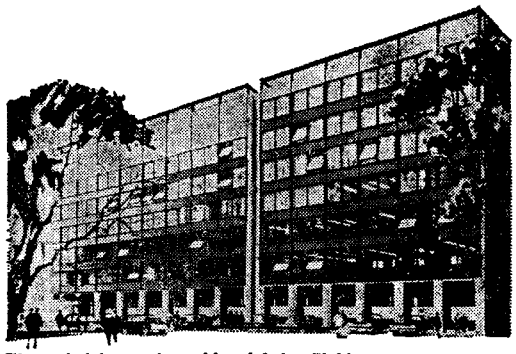

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> After you, Holy Kings, had driven the Jews from your domains, in the same month. . . . Your Highnesses dispatched me with a fleet to the lands of India.

Wiesenthal adds:

> Thus begins his journal. He puts both events at the beginning of his account of the discovery of America.

This is simply not so. Columbus's journal begins quite differently, and Wiesenthal's mode of procedure verges on falsification. In reality, the journal (in the form of a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella) opens with a detailed reference to the victorious conclusion of the war against the Moors (early 1492) and an account of events in Granada ("where . . . I saw the King of the Moors, how he walked to the gates of the city and . . . kissed the royal hands of Your Majesties"). Columbus then reminds the royal couple how he had told them a month later of India and the "Great Khan", and of the Pope's failure to send missionaries there ("so that many go astray through idolatry and false doctrines"), and how Their Majesties had finally resolved to send him, Columbus, to India ("and not by the overland route, as is customary, but by a westward route which no man has taken to this day"). Only then does he write:

> . . . now, after all Jews have been expelled from your realms and possessions, Your Majesties have ordered me in the same month to betake myself to the said regions of India with a sufficient fleet. . . .

By referring to the expulsion of the Jews at this stage, in other words, not at the very outset nor as a single occurrence, but at the end of a list of the major events that had occurred during the first half of 1492, Columbus was merely putting the start of the expedition in chronological perspective.

THE OTHER ARGUMENTS which Wiesenthal adduces in support of his theory are all equally suspect. Take the question of finance. Even if the venture had been financed, not by the Crown—another of the author's unsubstantiated assertions—but out of the private resources of Luis de Santangel, the royal treasurer and a converted Jew, it does not necessarily follow that Columbus was commissioned to discover a place of sanctuary for expelled Jews. It is far more conceivable and probable that Santangel, who was indeed a keen supporter of the undertaking, hoped to share in the explorer's profits. After all, Columbus was entitled under his contract with the Crown to keep for himself "one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices and all other commodities and merchandise . . . after deduction of expenses." On that basis, Santangel might well have profited from taking a share.

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Wiesenthal sees another major argument for his theory in the person of the interpreter whom Columbus took with him. The man was a Jew and could speak Hebrew. He also spoke Arabic and Chaldean—or so Columbus asserts in his journal—and Arabic was then considered "the mother of all tongues." But this is of no interest to Wiesenthal. All that matters to him is that the interpreter, Luis de Torres by name, "was sent ashore by Columbus in company with Rodrigo de Xeres to communicate with the natives." Wiesenthal concludes:

> It thus remains an incontrovertible fact that the natives were addressed, after the landing in America, in the Hebrew tongue.

This inference is wholly absurd. The language might just as easily have been Spanish, Arabic or Chaldean. What is not only absurd but entirely false, however, is the insinuation that this was the first encounter with inhabitants of the New World. Columbus tells a different story. An entry headed 11/12 October relates how, after a ten-week crossing, he first came in sight of land—the island which he christened "San Salvador"—and how he and several of his men went ashore by boat and unfurled the royal standard. Columbus goes on: "Immediately, there assembled at that spot numerous natives of the island." After describing how they were naked, wore paint and seemed no more than thirty years old, he writes:

> Many of them had scars on their bodies. When I inquired of them with the aid of sign-language what these signified, they gave me to understand that their country was raided by the inhabitants of neighbouring islands who sought to capture them....

No mention of an opening address in Hebrew, nor of the interpreter. The first reference to Luis de Torres occurs three weeks later. Columbus really did send him ashore with Rodrigo de Xeres, but then—under the date 2 November—he adds: "I sent two Indians with them...." He had meanwhile taken several Indians on board to assist with the language problem. Once again, the language was not Hebrew.

It is evident that Wiesenthal has only skimmed through Columbus's log. This emerges on yet another occasion, when he again quotes the principal witness for his theory, the aforesaid interpreter, and mentions in passing that Luis de Torres and Rodrigo de Xeres returned from their trip with "some rolled up, half-charred herbs" which the natives called "tabacos." He goes on to claim that "Columbus himself paid no heed to these herbs and did not even mention them in his account." Wrong again. On 6 November Columbus noted: "The two Spaniards further reported having encountered whole bands of natives who ... held a brand and certain herbs in their hands, so as to smoke themselves in accordance with their customs."

THERE ARE OTHER and more serious flaws in this book. For example, Wiesenthal rehashes the long outmoded story-book idea that people refused to accept Columbus's assertion that the earth was spherical. In fact, few people disputed the fact by that time. Controversy centred not on the shape of the earth but on its circumference and the transoceanic distance from Europe to India.

On this point, Columbus erred in a way which was fraught with consequences. Eratosthenes had almost precisely computed the circumference of the globe at 39,690 kilometres in the 2nd century B.C., whereas Columbus, relying on Ptolemy and Toscanelli, put it at only about 28,350 kilometres. He accordingly underestimated the distance he had to travel. (He could not, of course, have known that he would encounter a strange continent at the half-way mark.) It may have been Columbus's underestimate of the distance which prompted the King of Portugal's scientific advisers to reject his scheme. At the same time, King John sent an astronomer to the equatorial zone with instructions to carry out longitudinal measurements which would facilitate an accurate estimate of the earth's circumference. This seems to confirm that the globe theory had long ceased to be a controversial issue.

Simon Wiesenthal is undoubtedly correct in one respect, namely, his account of religious anti-Semitism in contemporary Spain. Where he fails is in seeking to construct a secret mission for Columbus out of the fate of the Jews who were persecuted there. An equal lack of cogency afflicts his arguments that no priest took part in the expedition despite its alleged missionary purpose. In fact, the Pope commissioned Ferdinand and Isabella to Christianise the new territories after the success of the first expedition, to wit, in the papal bull *"inter caetera"* of 1493, which enjoined them "to convert the tribes on the islands and territories to an acceptance of the Christian religion." Columbus's second voyage, in which five priests took part, was expressly undertaken with conversion in mind.

America discovered in consequence of a secret Jewish mission.... What could be better calculated to rekindle the prejudices of those incorrigible people (and not only in Germany) who still, all scholarly rebuttals to the contrary, give credence—however slight—to the *Protocols of Zion,* that clumsy historical forgery purporting to prove that the Jews wield a permanent influence over major international decisions? It is indeed strange that Simon Wiesenthal, of all people, should seek—doubtless quite unwittingly—to give these die-hards yet another straw to clutch at.

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*A Special Book Section*

# *History & Archaeology*

# Is History Sick?

## *Manipulating the Past — By J. H. Plumb*

If history is not sick, at least it is hypochondriacal. Where should it go for a cure—to philosophy, to statistics, to computers? What should it do—explain conundrums of its own making or lay bare the human condition in time? Should it be the handmaid of political action or attempt the neutrality of a Martian? Or, like God, give judgment on good and evil? Is there room for popular history; or is such history always shoddy and debased, like *Nasty Tales* compared with Milton? Is there a future for the past? Does the light of history illuminate more than a ghost-ridden fog?

And so it goes on, book after book, inaugural lecture after inaugural lecture. No professor who fancies his weight in the profession leaves himself unburdened for long. And that notable jouster in the historical tiltyard, J. H. Hexter, whose interventions in historical controversies have so often brought them to an abrupt termination, has now entered the lists.[1] Alas, he is not fully armoured, but dressed rather like Don Quixote. It is unnerving, perhaps for many colleagues embarrassing, to read some of Hexter's chapter headings—"The Case of Muddy Pants" or "Galloping Gertie and the Insurance Companies" or "The Pennant Race and the Baseball Season"—which create the image of Hexter in harlequin's clothes. Even in these chapters there are some splendid Hexterian pyrotechnics but, alas, often the arguments cannot be sustained and the conclusions are banal. Hexter's intention is to scatter once and for all those who have attempted to marry science and history in a common philosophical language. Indeed he will have no truck at all with the philosophers of history, and regards history as the one discipline which has successfully escaped their clutches. Laboriously we learn that historians by selection can write a story that is not false but, through omission, not entirely true; and that scientific language is not historical language and that indeed history cannot be science.

But as he summarises his own case, it would be a pity to create a false emphasis by even a careful paraphrase, so here it is—the Hexter *credo*:

*1.* That the object of investigation of historians, the human past, is incommensurably different from nature, the object of investigation of natural scientists;

*2.* That the special language of historical discourse is common language, not one of the uncommon languages characteristic of the natural sciences;

*3.* That the thrust of their special language requires historians to rely on common-sense judgments far more frequently than they do on strict logical entailments;

*4.* That the reliance of historical discourse on common language and common sense renders it inherently and ineradicably valuative rather than value-free;

*5.* That in history credibility rather than necessary and sufficient causes provides the standard of adequacy of explanation;

*6.* That the exploration of truth values in historical discourse requires the examination of large historical texts and contexts and not just of minute fragments wrenched out of context;

*7.* That historical discourse is functionally processive rather than formally logical in two respects: (*a*) of affording readers enough to be going on with and (*b*) of dealing competently with evidence of change, becoming, or process in the human past.

Common sense, common language, credibility. One does not need to be a Wittgenstein to grasp

[1] *The History Primer.* By J. H. Hexter. Allen Lane, £4.50.



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the linguistic problems of words so emotive as these. What is commonsensical and credible to the Freemason may be lunatic and incredible to the Roman Catholic, to take a not very extreme case. And one does not need to be a philosopher or sociologist to realise that what may seem commonsensical is not necessarily true. A commonsensical approach to history as defined at the time would not have produced Marx's *Das Kapital* any more than a commonsensical approach of *his* time by Freud would have produced his theory of neurosis. Wide open to attack, the philosophers have had something of a field-day at Professor Hexter's expense. I expect he will fight back valiantly, if not triumphantly, but I wish he had left them alone. Active, creative scientists do not bother their minds very much with the philosophy of science, but get on with their work. It would be best if historians stuck to their lasts.

Basically, of course, most of us would be in agreement with what Hexter is trying to express, or at least some of it. Human reality is so complex, the interrelationship between the narrative of human lives and the tides of social change are so complex that the historian requires an instinctive gift of the same order that a mathematician needs with regard to numerical and symbolic relationships. Such intuition breeds judgment of an uncommon order, judgment which will carry conviction not only to fellow professionals of like intuition, but also to all readers who have a deep sense of the realities of human existence. But such judgment may not always be commonsensical in the accepted sense of the day—far from it.

BUT IF *The History Primer* is a curate's egg of a book, *Doing History*[2] is vintage Hexter. The last two essays, "Doing History" and "Garrett Mattingly", show Hexter at his best: the clear, critical, yet just treatment of quantification in history is as important as it is timely, while the appreciation of Mattingly is masterly—perceptive, trenchant and generous. And the latter essay especially reminds us of the quality of Hexter himself—when "doing history" there is no finer practitioner, but I wish he would give up bothering about philosophers of history or the relationship between the language of science and history.

WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, quantification in history is here to stay for reasons which the quantifiers themselves might not actively approve. We are becoming a numerate society: almost instinctively there seems now to be a greater degree of truth in evidence expressed numerically than in any literary evidence, no matter how shaky the statistical evidence, or how acute the observing eye. It is often not the numbers, the statistics that speak the truth, rather there is a quicker acceptance of them in ourselves —almost an excitement. One example must suffice. In Fernand Braudel's great book on *The Mediterranean* he spends pages calculating the average income in ducats of the agricultural worker. The evidence is slender, uncertain, disparate: the margins of error, Braudel admits, are so very great that the calculations are almost meaningless. And the upshot of this elaborate and fascinatingly conducted exercise is that probably the majority of agricultural workers lived on the margin of subsistence, which of course we all knew from scores of literary sources. Nevertheless, these juggled ducats seem to clinch the argument much more firmly.

The unreliability of almost all statistics before 1750 will not, of course, deter the new school of quantifiers because quantification is now what so many young historians want. And the period after 1750, when statistics are as luxuriant as a tropical forest, is making many a professional mouth water. For those about to commit themselves to hacking paths through this jungle there can be no better guide than Roderick Floud's *Introduction to Quantitative Methods for Historians*,[3] written with clarity and mercifully free from jargon. I would have preferred a more comprehensive treatment of the shortcomings of quantifiable material before 1800, but then quantifiers are unlikely to queer their own pitches. Armed with Floud, the putative quantitifier should turn to *The Dimensions of the Past*,[4] a comprehensive survey of opportunities, projects and work in progress in quantitative history throughout the world, at least from Japan to Peru, for curiously enough China is omitted, although the statistical riches of Imperial China would allow quantitative history to probe further into the past than in any other society. However, without China there would seem to be enough material, sufficient problems, to keep an army of historical ants busy for a millennium—the geographical distribution of professors in Spain between 1800 and 1850, the voting patterns at Liverpool between 1900 and 1960, electoral machinery from Finland to Dublin (obviously quantifiable) offer more excitement to the scholar than anything the elected parties accomplished (non-quantifiable): similarly the social origins of

[2] *Doing History*. By J. H. HEXTER. Allen & Unwin, £2.90.
[3] *An Introduction to Quantitative Methods for Historians*. By RODERICK FLOUD. Eyre Methuen, £2.90, paper £1.40.
[4] *The Dimensions of the Past*. Edited by VAL R. LORWIN and JACOB M. PRICE. Yale University Press, $17.50, £7.50.

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members of a party attract, bedazzle, hypnotise very modern historians, whereas the actions of politicians do not. As quantification spreads, the sufarce of history, the narrative of man's life from generation to generation, will sink into a swamp of detailed analytical quantitative studies. As with so many fashionable founders of modern historical study the purpose is self-defined. You state the problem—how many sons of clergymen sat in the Danish parliament from 1849–1901—and get counting. The question as to what social purpose such history fulfils is rarely asked, for the answer would be disquieting—scarcely any except to get the historian a job or maintain himself in one.

This may seem harsh for quantitative history can—indeed, has—illumined social history (Goubert for example on Beauvais), but initially with the French *Annales* school it was a tool not a pursuit. They were wonderfully alive to new techniques but *in the service* of historically defined problems. They never pursued them for their own sake—a lesson driven home by a collection of essays by Lucien Febvre,[5] one of the founders of the *Annales* School (edited by Peter Burke and well translated by K. Folca). Febvre was alive to all new techniques of adjacent disciplines—psychology, anthropology, economics, sociology—and used them as tools in the service of history without any intention of developing them into special branches of history which, alas, is the route the historical anthropologists and the quantifiers are now taking.

ONE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE that Basil Liddell Hart was writing about the same subject. His little book *Why Don't We Learn from History?*,[6] first published in 1944 and now re-issued, might have been written by a member of the 18th-century Enlightenment but scarcely by any professional historian of today. No question here of probing into the intricacies of social structure or reviewing the dynamics of social change, or using statistics or anthropology. Liddell Hart was concerned with how history might improve the judgment of statesmen and of those who put them in power; concerned, too, to see if history's lessons could strengthen men's hope or give them additional weapons in their struggle for humanity's improvement. History, it seemed to Liddell Hart, should be morally purposeful. Old-fashioned, yes, but

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[5] *A New Kind of History*. By LUCIEN FEBVRE. Edited by PETER BURKE. Translated by K. FOLCA. Routledge, £6.

[6] *Why Don't We Learn from History?*. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. Allen & Unwin, £1.75.

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how salutory. Salutory because it brings us back to what the function of history has been and might be.

IN THE TORRENT OF BOOKS about history, there are too few, it seems to me, that are concerned with the use that has been made of history. The past has always been manipulated to suit religious, political and social needs of authority and few societies have lived without a sense of historical destiny. This is the field of historiography that needs to be more actively cultivated. And the corollary of this is to ask what varieties of history does society want? Or what social needs should history fulfil?

Only if history and historians fulfil a social need will they continue to exist as a vast academic profession (at present they are one of the largest). No society goes on paying millions for what it does not require. A few conferences addressed to such problems might galvanise the profession to a clearer-eyed sense of purpose. At present they seem blinded to their peril and bent on self-destruction.

# Treading on Classic Ground

## *New Work in Greek Archaeology — By JOHN BOARDMAN*

A CONFRONTATION between the new archaeology and Classical Greece has yet to take place, and perhaps never will, since the Classical archaeologist is bound to a full and informative literary background and to art history beside which the contributions of new techniques will never be of great moment, and before which the practitioners of the new techniques are usually helpless, except in the detection of forgeries. The confrontation, with or without benefits, is only likely in peripheral studies, where texts are slight and art history dumb—such as Roman Britain, or in prehistory. Greek prehistory, the study of the worlds of Knossos and Mycenae, has progressed much in the manner of later Greek archaeological studies, leaving the Golden Age of Schliemann and Evans for an Iron Age of dig reports interspersed with picture books and popular tracts which try to persuade us that we can know Mycenae as well as we know Classical Athens, that the excavations of Thera have yielded results either novel or Atlantid, that behind the Lion Gate and the Horns of Consecration there is a real World of Homer.

Frank Stubbings' little book[1] gives an excellent account of the progress of Greek prehistory, but barely touches on what has gone beyond the traditional approach. There remains in many quarters a deep suspicion of any scholar who has never written a Greek prose but who presumes to study Greece in any period. Greek prose and ancient history are as good a discipline as any (better than most) to train a mind to think in terms of a living culture of men rather than typologies, but, apart from what they teach of Greece itself as a land, it is hard to pretend that they have any necessary relevance to Greek prehistory. A Classicist may be more likely to make good historical sense of prehistory, Greek or otherwise, but he cannot claim a monopoly.

Professor Renfrew knows Greece well. He is a scientist by training (and only a scientist would put a long passage of a chorus of Sophocles—in translation—at the head of a book on the Greek Bronze Age).[2] The discipline of the scientific archaeologist is a rich and varied one. It uses Carbon-14 (which the Classicist can ignore since he has more accurate criteria) and pollen analysis. It looks to anthropology—and since Frazer the anthropologist has generally fought shy of the evidence of ancient Greece, perhaps because it is too rich and idiosyncratic. Its real merit is that it looks harder at the material and environmental evidence than do most Classicists and, by attempting to create "models" of Greek prehistory, asks some pertinent questions which are never put, let alone answered, for later periods. Renfrew has a fairly easy wicket—the one period in Greece where the evidence is plentiful, not too (not at all) sophisticated, and unembarrassed by major non-archaeological sources such as texts. Renfrew further disembarrasses it of foreign sources or influences since his message is one of local evolution in the Early Bronze Age, a blast against those who preach the diffusion of ideas, of all

[1] *Prehistoric Greece.* By FRANK H. STUBBINGS. Hart-Davis, £1.95.

[2] *The Emergence of Civilisation.* By COLIN RENFREW. Methuen, £14.75.

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ideas, from the East and Egypt. It only becomes as easy as this when your "models" are better at showing how a car works than the slope it is running down, when the physical evidence of contact or influence may be sparse or seem legitimately overlooked, when the lessons of later periods are not taken to heart. For here the Classical archaeologist might raise his voice. He studies the *re*-emergence of civilisation in Greece in the Iron Age, and can back the evidence of archaeology with the evidence of texts and language. Project the pattern of what he *knows* to have happened into Greek prehistory and the relevance of the material evidence for foreign influence becomes the clearer. Sadly, this remedy is not easy to apply and the prospects for proving archaeological models in the historical twilight of Greece are as dim as any Dark Age can make them.

STUDIES OF THE GREEK DARK AGE, which has become extremely fashionable (partly because it is there, partly from a certain *nostalgie de la boue*, felt by the students of both Bronze Age palaces and Classical city states), start from what is known rather than from a blank prospectus of what ought to be known, or sought out, or simply guessed. Though not as bad as some historical studies, where the scrutiny of texts alone is thought to serve as history, the right questions for the Iron Age have still to be asked, and Renfrew's models for the earlier period could profitably provoke thought about the later, although without the success he may imagine, since the nature of the material is so different—infinitely less complete yet more sophisticated. Two recent books on the Iron Age re-emergence, by V. R. d'A. Desborough[3] and Anthony Snodgrass,[4] explore the period by traditional methods which barely allow the culture any more than has survived from it—a world of slab-lined graves, weapons and sherds—which they skilfully mould into a sort of history. This is, as one of the blurbs asserts, "a crucially formative period." Out of it comes Geometric Greece and a swift progression to the full Classical in less than three centuries. Snodgrass takes us a little into the Geometric period and into problems of Greeks travelling, trading, breaking out of their relatively poor sea-girt peninsula and islands, allowing new ideas, goods, craftsmen to break in from the East. Here history and archaeology really come to grips, but, in the centuries before, the story of survival and slow regeneration offers little by way of decisive archaeological events. For long it must have been touch and go whether a Greece without palace bureaucracies to organise distribution of materials could take its place again beside the cultures of the East and Egypt. It took a long time, and the surviving material answers virtually none of the vital questions of economy, farming, or even climate, population and health, which are most pertinent. Here at least science might intervene, even if not the models—through dearth of evidence and too long-sustained use in antiquity of the same sites, which has obscured reliable data about size and wealth of communities.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS are nowhere busier outside Britain itself than in Greece and there are sound links between the field workers and synthesists of archaeological history. The British School at Athens has an enviable record of excavation and publication, and the last few months have seen two new volumes, one on the Minoan colony on Kythera[5] (a joint enterprise with the Pennsylvania Museum, published by Faber) and one on a completely excavated Bronze Age township in Crete (published by the School).[6] The style has become the accepted one for British publications for work in Greece, and cannot be bettered by any other school for judicious balance of reporting and comment. Kythera, a fairly economical excavation with no major architectural problems and a modest haul of finds, has demonstrated the existence on this inshore Greek island of settlement from Minoan Crete well before 2,000 B.C. —far earlier than hitherto attested in Greece, far earlier than the overwhelming Minoan influence of the period of the Mycenae shaft-graves and later when Mycenaean and Minoan Empires became embroiled: earlier, moreover, than the apparent arrival of Greek-speakers in Greece itself, by modern theory. So we are left to speculate (the authors being too modest or cautious to do so) about what might have been had the Cretan palatial centres, soon to emerge, taken a firmer grip on the mainland. The reason for the settlement, also little discussed, remains obscure. In other periods we would have said trade, and whatever the reason it reflects both on what the mainland could offer, and on the state of things in Crete itself which gave rise to colonisation. The situation is not one which fits itself readily into Renfrew's scheme, and only a more traditional historical view of such an event,

[3] *The Greek Dark Ages.* By V. R. d'A. DESBOROUGH. Ernest Benn, £5.
[4] *The Dark Age in Greece.* By ANTHONY SNODGRASS. Edinburgh University Press, £8.
[5] *Kythera: Excavations and Studies.* Conducted by The University of Pennsylvania Museum and the British School at Athens. Edited by J. N. COLDSTREAM and G. L. HUXLEY. Faber & Faber, £20.
[6] *Myrtos: An Early Bronze Age Settlement in Crete.* By PETER WARREN. Thames and Hudson for the British School of Archaeology at Athens, £12.

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which is comparable with the first Iron Age Greek migrations, colonies or trading-posts, may do it more justice.

Myrtos, the subject of the other volume, is a complete Early Minoan township in South Crete, and because it is complete and has been completely explored it offers the possibility of full understanding of its economy and importance. It should be stressed that such sites in Greece are exceptional even in this period. The report is garnished with the proper selection of regional studies of flora and geology, and analysis of bones, pollen, shells, plasters. It is as complete as it can, and should be: a notable achievement. The attempt to display the functions of the economy graphically falls short of Renfrew's near-clarity in these matters, as both fall short of, say, *Scientific American* standards. Archaeology is still rather dazzled by the trappings of science. Diagrams are sometimes more effective means of communication than words, but where they deceive they do so with a false air of authority, and they have a grammar and syntax of their own not lightly learned.

THE REAL PROBLEM set by books of this sort is perhaps not archaeological at all. The ordinary reader interested in Greece and archaeology is unlikely to turn to them (at £20 and £12 respectively) and it is doubtful whether the specialist will read more than ten per cent of them and refer sporadically to the rest. This is the price of scientific excavation and complete publication of finds. Specialisation dictates appendixes on pollen or Carbon-14 or clay analysis, by different hands writing for other specialists and sometimes self-indulgently; even the basic material excavated may be delegated to experts whose expertise may grow only at the expense of their competence to understand a whole site and all its finds as the archaeologist-art historian should. The operation becomes more and more a committee job, with all that that entails. Yet it need not be so; nor need the cost of publication exceed the cost of excavation, as sometimes happens now. If more data are to be recorded, can they not be recorded economically, retrievable by all who need them but not thrust upon every reader and his pocket? As general public and scholarly interest grows in this work, the opportunity easily to study it recedes. British archaeology has set standards in excavation and publication in Greece for many years. Perhaps it is time for it to take the lead again in the interests of the wider public interest in archaeology, and indeed of the Classicist who is belatedly learning (the resistance in some quarters amounts to Oedipodean blindness) that the brave men who lived before Agamemnon were Greeks too, and that the spade, being dumb, can be impartial.


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# Kingdoms & the Sea

## *On the Mediterranean — By* JOHN BOSSY

"J'*AI PASSIONEMENT aimé la Méditerranée, sans doute parce que venu du Nord, comme tant d'autres, après tant d'autres.*" As an opening, this falls into the same category, for me, as *"Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure."* Now we have Fernand Braudel's masterpiece, or half of it,[1] in Siân Reynolds's sturdy translation, flatter, less expansive than the original, but remarkably true: "I have loved the Mediterranean with passion, no doubt because I am a Northerner like so many others in whose footsteps I have followed." Since I think this is probably the best history book ever written, I may not be in a very good position to review it; the best one can do is to explain roughly what is in it. Its subject is the sea itself, the landscape surrounding it, the people, societies and civilisations which lived and moved around and on it, their unities and diversities, and the relation of the whole to adjacent (or indeed non-adjacent) parts of the globe, seen from a vantage-point of the last fifty years of the 16th century. It is in three parts: *"La part du milieu"*—not quite "The role of the environment", though I do not suppose anything more exact could have been found—*"Destins collectifs et mouvements d'ensemble"*, and *"Les événements, la politique, et les hommes"*, and what we are now given is the first part and half the second, translated from the second edition of 1966, a considerably modified version of the original of 1949. There is a good deal of theory behind the division into (roughly) geographical, social and political, but it does not really matter very much.

We begin, not with the sea itself, but with "the peninsulas"—five of them: Iberia, Italy, Balkans, Asia Minor and the Maghreb—seen essentially in the tension of mountain and plain, two environments, two societies opposed in principle (pastoral, agricultural; "free", state-bearing) but united by human and animal movements like the passage of transhumant flocks up and down, summer and winter. Apparently purely descriptive, this opening leads us, as Braudel wants it to, to the slow, secular movement from the nomad to the transhumant to the peasant. So we arrive at the sea, "the heart of the Mediterranean": the coastwise movement of ships, the chain of smaller unities into which the larger sea dissolves. Within them, the sea unifies while the spines of the peninsulas divide: Greeks, then Turks (or Greeks disguised as Turks) straddle the Aegean, Venice unites the Adriatic; the Tyrrhenian sea from Marseilles to Sicily and back by the coasts of Sardinia and Corsica is a unity centred at Genoa and controlled by Spain. By contrast, in the "Mediterranean Channel" from Algiers and Alicante to Gibraltar, the Spaniards fail to realise the "mission" which falls to them with their conquest of Granada, get distracted by the lure of America from the occupation of North Africa and so, erecting barriers where there ought to have been bonds, produce the Barbary pirates and jeopardise the future of the Mediterranean at a crucial point. Then the whole sea and its boundaries: the Mediterranean and the desert, the Mediterranean and continental Europe, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Braudel's analysis of the second of these relations is a stunning example of his method: the European continent is cut up between a series of "isthmuses", across which the influence of the Mediterranean strikes northwards to the further shore of the continent, forming complexes of routes, of economic, political and cultural relations, which form the bony structure of Russia, Poland, Germany and France.

Analysed into its elements, defined within its boundaries, the Mediterranean is finally presented as a physical and as a human unity: physical in the unity of its climate, formed by the opposing influences of the Sahara and the Atlantic, sharp contrasts of winter and summer governing the rhythms of life, health, work, seafaring, business, war and negotiation; human in the network of its routes by sea and land, its boats and sailors, mules and carriers, collaborating and competing, all moving towards the great cities which clinch and express the unity of the whole. Such as Constantinople, where this first part ends. (To give some idea of the scale of the book I should mention that we are now at page 352, and never a—well, to be honest, perhaps one—dull moment.)

In the second part the Mediterranean is

[1] *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II.* Vol. I. By FERNAND BRAUDEL. Collins, £6.

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treated as a human entity and (on the whole) as creating rather than submitting to its fate; it is also treated more nearly within the limits of the 16th century. The three chapters we are given here (another 300 pages) are not exactly economic history, but they are more like economic history than anything else. "The measure of the century" begins with a famous discussion of problems of time and distance in the 16th century, *à propos* of a Mediterranean world not so many miles, but maybe sixty days long, unmanageable for its political masters, Philip II in the Escorial and the Sultan in Constantinople, just about manageable for the businessman waiting and paying, for news at its economic heart, the "quadrilateral" of Venice, Genoa, Milan and Florence. After the measurement of space, the measurement of people—60 or 70 million unequally but on the whole thinly distributed, with large areas where the animals are in control, and doubling in the course of the century. Finally, measurements for the Mediterranean economy as a whole: production, trade, money, distribution of income, standard of life. The next chapter is about money, and deals with the well-established 16th-century problems of bullion (gold from across the Sahara at the beginning of the century, silver from America at the end) and inflation, and with the relations of one type of coinable metal to another. We end with a view of trade and transport intended to demonstrate, through the pepper and grain trades, the relations of the old world of the Mediterranean to the new world of the Atlantic. In the original version this chapter was probably the most important of the book for conventional historical purposes, in that it sought, successfully, to explode the idea of a Mediterranean turned into a backwater by the Portuguese discovery of a sea-passage to India around 1500; it offered a new turning-point a century later, revealed by an "invasion" of northern ships bringing grain from the Baltic to a Mediterranean which had ceased to be able to feed itself and was in consequence to lose control of its means of communication. By 1966 it had emerged that, in so far as this theory depended on evidence about the collapse of the corn-export from Sicily, it was wrong, and so this first volume now ends anticlimactically but suitably (like *The Merchant of Venice*, as Brian Pullan has recently remarked on the radio), with exploded rumours of a distant catastrophe.

This is a case of one sort of difference between Braudel's second edition and his first: a grand geohistorical hypothesis has been diluted. The other sort of difference is mainly evident in the second part, where the framework of the original version has been rather broken up by an influx of quantitative economics which leaves us with our

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feet some way off the ground. This is not easy to square with the primacy of communications, a Mediterranean the sum of its routes, in which Braudel reiterates his faith towards the close of the first part. I am not sure how, as he asked us to do in his original preface, to bring my memories of Mediterranean sunlight and flood to bear on a Gross Regional Product or the warfare of silver and gold. What I am sure is that no matter how they change her Braudel's *Mediterranean* will always be a great work of historical art, indeed of art simply, a triumph of the constructive and concrete imagination, something to redeem the time.

THE CONFLICT for the Mediterranean between Spaniards and Turks appears only obliquely in this volume, but the shadow of others may be sensed behind it; they appear less discreetly behind the work of lesser hands. Just about the time that Braudel was writing away in captivity in Germany, reading the *Kölnische Zeitung* in his spare time, L. G. Pine was in Algeria, giving pep-talks on the history of the Mediterranean to troops who had arrived on the successors of Braudel's Nordic sailing-ships. It was a good idea, but the holidaymakers for whom his book[2] is now intended could surely stand something a bit more nourishing. The question is perhaps whether Monty or Lord Avon knew any better: is it too silly to speculate on the contrast between this harmless (but unbelievably expensive) little work and Braudel's? That, after all, was also in some sense a product of North Africa, much of it written while Braudel was at the university of Algiers between the wars; the interpretation, if not justification, of the French presence in Algeria seems to be one of its deepest concerns. Nowadays, if we were looking for conditions which might favour an achievement of similar magnitude, we might hope to find them in Israel, and it would be hard to think of a potentially more fizzing compound than a professor at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem writing about the brief and unsuccessful colonial experience of the crusader society of mediaeval Palestine. Joshua Prawer is an extremely learned historian, but I am afraid he is no Braudel, and does not fizz. *The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*[3] is a compendium of universal knowledge composed in the "Now let us turn to agriculture" manner; I am sure it will be indispensable to mediaeval historians, but I doubt if anyone else will read it through. This

[2] *The Middle Sea: a Short History of the Mediterranean.* By L. G. PINE. David and Charles, £5.25.
[3] *The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.* By JOSHUA PRAWER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.50.

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is in fact a pity, since there is a memorable final chapter where Prawer reflects on the character and shortcomings of this colonial régime—on, for example, its imperviousness to missionary ideas and its indifference (connected, I should think; and very different from the position at the other end of the Mediterranean, in Spain) to the cultural milieu in which it was placed. There is also, as one might expect, a good deal of interest about the Jews, who did better with the Arabs than with the Christians and prospered when Saladin recovered Palestine for Islam. It is easy to forget that there is a Jewish Mediterranean as well as a Christian and a Muslim one; Rupert Furneaux, with his unpretentious but agreeable story of the Roman siege of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, helps to remind us.[4] Any Braudelian worth his salt, though, will instantly diagnose the trouble between the irrepressible Zealots and their irritated historian Josephus as not so much a case of resisters and collaborators as a textbook instance of the mountain *versus* the plain.

SOMETHING OF THE SAME applies to Judith Hook's book on the Sack of Rome in 1527, back in Braudel's Mediterranean though decidedly in the world of events, politics and men.[5] She quotes Braudel at one point and makes good use of work of the Braudelian stamp, but altogether does not seem very impressed. To what extent she has purposely looked the other way I am not sure, but in any case she proclaims allegiance to an older historical school represented here by Pastor's *History of the Popes* and Brandi's *Charles V*. She is equally traditional in her faith in a *risorgimento* notion of Italy as a datum and a historical field: Italy, she implies, ought to have been united in freedom, the Hapsburgs had no business to be there, the Counter-Reformation was a bad thing; the Sack of Rome, for which she holds Charles V responsible, was an historic crime and an introduction to a gloomy period of national eclipse. Given this framework, her account of the political and military events which led up to the Sack is admirable, yet the event itself (a little overdone?) remains rather an anti-climax, and not such a reverberating one as Braudel's. I cannot help feeling that this is because—compared say with the Latin capture of Constantinople in 1204—it did not really matter very much. Suppose, again, we try to put it in a Braudelian perspective. Then we should situate Rome, not as the notional capital of a territorial Italy, but as one of a string of cities looking out

[4] *The Roman Siege of Jerusalem.* By RUPERT FURNEAUX. Hart-Davis MacGibbon, £2.50.
[5] *The Sack of Rome, 1527.* By JUDITH HOOK. Macmillan, £6.

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on the Tyrrhenian sea and dependent on it for its life (for corn from Sicily for one thing): a sea irredeemably Spanish (if not Spanish, Turkish or French), as the Genoese recognised the year after the Sack when they hitched their fortunes to those of Charles V. Sack or no Sack, the Romans would have had to follow suit. Their allies, the Venetians, were on a different wavelength, not really bothered about the peninsula but about the Adriatic and the Turks. Of course, an Italy divided down the middle is a hypothetical construction; but so is the Italy of the *risorgimento*, and for the 16th century I should think a less promising one. I do not wish to say that works of historical art (this is one) cannot be written in all kinds of ways: the more the merrier. All the same, and judged artistically, the best books of Judith Hook's kind cut off a rather narrow slice of what there is, and may suffer in consequence from poverty of implication. Whatever you may think of Braudel's kind, you cannot accuse it of that.

# Little-known Lenin

## *Early Days of a Revolution* — By LEONARD SCHAPIRO

IT IS NOW fifty-five years since the Russian monarchy collapsed like a house of cards; and all but fifty years since the death of Lenin, who alone knew exactly how to exploit this collapse. Yet no comprehensive history of the whole course of the revolution and of the Bolshevik victory and its consequences which is worthy of its theme has yet been written, and no really adequate biography of Lenin exists. For the revolution we still have to rely on the forty-year-old history by W. H. Chamberlin, or on the antiseptic summary of developments provided by E. H. Carr in the first volume of his history of Soviet Russia, which is at all events invaluable as a guide to official Soviet sources. On Lenin we have a choice of several more or less inadequate lives which appeared mainly on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1870.

This strange state of affairs is however redeemed by the work of a number of historians of outstanding brilliance who have devoted themselves to certain aspects of the course of the Russian revolution in general and of Lenin in particular. For such work in English we are primarily indebted to Mr Bertram Wolfe in the United States and to Dr George Katkov in this country. Among Russian exiles who wrote in Russian the two outstanding names are S. P. Melgunov and N. V. Volsky. Wolfe was the pioneer who illuminated a vital period of the rise of Bolshevism before 1917 which had hitherto been swept under the carpet, while Katkov uncovered many unused sources (including Melgunov's) which throw possibly controversial but completely new light on the fall of the monarchy. Melgunov's five monographs on different periods of the revolution and civil war are so vital to our understanding of these events that anyone writing about the revolution who ignores them (and that in England seems to be the majority) produces nonsense. Volsky, who wrote under the name of Valentinov, was a social democrat who knew Lenin in 1904 in Geneva during his (Valentinov's) short-lived conversion to Bolshevism. His account of that year, and the dozen or two studies of various phases or aspects of Lenin's career or formation (mostly available in English translation) throw more light on the greatest revolutionary of all times than all the full-scale biographies of him put together. A last group of Valentinov's essays has now been published posthumously in Russian, with a valuable preface by the veteran Boris Souvarine, who also knew Lenin.[1] The eight studies which this volume contains, though less illuminating and important than the ones published earlier, are nonetheless of considerable interest to students of Lenin. They deal mainly with Lenin's personal financial resources at different periods of his life and indirectly provide some significant insights into Lenin's character and way of life. Like all Valentinov's work, these studies are completely new both as to material and as to imaginative interpretation, even if they do not substantially alter our picture of Lenin. It is much to be hoped that this new volume will find an English translator.

THE MAIN CONTRIBUTION of French scholarship to the history of the Russian revolution is that of Marc Ferro, published in 1967. It has now been

[1] *Maloznakomy Lenin* (Little-known Lenin). By N. VALENTINOV. Librairie des Cinq Continents, Paris.

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translated into English—or at any rate something resembling English, which does little justice to Monsieur Ferro's elegant and impassioned French[2]. The scope of Ferro's work is very limited in time—from the fall of the monarchy until June 1917 which he regards as the turning point in the ascendancy of the Bolsheviks. I am not sure that there was ever any turning point in the events of those melancholy months. Given the total ineffectiveness of the Provisional Government, its failure to maintain order and its lack of legitimacy; and given the lack of any sense of leadership in any of the socialist parties, or indeed understanding of where they were going, it seems in retrospect inevitable that the more determined, totally unscrupulous, better financed and better armed Bolsheviks should have won the day. Incidentally, Ferro has nothing to say on finance, which is always an important factor in making revolutions. He is aware of the enormous propaganda effort which the Bolsheviks conducted, mainly in the army, but seems totally innocent of the historical research which has established conclusively that the considerable finance for the operation was being provided by the Germans.

The main merits of Ferro's work are its extensive annotated bibliography and its useful appendix of documents. There is also more information in his work (largely based on Soviet archives) than is usually to be found on what was happening at levels below the centre—indeed Ferro displays a rather attractive Gallic enthusiasm for *le peuple*. Actually, when not engaged in murder or looting, the Russian *peuple* in 1917 seems to have displayed a good deal more sound common sense than its socialist leaders. However, whatever his enthusiasms may be, no historian should allow himself to describe the sordid, treacherous and incompetent murder of Rasputin as an "execution"; or refer to Parvus (Helphand), a well-paid agent of the German Secret Service, as a "social-patriot"—whatever this communist term of abuse may mean. It is presumably not the translator's fault that about half of the Russian names are garbled. But one could reasonably expect that in a book of this price the publishers would have taken the trouble to get someone to check the names. But I have found one mis-translation which, in fairness to the memory of an honourable man, must be corrected. We are told (on p. 82) that the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, "claimed that he did not obstruct the project" of taking the Imperial family to Great Britain. "Yet it seems that it was the British

[2] *La révolution de 1917: la chute du tsarisme et les origines d'Octobre*. Aubier, Paris, 1967. *The Russian Revolution of February 1917*. By MARC FERRO. Translated by J. L. RICHARDS. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £4.95.

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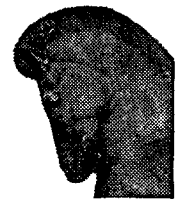

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Government which greeted this proposal unfavourably, fearing it would alienate the new Russia." (As for the motives of the British Government, I suspect they were somewhat different. But it is high time that someone looked up the answer in the papers now open in the Public Record Office.) What is certain beyond doubt is that Buchanan did his utmost to persuade his Government to rescue the Tsar and his family; and was absolutely shattered (as his daughter has recorded) when the British Government communicated to him its change of mind. The translation, in its ordinary meaning, throws doubt on Buchanan's version and suggests that he and his government were at one. Ferro's text makes it quite plain that it was Buchanan who did what he could, and that it was *"plutôt le gouvernement anglais"* which took the decision to go back on the provisional arrangement.

LENIN'S WIFE, Nadezhda Krupskaya, is the subject of a biography by Professor Robert H. McNeal.[3] The main interest in this unhappy but not very distinguished lady must necessarily lie in the light which she throws on her famous husband. McNeal has certainly collected with scrupulous care all the information that is to be found on Krupskaya (though I wish he did not quote those phoney Khrushchev "memoirs" as a source of information); and no doubt this biography will remain the definitive one for some time to come. Yet there are only two points in Krupskaya's life where the historian's heartbeat quickens with excitement: the two years at the beginning of this century when, as Lenin's right hand, she played a vital role in organising what was to become the core of the future Bolsheviks; and in 1923 after Lenin was knocked out of action when she had a chance of influencing future events, and failed.

Of course, Krupskaya's role in organising support for *Iskra* among the committees inside Russia is well known from the correspondence which she conducted, which has been published and which McNeal has used. But to what extent was this tough and unscrupulous policy of intrigue her own, and to what extent Lenin's? There is probably no answer to this on the evidence available, or McNeal would have found it. In view of what happened when, after Lenin's death, she was left exposed and helpless in the face of the party sharks like Stalin and his supporters, it would seem a reasonable inference that the real backbone of the *Iskra* operation was Lenin throughout.

[3] *Bride of the Revolution: Krupskaya and Lenin.* By ROBERT H. MCNEAL. Gollancz, £3.60.

The story of Lenin's last struggle against Stalin is an extraordinary one, and Krupskaya's vital role in frustrating Lenin remains quite unexplained in McNeal's account. Lenin's dependence on Krupskaya towards the end was complete, since his secretaries were reporting on him to Stalin, and Trotsky let him down. Lenin's famous Note, or Testament, recommending the removal of Stalin was in Krupskaya's possession, although undoubtedly known to Stalin through Fotieva, one of the secretaries, to whom he dictated it. This Note could still have unseated Stalin at the Twelfth Party Congress in 1923; by the time Krupskaya decided to forward it to the Politburo for the Thirteenth Party Congress after Lenin's death in 1924, Stalin had made his plans, and could easily deal with the threat to his position. Why did she delay? Her lame explanation that Lenin had designed the Note for the next Congress after his death is blatantly contradicted by the reference in the Note itself to "the next Congress" (i.e. the Twelfth, in April 1923—the Note is dated 4 January 1923). McNeal's explanation—that Fotieva had already forwarded *this* Note to the Politburo in 1923 and Stalin had then already circumvented the difficulty, and that therefore Krupskaya felt discouraged—is plainly wrong: what Fotieva forwarded in 1923 were only the Notes on the National Question, and Stalin was then able to frustrate those Notes by a combination of Fotieva's deceit and Trotsky's cowardice or breach of faith. The Note about Stalin remained unknown to the Congress in 1923.

Perhaps a reviewer may be permitted to speculate where the author has so scrupulously refrained from doing so. Certainly Stalin had a firm blackmailing hold over Krupskaya which he did not hesitate to use in later years in order to force her to toe the line—Lenin's love affair with Inessa Armand. The famous, if possibly apocryphal, quip about "I will appoint someone else Lenin's widow" was not just a grim joke: it is pretty certain that Stalin had full information on the relations between Lenin and Inessa (which we know of from the superb researches of Bertram Wolfe). Did Krupskaya fear above all else the shattering of the myth of Lenin's devotion to her? Did she perhaps harbour resentment against Lenin which made her prone, if only unconsciously, to take Stalin's side in the latter's conflict with the dying man? (After all, why, in spite of Stalin's obscene outburst against Krupskaya on the telephone, about which she complained in a letter to Kamenev, did she do her best to prevent Lenin's letter, breaking off relations with Stalin, from being sent off? This was in March 1923.) We shall probably never know the full story, and human motives are usually rather mixed. But it was a grim conclusion to her life with Lenin that, after an

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apparently remarkable recovery in January 1924, he should have died almost immediately after listening to Krupskaya's reading of the account of the Thirteenth Party Conference which closed three days before his death. This was the occasion on which Stalin effectively circumvented the feeble and belated attempt by Trotsky to carry out his promise to Lenin to struggle against the "bureaucratisation" of the party. It is a terrible thought—but was she rubbing salt in the wounds?

# Bridging the Gap

## *Historians & the Public — By* MAURICE ASHLEY

NEVER, if I may hazard the guess, have English history books been in greater demand than they are at present. Whether this is because reading them is an agreeable diversion from contemplating the world of technology and pollution or because we take a vicarious pride in recalling the deeds of our ancestors in building up an empire of which we have no reason to feel intensely ashamed, it is at least a boon to publishers, who are hard-done-by men. The rising generation of publishers vie with each other in thinking up new historical "series", in visiting universities to secure respectable authors, and then bringing out their books as quickly as possible before the next rise in printing costs. Mediaeval history does not usually provide best sellers, but curiosity about what it is fashionable to call "the early modern period" (the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries) is insatiable and understandable. For that was the age of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth (both blessed by television), of Cromwell and Marlborough, of Shakespeare and Milton, of Donne and Dryden, of Hooker and Bunyan, of Hobbes and Locke, of Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton, of Butler and Swift, of Francis Drake[1] and Robert Blake.[2] The pygmies were few and even the eccentrics had stature.

One is, however, conscious that the gap between the popular historical writers and the university pundits has not yet been entirely bridged. That is natural enough. For the famous historical writers, whose books are still read with pleasure today—Gibbon, Voltaire, Macaulay, Carlyle, Grote, Winston Churchill, to name a few examples, were not university professors. Even some of the best-read living authors on the early modern period such as, say, Christopher Hibbert or Veronica Wedgwood, have not had to pass their time in universities attending committee meetings and preparing lectures.

Of course the standards maintained by professors of modern history are high and exacting. Professor S. B. Chrimes, who is just ending a distinguished career, marked by the preparation of a *Festschrift,* observes austerely in his latest book, *Henry VII:*[3] "The selectivity necessarily imposed upon the historian of any theme inevitably results in an over-simplification and artificiality which fail to reflect the complex reality" and again in reference to Henry himself "If we wish to get as near as we can to the real man, we must avoid being mesmerized by seductive Baconian phrases and beautifully-rounded sentences." Professor Chrimes does not go in for beautifully-rounded sentences and if we want to enjoy his book, it has to be read backwards. In his "epilogue" entitled "The King's Grace" he provides an excellent portrait of the King chiefly by means of huge slabs of quotations, though in his preface he warns us that little evidence exists to justify a biography at all. One has therefore to wade through a lot of rather dull information about administration, while references to such fascinating subjects as the fate of the Princes in the Tower and the battle of Bosworth (how was it that Henry VII won his throne so easily?) are tantalisingly brief.

Moving forward from the first to the last of the Tudors, Professor Joel Hurstfield offers a collection of already published essays under the title of *Freedom, Corruption and Government in Elizabethan England.*[4] In spite of its attractive title this is largely an academic book replete with footnotes at the bottom of the page, and again

[1] The most important of the contemporary accounts of the earlier voyages of Sir Francis Drake have been published this year. *Francis Drake Privateer.* Edited by JOHN HAMPDEN. Eyre Methuen, £5.

[2] *Robert Blake: General-at-Sea.* By J. R. POWELL. Collins, £5. May be highly recommended.

[3] *Henry VII.* By S. B. CHRIMES. Eyre Methuen, £6.25. This is the fifth to appear in the "English Monarchs" series (not to be confused with Weidenfeld's highly illustrated "Kings and Queens" series).

[4] *Freedom, Corruption and Government in Elizabethan England.* By JOEL HURSTFIELD. Cape, £4.50.

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the last essay, called a "retrospect" on "Gunpowder plot and the politics of dissent", is the most entertaining. He, like Professor Chrimes, can be severe. Apropos the Gunpowder Plot he says: "not a single piece of major evidence has since [seventy years ago] been brought forward to alter the case as made out by S. R. Gardiner and as accepted by independent scholars who have worked in this field." This may be a little hard on Father Edwards, who published a lively book on the subject in 1969,[5] but I take the Professor's word for it. The Professor has some illuminating things to say about Shakespeare's London (apparently it was as dangerous to venture out alone at night as it is in New York today), about Robert Cecil, whom he admires more than most, and about corruption, in which he gently raps over the knuckles an academic colleague; but such jewels need discovery.

MOVING INTO the mid-17th century, we are offered by another professor, Lawrence Stone, a fresh excursus into what he entitles "The Causes of the English Revolution"[6] which old fogeys like myself call the origins of the civil wars. One is a little abashed to find in the preface that "early versions of all three chapters in this book have already been published." Everyone admires Professor Stone's intellectual prowess. His *The Crisis of the Aristocracy 1558–1641* (1965) was a *tour de force* without equal. Professor Stone is a profound believer in the "social pre-conditions" of the English revolution and is harsh with those who arn't. The idea that the revolution was set off by men like John Eliot, John Hampden and John Pym, motivated by anger over monarchical tyranny and incompetence, is too redolent of Victorian liberalism. The revolution, most modern professors tell us, was some kind of a class war, though on what kind of class war they don't agree. I remain sceptical about these social pre-conditions. Indeed I don't believe that there was a crisis in the aristocracy, I don't believe that the gentry was rising or falling, I don't believe that no distinction can be drawn between Presbyterians and Independents and I don't believe that the Puritans were primarily worried over their economic grievances against the English Church. But I admit that these ideas are all the intellectual small change in British, and even more in American, universities.

How true is it that religion played only a minor part in the English revolution? Living as we do, in a non-religious age, it is natural for us to play down its significance. Yet it was religion that brought Oliver Cromwell into the rebellion and it was Charles I's religion that made him fight on until his tragic end and earned him the title of martyr. The religion of the Puritans was highly personal—it had nothing to do with social status—and gave them an inner strength.

OWEN WATKINS of Leicester University has collected a number of the spiritual autobiographies of the Puritans[7]—he tells us that there are some 200 of them—and shows that they had more in common with each other than one might expect. The three outstanding autobiographies are, of course, those of George Fox, Richard Baxter and John Bunyan, all published after the return of Charles II. Most of the authors feared that they were born to be damned and some of them were so desperately conscious of their sinfulness that they attempted to commit suicide. But once they had realised their sinfulness, they were on the path to conversion and salvation. They were not satisfied with mere "notions" about religion; they sought grace and afterwards the special grace that was allotted to the Chosen. With Quakers it was a little different. They did not accept that they were born in sin but considered they were originally innocent; still, they thought that as they "grew in years, they grew in wickedness." Finally they became "pure witnesses to the Truth." Then they feared no one and defied everyone. But the ordinary Puritans were never quite certain they were saved; they needed to show forth their salvation in their lives. That is the answer to the great paradox of why the Chosen People whom God had selected from time eternal, and therefore needed not to fear damnation, yet found they must lead austere and dedicated lives.

Some popular biographers of Cromwell have credited Royalist stories about how he behaved disgracefully when he was at Cambridge. Such biographers have taken at face value his famous words: "I lived in and loved darkness and hated the light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners." But John Bunyan used exactly the same phrase and wrote of the voice that "did suddenly dart from Heaven into my Soul, which said, Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to Heaven? or have thy sins and go to Hell?" Conversion brought confidence. The Quakers pulled down preachers from their pulpits; Oliver Cromwell defeated Prince Rupert.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED afterwards? Cromwell was unique in that his conviction of his own choice by God gave him not, as with many Puritans from John Calvin onwards, a cruel

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[5] FRANCIS EDWARDS, *Guy Fawkes: The Real Story of the Gunpowder Plot 1529–1642*. (Hart Davies).

[6] *The Causes of the English Revolution*. By LAWRENCE STONE. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £2, paper 90p.

[7] *The Puritan Experience*. By OWEN C. WATKINS. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £3.75.

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intolerance but a great tolerance towards all men (except the Irish, to whom it is easy to be intolerant). In a valuable collection of essays entitled *The Interregnum: the Quest for Settlement 1646–1660*[8] Professor G. E. Aylmer has gathered together a bevy of other professors or potential professors (over whom he presides with benignity) to display their findings about the years of the Cromwellian Protectorate. Since Gardiner and Sir Charles Firth wrote their comprehensive studies some 75 years ago (in the days before history became sociological) much research has been done on the period. I found the most illuminating contributions to the book that by Keith Thomas on the Levellers and that by Claire Cross on the Church. Professor Woolrych in his usual lapidary style deals with political thought in the last days of the Interregnum, but I think he exaggerates its importance. It is clear that when some genius assembles the recent discoveries about the Interregnum, Professor Woolrych's work on the Barebones Parliament, Professor Michael Roberts's and Roger Crabtree's findings about his foreign policy, the investigations of Dr Blair Worden ( a brilliant young scholar) into the Rump and so on, the story of the Protectorate will have been thoroughly revised. Meanwhile these essays are most stimulating.

Nothing much has been published lately about the reign of Charles II except Professor Kenyon's study of the Popish Plot.[9] The revolution of 1688 has been and still is being thrashed over. For the reign of Queen Anne we now have a book on that odd character, the turbulent and arrogant Dr. Henry Sacheverell,[10] whose sermon at St. Paul's in 1709 helped to overthrow the Marlborough-Godolphin coalition and thus bring the French war to an end. Professor Holmes, like John Kenyon, writes superbly and even though none of Sacheverell's letters or papers survives, he manages admirably without them. We can look forward to his promised life of Queen Anne though what more is to be said about this card-playing, tea-drinking bearer of stillborn children, who, like all the Stuart rulers of England, was disloyal to her best Ministers, boggles the imagination.

MAY I CONCLUDE by offering two constructive suggestions? First, let the British universities so arrange matters that they can give their history professors more sabbatical years and sabbatical terms in which to deliver up magnificent books.

[8] *The Interregnum: The Quest for Settlement 1646–1660.* Edited by G. E. AYLMER. Macmillan, £3.20. This belongs to the series "Problems in Focus."

[9] *The Popish Plot.* By JOHN KENYON. Heinemann, £3.75.

[10] *The Trial of Doctor Sacheverell.* By GEOFFREY HOLMES. Eyre Methuen, £5.


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Articles in learned journals, essays in *Festschriften*, are all very well, but these scholars should be given the opportunity to paint on a broader canvas. For example, Professor Woolrych should produce a life of Milton, Professor Kenyon a biography of James II; Professor Hurstfield should write about his hero, Robert Cecil; Dr Cross could give us a wonderful book about the Interregnum Church (W. A. Shaw's book of 1900 is out-of-date and in any case is unreadable) which would pay tribute to the greatness of Cromwell . . . and so on. I do not suggest that the professors should compete directly with those novelists who are so proficient at writing pseudo-psychological biographies. But they could employ, without prostituting, their expert knowledge to supply convincing history for that elusive animal, "the general public."

# From Megaliths to Models

## *New Concepts in Archaeology — By* BARRY CUNLIFFE

THE VOLUME of archaeological books published annually has grown to enormous proportions in recent years; practically every major publishing house has something on offer, while some, like Thames and Hudson, have developed a particular expertise in the field, handling no fewer than six major series in parallel, all highly attractive to the public and eagerly followed by the academic world. Most remarkable is the now-famous "Ancient Peoples and Places" series, which is expected to reach its hundredth volume in the early 1980s. Its editor, Dr Glyn Daniel, has scoured the world from the Amazon Basin to Australia to produce a range of academic authors whose corporate skill is surely unparalleled in recent publishing history.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about the great archaeological exposure is the high quality of most of the output. A certain amount of lunatic fringe stuff does get through, and there is a constant flow of derivative regurgitation, but for the most part the books tend to be written by those actively engaged in original research—a fact which brings a healthy enthusiasm to the page, and at the same time gives the reader the feeling that he is taking part in something new at close to grass roots level. Given the fact that archaeologists are not particularly thick on the ground, the volume of work which persuasive publishers manage to extract is staggering—it may even account for the fact that many archaeologists are falling far behind with the preparation of their own detailed reports! Actually one suspects that it is all cunningly manipulated through a network of academic editors on the basis of "I'll write a book for your series if you'll write one for mine". Only a few years ago, one book actually began "In principle I am opposed to the writing of this book . . . ."

The range of archaeological works on the market is, to say the least, diverse, a fact illustrated by the titles selected here for comment. The most popular of the batch are undoubtedly the two Thames and Hudson books, *Lepenski Vir*[1] and *"By South Cadbury is that Camelot . . ."*[2] both belonging to the "New Aspects of Antiquity" series edited by Sir Mortimer Wheeler. They are essentially highly readable accounts of two very important campaigns of excavation, the first overlooking the Danube, the second, the Somerset Marshes, both written by the directors in charge of the work. There are differences in presentation; Srejovic's book approximates more closely to an excavation report, with specialist appendices, while Alcock is more concerned to tell the story of Cadbury against the background of the daily organisation of the excavation programme, an approach which incidentally gives a much needed insight into the rigours of present-day field archaeology and goes a long way to countering the newspaper journalists' views of lazy summer days spent in the company of bronzed bikini-clad beauties. *Cadbury* will remain one of the best introductions to the reality of archaeology available for years to come: it also has a good story line.

A quite different approach to excavation reporting will be found in Frere's *Verulamium*, published by the Society of Antiquaries and distributed by Thames and Hudson.[3] This is a full dress archaeological report on a group of timber buildings excavated in the centre of the Roman town of Verulamium on the outskirts of St Albans. Society of Antiquaries Research Reports have been published since 1913 and distributed through the Society. Now that Thames

[1] *Europe's First Monumental Sculpture: New Discoveries at Lepenski Vir*. By DRAGOSLAV SREJOVIC. Thames and Hudson, £6.

[2] *"By South Cadbury is that Camelot..."* By LESLIE ALCOCK. Thames and Hudson, £4.75.

[3] *Verulamium Excavations*. Vol. I. By SHEPPARD FRERE. Thames and Hudson for The Society of Antiquaries, £12.

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and Hudson have taken over as agents for the Society, the familiar brown paper covers have given way to glossy dust jackets, and the reports are reaching a far wider audience—a measure of the public's insatiable appetite for archaeology, even in its most detailed form.

The final book from Thames and Hudson, Glyn Daniel's *Megaliths in History*,[4] originally delivered as the Walter Neurath Memorial Lecture in honour of the firm's founder, is a wholly delightful excursion into archaeological history, presented with all the joy of an enthusiast, a quality which I well remember from Dr Daniel's lectures in Cambridge. The history of archaeology is a growing field in publishing, and incidentally in research, reflecting the feeling among archaeologists that their discipline is at last becoming mature.

Another aspect of archaeology is covered by Faber's archaeological guides, of which the most recent is R. F. Paget's *Central Italy*.[5] Designed for the curious, mobile public, these guides are all written by archaeologists with a first-hand knowledge of both the place and the period. But while the text of *Central Italy* is very good and the maps helpful, the half-tone illustrations are dreary in the extreme, giving the impression that all is gloom and fragmentary columns, occasionally enlivened by rows of pots; hardly a work to bring joy to the hearts of the Italian Tourist Board.

If Faber's market for their archaeological guides is reasonably assured, and no doubt growing, the new Seminar Press series "Studies in Archaeological Science", edited by Professor Dimbleby, is a far braver venture. Their two most recent productions, *Ancient Skins, Parchments and Leathers* by R. Reed,[6] and *Land Snails in Archaeology* by J. G. Evans,[7] are both of an exceptionally high quality—they are pioneering works which will be avidly read by students in a wide range of disciplines. Both books reflect a major growth point in archaeology—the increasingly specialist study of some aspect of the physical environment within which communities developed. It may be the study of a material, like leather, or of some aspect of the ecological setting of human settlement, which is one of the themes of Evans' book, but whatever the subject matter, the basic message is that by the intensive scientific study of some small aspect of the material evidence, a better insight can be obtained into man's past behaviour. Unfortunately, the time is

[4] *Megaliths in History*. By GLYN DANIEL. Thames and Hudson, £2.25.

[5] *Central Italy: An Archaeological Guide*. By R. F. PAGET. Faber & Faber, £4.85.

[6] *Ancient Skins, Parchments and Leathers*. By R. REED. Academic Press, $13.50, £4.90.

[7] *Land Snails in Archaeology*. By J. G. EVANS. Academic Press, $22.50, £7.90.


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fast approaching when even the most conscientious archaeologist will find it difficult to remember differences between the papillary and fibre network of goat and calf skins or to bring to mind the intricacies of the courtship rituals of *Helix pomatia*. Nevertheless it is of some importance to the well-being of the subject that specialists should write these lucid and entertaining accounts of their research, and that publishers should be brave enough to invest in them. It is equally important that archaeologists, whatever their particular field of speciality, should be thoroughly conversant with new advances of this kind; it would be a pity for the pan-disciplinary approach, which in the past has so vitalised archaeology, to begin to break down.

SO FAR ALL THE BOOKS mentioned have been "traditional" archaeology, written for the most part in clear, simple English of the kind which could be understood by anyone of moderate intelligence. Not so David Clarke's great tome *Models in Archaeology*.[8] A few years ago Clarke produced his first bombshell, *Analytical Archaeology*, in which he introduced to the British archaeological audience a new range of conceptual tools and methods of approach adapted partly from kindred disciplines and partly from American archaeology, laying before us the relevance of such techniques as locational analysis, systems theory and numerical taxonomy. With these came, quite naturally, the jargon which these approaches had acquired in their own disciplines of origin. The result was what soon came to be known as the "new archaeology" or, as some critics unjustly said, old archaeology dressed up in newspeak. Now four years later, with the aid of twenty-six original contributions, "carefully selected" we are told "from the work of progressive archaeologists" (and at more than double the price), Clarke has presented us with *Models in Archaeology*. Let it be firmly stated that this is a book of the very greatest significance, which will undoubtedly have a long-lasting effect on the development of archaeology. Its message is simple: in the past archaeological thought has been heavily dependent on intuitive reasoning and content to arrive at simple single-cause explanations; worse still, "thought" has sometimes been entirely absent, its place taken by arid descriptions. Now, it is proposed, models developed in other disciplines should be used "to generate hypotheses about a particular archaeological situation and then using the archaeological evidence to test these hypotheses"—laudable aims with which few could argue.

[8] *Models in Archaeology*. Edited by DAVID L. CLARKE. Methuen, £16.

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Undoubtedly the most impressive example of this polemic in action is in Clarke's own contribution, "A provisional model of Iron Age Society", in which he sets about reinterpreting the crude data recovered from the excavation of the so-called Glastonbury Lake Village at the beginning of the century—a site which according to one critical observer was "dug up like a field of potatoes." By a painstaking re-examination of the published evidence Clarke builds up a picture not only of a society but also of social dynamics. His various sallies into the evidence produce a range of interlinked hypotheses which can now be tested against new field-work data. While it is difficult to see how some of his generalisations are arrived at, since detailed reasoning is omitted, the overall effect of the paper is immensely stimulating and wholly in tune with research going on elsewhere in this particular field. This example and his long introductory chapter "Models and Paradigms in contemporary archaeology" are by far the most outstanding contributions to the book.

This is not to say that the other papers are light-weight—far from it—but some will, I am afraid, provide ample ammunition for the critics. Clarke is very well aware of the abuse of model construction and says as much in his introduction, but even so the quality of what follows is somewhat varied. It is, for example, very difficult to escape the conclusion that some writers (whether knowingly or not is unclear) are doing little more than stating already accepted concepts using borrowed words and phrases: one article is illustrated with a large number of plans and diagrams, all but one of which were published before 1967—only the captions are updated. There is nothing inherently wrong with this kind of approach so long as it is understood to be simply an exercise in translation.

Another, more serious, criticism is that sometimes the enthusiasm for model building exceeds the quality of the data used. Facts collected sporadically and haphazardly over the years are subjected to the most sophisticated procedures with little apparent awareness of the limitations of the archaeological record. Admittedly the models produced have a value in that they define problems which can be tested by intensive field work, but one cannot fail to feel that the model is regarded by some as the end product instead of an initial step.

INEVITABLY, when an exciting new avenue of approach opens up, there will be some who automatically reject it, since it means change leading to uncertainty (and the forces of dynamic conservatism are insidious): there will be others who embrace it whole-heartedly, thus feeling free from mastering the acquired knowledge of past generations. These are the extremes to which archaeology is now subjected. It will be a painful but invigorating time, out of which will emerge a revitalised discipline enabling us to discard once and for all the epithets of "Progressive" and "Traditionalist." Clarke, of course, is fully aware of all this: his book was designed to be a stimulant, and brilliantly stimulating it most certainly is.

I read *Models in Archaeology* in the evenings, in an hotel in Tunis, having spent the days examining the remains of Carthage with the members of a UNESCO team and their Tunisian colleagues. Carthage is in the process of being engulfed by the urban spread of Tunis; one of the prime archaeological sites of the Old World is on the threshold of obliteration. Evocative, problematical, threatened and tourist-ridden, Carthage symbolises one aspect of archaeology—the one most familiar to readers of archaeological books. Yet I could not help feeling the great divide which was opening up. The archaeologists I met on site and the archaeologists I encountered in the pages of *Models* were hardly aware of each other's existence, and certainly little concerned with each other's problems. It would be a great pity if the conceptualisers and the excavators were to stay apart for long; they need each other and, after all, they are all archaeologists.

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# AUTHORS & CRITICS

# Ideology & No End

## *Some Personal History—By* LEWIS FEUER

TRACING THE ORIGINS of ideas is, as every intellectual historian knows, a hazardous occupation. Variants of the idea appear in the most out-of-the-way places, while its ancestry burgeons unexpectedly. Professor Seymour Martin Lipset in his recent essay, "Ideology and No End" [ENCOUNTER, December 1972], finds that the concept appeared in its modern form in 1951. It would, however, have been unlikely that Friedrich Engels' notion would have been altogether left aside for all of seventy years. Actually a rather extensive debate over the concept took place among American Marxists some thirty years ago. The story is a curious one, but not without significance for the sociology of ideas.

In the summer of 1942 an article of mine entitled "Ethical Theories and Historical Materialism" was published in the Marxist review *Science and Society*. The theme of the article was "the obsolescence of ethical ideology." It began with Engels' definition of ideology, and tried to show the ideological character of such ethical theories as those of G. E. Moore. All ideologies, it argued, were expressions of a "false consciousness", and were framed in their manifest terms in a meaningless form, and asserted nothing which could be confirmed on the experimental level. The article then tried to show that, as class antagonisms declined, ethical ideology might be expected to vanish: "The obsolescence of ethical ideology is a corollary of historical materialism as applied to the superstructure of a socialist society." Essential to its analysis were certain psychoanalytical ideas which I used to throw light on the unconscious origin of ethical, ideological terms.

I had indeed read an earlier version of this essay to the Second Unity of Science Congress at the University of Chicago in 1941 where Charles Leslie Stevenson, as official commentator, was rather intrigued by its sociological thesis, which also was received in a friendly way by the empiricists, Gustav Bergmann and Herbert Feigl.

The publication of the essay, however, gave rise to anxiety and consternation among the Marxist editors of *Science and Society*. With heavy hearts they had allowed themselves to be persuaded to publish an article whose sociological standpoint troubled them with portents for their political orthodoxy. The year 1941–42 was the one year in which I, a Marxist newcomer, was an active member of the editorial board. The editors and founders of the magazine were without exception fifteen years, or more, older than I; and I was at the time leaving for military service. I was already far removed when I heard that the editors were beset with a barrage of objections to the "heretical" essay. They then decided to mount a kind of attack by several contributors. They wished to leave the final word with one of their own number. But from an Army camp, I informed them that I would resign if they were to do so; whereupon I was allowed the customary concluding reply to one's critics. Six polemics against my essay were published from 1943 to 1945. I remember in 1945 returning from a sojourn among Vietnamese "coolies", and finding in my mail a polemic of Marxist ideology to which I had to reply. Each polemic seemed to me to stamp Marxism further with the scholastic hollowness peculiar to ideology, as it blends myth with logic.

ACTUALLY THE ARGUMENTS against the "obsolescence of ideology" given by American Marxists in 1943 were much more like those given by their New Leftist successors in a later generation. The American Marxists, however, had certain further specific political fears.

For one, there was a dislike of the use of the concept of "unconscious" in "false consciousness." Where might it all lead if one started investigating the unconscious motives which impelled people to become Marxists? And what if such instruments were employed upon Marxism itself, and it transpired that it was a doctrine more ideological than scientific? And what of the bearing such analysis might have for the



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conception of Soviet society? If ideology flourished in the Soviet Union, was this because its devices were required by the growing coercive agencies in its society?

In my reply I affirmed that my generalisation was of the form *"if-then."* "To the degree to which society ceases to rest on coercive mechanisms, there will be a corresponding decline in the use of ethical ideology." Had not Marx in his economics likewise sought to replace ideology with science? I defended the use of psycho-analytical ideas as essential to scientific advancement. But the "obsolescence of ideology" had clearly latent adverse analytic consequences for Marxism in so far as Marxism itself constituted an ideology.

As the discussions closed, so closed the Marxist phase in my personal intellectual history. My Marxist articles were written when I was in my twenties. Afterwards I never wrote a "Marxist" essay. Soon after the War I indeed wrote an article which analysed dialectical materialism itself as an ideology exhibiting the usual traits obstructive to scientific thinking.

MY ORIGINAL ESSAY on the obsolescence of ethical ideology had had, however, a belated influence. Harold J. Laski in his last book, *The Dilemma of Our Times* (published posthumously in 1952), referred to it generously as a "brilliant article", and he used it as the basis for his critique of English philosophy. At Columbia University the professor of sociological theory took time out to offer a critique. At a meeting of the Eastern Sociological Society in the early 1950s, a Yale sociologist who was seated next to me, after looking about carefully, said in a low voice he had been much influenced by the 1942 article. I marvelled at the courage of the academic—and ideological—daring.

IN LATER YEARS ideologies came to seem to me primarily the expressions of the younger generational unconscious under varying historical conditions. But it also followed that ideologies would perdure in an alternating pattern, corresponding (to an extent) with the intensity of recurring generational conflicts. One might advocate an "end of ideology" as an attainment of a cross-generational wisdom; but one could scarcely say that it was going to take place on a widespread or a long-term basis. Also, since "unconscious factors" often impelled the development of science in a given direction, it was essential to define the traits of ideology more accurately than Engels did, for Engels made the presence of unconscious motives the defining characteristic of ideology.

Professor Lipset suggests that my "current" use of psycho-analytical ideas came after a Marxist stage. Actually they were part of the work I tried to do from the very first of my Marxist essays. It would be wrong to say, however, that I am a "proponent" of the psycho-analytical method if this carries any suggestion of a Freudian orthodoxy. Astute critics of my book *The Scientific Intellectual* (1963) pointed out that my theory of scientific curiosity was the precise opposite of that of Freud, and the psycho-analytical factor in my study of *The Conflict of Generations* (1969) is combined with a variety of historical and sociological ones. I do, however, believe with John Stuart Mill that the "laws of mind" underlie the laws of sociology, and that such efforts, for instance, as those of the legendary "functionalist" who tried to write a Sociology of the Family without mentioning sexuality are exercises in an academic ideology in which realities are much repressed.

I EXPERIENCE a sense of unreality after these thirty years when I read Professor Lipset's description of myself as a "former Marxist." This way of speaking is more characteristic indeed of ideologists, and shows how different in underlying spirit ideology is from science. What scientist in a controversy would have referred to Einstein as a "former Newtonian" on the ground that a few years earlier Einstein had been trying to construct an apparatus for the measurement of the earth's velocity in absolute space? Or indeed, in philosophy itself, did those who debated with Bertrand Russell characterise him as a "former absolute idealist" (which indeed he had been almost till his thirties)?

For in science, as distinct from ideology, it is taken for granted that one grows, that one tries to learn from evidence, experiment, and experience. But ideology, among other things, is a matter of the group unconscious and the irrational. It is covertly acknowledged that science, on the other hand, never really had anything to do with "conviction." Ideology consists not of hypotheses to be continually tested against the evidence, but rather of "commitments"; and a commitment is supposed to be adhered to emotionally, non-rationally, no matter what the evidence. Thus, when I try to remember a Marxist phase of my life of thirty years ago, it probably has as little or less reality for my present work as would a characterisation of Professor Lipset as a former Trotskyite-Burnhamite (or, to use a less elegant terminology he once employed, an "ex-Trotskyite-Burnhamite").

To continue with my narrative of the prehistory of the "end of ideology." Among my students at the City College of New York in 1939–41 was the young Seymour M. Lipset,

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idealistic and industrious. When the Trotskyites underwent their split in 1940, "he was the one majority-Trotskyite at City College", according to my personal roll-book of that semester. The next year he reported to the class on Leon Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*, though by that time he was no longer a Trotskyite but sympathetic to James Burnham's theories. His final examination paper—which I prized and preserved—exhorted me to accept the principles of the minority-Trotskyite faction. I lent him a book on Rosa Luxemburg, and we had discussions about her ideas.

Lipset was the quintessence of what later became what we might best describe as the "New York School of Sociology." They included such students as Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, Philip Selznick and, to a lesser extent, Alvin Gouldner. Though their political affiliations varied and fluctuated through a variety of sects and parties, they were all deeply concerned by what we might call "the Trotsky problem." How had it happened that the working classes had failed to fulfil their historic mission? Why had they not overthrown the yoke of Stalinism? How had they acquiesced in Hitler's conquest of power? This was the problem which haunted Trotsky's last writings and affected its panoramic confidence with an uncertainty and pessimism previously absent. The "New York School" filtered its Marxism through academic courses principally with Robert K. Merton at Columbia, who had the credentials of a contributor to *Science and Society* and could teach the linguistic transformational equations for translating propositions from the Marxist language to the Functionalist one. The New York School pondered on Trotsky's problem in terms of Robert Michels' Law of Oligarchy and Max Weber's thesis of Rationalisation. Out of these concerns later arose, for instance, Lipset's conception of "working-class authoritarianism."

They were the most brilliant and well-informed group of young sociologists which had emerged in America's history. Compared to them the famous Chicago School were a bevy of small-town Y.M.C.A. secretaries ignorant of the world's political movements, and incapable of formulating theoretical generalisations other than some Meadian truisms; while the Harvard School of the 1930s, which spawned theorists, were preselected by Pitirim Sorokin's hegemony for the trait of conformity. (Not a single one of them had joined Cambridge's Union of University Teachers in the first years of its existence, though such young academics as Paul M. Sweezy, John K. Galbraith, Abram Bergson, and F. O. Matthiessen found it a natural vehicle of expression.) The "end of ideology" which became part of the creed of the New York School around 1960 summated their experiences, hopes, and disillusionments. They had found American society "resilient" and "responsive" to a degree no other society had ever realised.

THERE WAS, HOWEVER, very little in common between their concept of "end of ideology" and that of Friedrich Engels. Their use of the concept expressed their rejection of Marxism, which for them was the primary example of "ideology." For Engels, Marx's historical materialism was the only model for social science. All other doctrines were ideologies. Furthermore, the chief figures of the New York School were friendly to their Jewish religious background, joined congregations, observed religious holidays. (An old anarchist bookseller, Leon Kramer, once asked me to explain the buying habits of his frequent customer, Daniel Bell: "How does it happen that he buys books in such two different lines as Marxism and Kabbalah? . . .") To Engels religion was a prime example of ideology. To the New York School as it evolved after World War II, ideology was a substitute for religion. Its fortunes rose as those of religion declined, and with the revival of religion it would in turn decline. The "end of ideology" did not for them signify a "scientism" as it did for Engels. It was rather the case that scientific methods could be relied on to advise as to the best possible means for realising ends which were validated by religious insight or tradition.

THIS WHOLE HISTORY of the concept "end of ideology" illustrates a basic truth in the sociology of ideas. A concept, if it arises on the Left, in the course of its career traverses the spectrum from the Left to the Right. When that sociological world-line is completed, a new generation tries to start some new idea of its own. "Ideology" is compulsively revived. Old objections are ignored. The new ideological wave refurbishes old illusions with a madness of its very own. The wave-like traits of social reality are more abiding than those of mechanical systems—sociology at this juncture needs more of a Clerk Maxwell than a Newton.

Of course, the individuals in the New York School all had their individual emphases and departures. The accidents of personal history exerted their force. When the turmoil of the mid-1960s beset the universities, the New York School of Sociology virtually fell apart. Some felt that they had to tack their sails to the new prevailing winds of ideology, or find themselves adrift among non-makers of history. One sociologist—who, in 1948, had told me bitterly of

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his experience with the dishonest tactics of the Stalinists in the American Labor Party—suddenly experienced an emotional revival of the need to Hegelise and revitalise Marx! Another, on grounds that were obscure, dashingly took on a high-flying passage on the New Student Jet. Several used arguments and displayed feelings in discussions of America and Viet Nam which reminded one of their stand against American involvement in the war against Hitler.

Nevertheless, it was those called in derogation "ex-Marxists"—some with their formation in the New York School (*e.g.* Seymour Lipset and William Petersen) and some from the older generation (*e.g.* Sidney Hook)—who stood for the values of reason during a time when the American academic world was engulfed by an output of nonsense which will some day provide the most bewildering chapter in the chronicles of the American Intelligentsia. And during these years, Irving Kristol, spirited associate of the New York School, though spared for long the incubus of its academic ambitions, emerged as a political analyst with an unsurpassed freshness of perception and writing.

ARTHUR KOESTLER once said that the leadership for the saving of Europe would finally rest with the "ex-Communists." In the post-War world, it was indeed such men as Albert Camus and Ernst Reuter who brought vital understanding to European problems; by contrast the activities of a Jean-Paul Sartre were like a series of improvised intellectual happenings.

Yet the whole "*ex-*" vocabulary is, basically, most congenial to those who identify themselves with the psychology of excommunicators. It comes naturally to people who see themselves cast in the role of discipline-enforcers in their Sect, Party, Secret Society, or New Left commune. It aims to ignite in people's unconscious the primitive hostility toward whoever proposes to think independently—for it awakens doubts which the ideologist is always struggling to repress. The ideologist, fortifying himself with a defensive rigidity against the "end of ideology", becomes indurated. The drama of science—namely, its growth with fact—ends for him.

One, therefore, prefers to look hopefully on the sociological horizon for the emergence of a new company—that of the "ex-New Leftists." And when they come will one remember that Britain's greatest Conservative Premier was the "ex-Radical", Benjamin Disraeli, and its wartime Premier the "ex-Liberal" Winston Churchill? In the Soviet Union, likewise, the growing hope for the end of its Party-Totalitarian rule lies with its "former Marxists." The "*exes*" do not regard themselves as history's chosen, for to do so is to pretend once more to be privy to history's inner mission. They have outgrown the notions of "making history", of fulfilling its aims, of realising its Destiny. To act rightly in the ordinary human sense, to do one's work, and to see things as they are—with the ideological cloudlets dispersed—is enough for the measure of a man.

## Galapagos

Now you have scattered into islands—
Breasts, belly, knees, the mount of Venus,
Each a Galapagos of the mind
Where you, the perfect stranger, prompter
Of throw-backs, of hold-ups in time,

Embody peculiar animals—
The giant tortoise hesitating,
The shy lemur, the iguana's
Slow gaze in which the *Beagle* anchors
With its homesick scientist on board.

***Michael Longley***

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# LETTERS

## Eysenck

IN DR EYSENCK'S OPINION there is a very simple answer to the question, what good can the publication of such books as *The IQ Argument* do. According to him they make help to the various disadvantaged groups more efficient.

This answer seems noble but nevertheless too simple. Another quite honourable aim may be that of preventing a gene pool of lower quality (and dullness all over the world) by mass-immigration and mass-crossing.

This aim is as noble as that of Professor Eysenck's. And accepting it as legitimate seems a little bit more realistic as well.

W. J. BRUYN

*Amsterdam*

DR. BRUYN IS ENTITLED to state aims which he thinks could be furthered by the publication of my book; there may be many others as well. Fundamentally I wrote the book because I felt that knowledge is always important, and that this was particularly true in regard to a topic where fierce discussions were raging in utter ignorance of the facts. This is a fundamental answer to the question of what good the publication of such books as *The IQ Argument* can do.

Such knowledge can, of course, be used in different ways and for different purposes. It has been shown for instance that the administration of glutamic acid increases the IQ of dull but not of bright children. If the low intelligence of American blacks is due to genetic causes then one might be hopeful of improving it by the administration of this drug, whereas if there were no such genetic basis one would be inclined to opt for educational and other melioristic environmental methods. A proper answer to this question thus determines the whole strategy that should be taken by society both in research and in practical application. I do not think that it is necessary to set out in detail all the possible uses of the knowledge and information contained in my book in order to justify its publication.

To the scientist, knowledge is important in itself because he knows that without it the right steps cannot be taken. There is, of course, no guarantee that knowledge itself will make society do the right thing; but at least the possibility is there.

H. J. EYSENCK

*Institute of Psychiatry,*
*Maudsley Hospital,*
*London*

## "The English Ideology"

MELVIN J. LASKY in his essay on "The English Ideology" (Dec. 1972–Jan. 1973) does not deal with an aspect of English attitude to the French Revolution which is very much apropos his main argument.

If the French thought that the violence which marked the early stages of their revolution was "in the English style," after the Gordon Riots of 1780 and the Church and King mobs in Sheffield in 1791, so the vast majority of Englishmen took an entirely different view. They flattered themselves that the French were imitating the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Burke, who opposed the Revolution almost from the beginning, was very much in a minority in seeing it as an outbreak of the "old Parisian ferocity."

Those who favoured the Revolution can be divided into roughly three groups. *First*, the conservatives who like Pitt hoped that it would throw enough turmoil into the affairs of France to neutralise France as a rival of Great Britain. *Second*, and this included the vast majority of favourable English opinion, were men like Arthur Young who urged the French to imitate, and improve if possible, the English parliamentary system. If the French could make improvements, then these could be copied in turn by the English. This attitude rested on the assumption that English political institutions represented the highest stage of the art, and that the French could seek no better. When news of the execution of Louis XVI reached England on 23 January 1793, moderate opinion was horrified because it showed, beyond a doubt, that the French contemplated something considerably more radical than an improved Westminster.

*Finally*, there were radicals like Thelwall, Godwin, Coleridge, and perhaps Mackintosh, who sympathised with the French because they hoped that this new spirit, following on after the American Revolution, would lead to an extensive change in England, that it would be an inspiration to the English to continue on in the forefront of the progressive nations of the world. These men took longer to convince; but even most of them were satisfied by 1796, as was Mackintosh, that France had departed from the English style.

In short the French stage was, for Englishmen, a mirror. When they could no longer recognise themselves in it, they began to revile the performance.

WILLIAM CHRISTIAN

*Mount Allison University,*
*New Brunswick, Canada*

## The Language of Transcripts

I HAVE JUST caught up with the correspondence in the November ENCOUNTER on the theme of "Arguing on the Box", and, having for some years been concerned in my work with transcribing a wide variety of kinds of spoken language, I was interested in the angry protests of Udi Eichler and Bryan Magee and your reply. I did not see the original television programme, nor, of course, have I seen the document which was sent to you by Thames Television, so I do not wish to enter into the argument about the accuracy of the transcript. But I feel that one or two points are worth making about such transcripts in general.

I have transcribed several examples of quite spontaneous and unrehearsed (even surreptitiously recorded) English conversation. Whenever this type of language is put down on paper using, more or less, the normal English orthographical conventions, the result has a very disturbing effect when read by other speakers of English, because it seems to contain massive incoherencies which do not match with their



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own experience as *talkers* of the language. Articulate intellectuals are particularly prone to the naive belief that in spontaneous utterance their English is organised in roughly the same way as it would be in writing. But this is simply not so. The ways in which spoken and written language are compartmentalised and have their own conventions are largely unknown until the speaker/writer is forced to *read* a sample of his *speech*. It then becomes manifestly, to some painfully, obvious that off-the-cuff remarks and even concentrated spoken arguments do not comply with the norms of writing (even of such "informal" kinds of writing as private letters between intimate friends). This is a much more startling version of the experience some very competent lecturers have when they are dissatisfied with published texts of carefully prepared formal lectures.

I am suggesting that even if you had given a completely accurate transcription of the television programme this would still have given readers a jolt and made the two participants *seem* remarkably inarticulate. You could have pointed out in your own defence that a transcript which uses normal orthography gives only a very selective version of what took place during the programme. Many features of speech such as stress and intonation—very important in determining how we perceive and understand spoken language—cannot be indicated at all without using a technical form of transcription known only to phoneticians. Perhaps more important are the other kinds of communicative behaviour such as gesture and facial expression used by Messrs Worsthorne and Baldwin during the argument, and also visible to the viewer, which play a large part in our perception of speech as being organised, but which are unrecorded in a normal transcription.

The reader of any transcription like the one you published is therefore deprived of many aspects of the original speech event, and attaches an exaggerated degree of importance to such features of the transcript as hesitations, mispronunciations and syntactic rearrangements—all perfectly normal features of spontaneous speech.

T. T. L. DAVIDSON

*Department of Linguistics*
*University of Leeds*

# *"L'Affaire Ezra Pound"*

## *A Reply to Daniel Bell — By MARTIN KILSON*

A MEMORANDUM dated 9 June 1972 defended the decision of the Council of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to reject the recommendation of its literary committee (chaired by Leon Edel, biographer of Henry James, and including John Cheever, Lillian Hellman, James Laughlin, Pound's publisher—Lewis Mumford, Professor Louis Martz of Yale, and Professor Harry Levin of Harvard) to grant the Emerson-Thoreau literary award to Ezra Pound. In it the President of the Academy, Harvey Brooks, maintained that

> "In making such an award to a person for his total achievement through literature, it was argued that the Academy should not separate moral from aesthetic considerations."

I argued in a letter published in the *New York Times* (23 July) that this amounted to establishing political criteria for evaluating intellectual achievement and as such was unacceptable. Daniel Bell, who instigated the Academy's decision against Ezra Pound, replied to my letter, which reply was published in ENCOUNTER (January 1973). I have several reactions.

1. *First*, Bell admits that moral considerations did figure in the Academy's decision against Pound—but this did not involve politics: "A moral criterion, yes; a political one, no." He defends this distinction by claiming that politics and morals differ because the former "represents transient interests or ideologies" and the latter "states certain enduring principles." This argument is spurious. Morals and politics are not "different" but deeply intertwined. Politics are in fact the extension (or application) of morals, and the principles politics generate are no less enduring. It is indeed precisely this situation which demands that the intellectual process be protected from moral and political constraints.

2. *Second*, Daniel Bell's conception of the autonomy of aesthetic works seems to me to be wanting in artistic sensitivity. It is one thing to say, as Bell does, that artistic works "bend to moral norms" but quite another to deduce from this that aesthetic works possess no existence or value outside morality. This conception of the nature of aesthetic works is, in my view, primitive. Though certainly a form of moral statement, the aesthetic work is so much more; it is distinguished from morals precisely through those rare attributes which make aesthetics (form, meaning, sensibility, style) more enduring than morals. And this is why aesthetic works need protection from moral-political imperatives of a given era. The aesthetic powers of modern man would, after all, be antediluvian if (as Daniel Bell believes) aesthetics derive value merely or even largely through morals. No doubt Bell wishes this were so: for those who fear the unbridled growth of man's aesthetic life always seek to confine it in moral-political injunctions. The inquisitors of old knew this well, of course, and acknowledged it. It is a pity that Daniel Bell and his supporters in the Council of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences lack the courage of their convictions.

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**3.** *Third*, it is disingenuous of Professor Bell to deny that the Academy's decision was an attack on intellectual freedom, claiming that "none of us would ever censor the man's work, and we would defend every effort to publish it. At issue is the question of homage: what is due to a man, and for what? . . ." It seems evident to me that the doctrine underlying the Academy's decision (namely, that an intellectual's works are not, to quote Bell, inseparable from "the conduct of the man himself") would, if institutionalised in intellectual life, necessarily play havoc with the unfettered exercise of the intellect. This is so because power would willy-nilly be a major arbiter of intellectual values. How else would the conduct of one intellectual or artist be judged superior or inferior, acceptable or unacceptable? There are, at the very least, censorial implications in this approach.

**4.** *Fourth*, a most disturbing feature of *l'affaire Ezra Pound* is the extent to which considerations of ethnic defensiveness influenced the decision. The Academy's memorandum of 9 July noted that

> "some members of the Council suggested that with memories of the holocaust so prominent, the award of the Emerson-Thoreau Medal to Pound, with an unavoidable implication that it carried the special approval of life as well as work, would be deeply offensive to many members of the Academy."

Daniel Bell shares this outlook in his letter. Clearly, those members of the Academy most likely to be offended were Jewish members—a situation which (I am told) Professor Bell, Jewish and prime-mover in the attack on Pound, left none of the members on the Academy's Council (Jew and non-Jew alike) in doubt about. Another Jewish participant, who was also a member of the literary committee, told me how stunned he was at the intrusion of the issue of "ethnic offence" into the debate on Pound. He was, however, an older Jewish intellectual: a member of that small group of Jewish-American scholars who were grudgingly appointed to élite WASP universities like Yale and Harvard in the 1930s and who, for better or worse, surmounted feelings of ethnic defensiveness in intellectual intercourse. This behaviour, intellectually desirable but unfairly expected of first-generation non-WASP but not of WASP intellectuals in this period, was painfully acquired by Jewish scholars and also by first-generation Negro scholars like E. Franklin Frazier, W. E. B. DuBois, Charles Johnson, and Horace Mann Bond.

But then, we are today in another era altogether: an era where a parochial and perverse sense of ethnic defensiveness, couched in moralistic terms, increasingly pervades American cultural life, harassing intellectual freedom. This trend, now a veritable disease in our intellectual life, derives its current force from the rise of black militancy and cultural separatism among Negro intellectuals in the 1960s. William Styron's novel on Nat Turner, leader of a slave revolt, was the first important work by a white intellectual to be denounced, and the author castigated, for an allegedly "anti-black" viewpoint. The position of Daniel Bell and the Academy in *l'affaire Ezra Pound* advances this pernicious ethnic defensiveness into a new phase.

**5.** *Finally*, the Academy's decision in *l'affaire Ezra Pound* occurs at a time of saddening assaults upon intellectual freedom by extremists of the left. Daniel Bell and other members of the Academy's Council would not equate their action with the anti-intellectual forays of left-wing moralists. Yet in fact the liberals in the Academy's Council unwittingly join the left-wing moralists when they assume, as Bell does, that their particular moral-political doctrines are intrinsically associated with humanistically superior intellectual works. The implication of this outlook is apparent, for only naked power can ultimately decide the value of intellectual works in this sort of moral-political context. It is unfortunate that moralistic liberals like Daniel Bell can condemn this situation in Russia and other authoritarian societies but prefer to ignore it at home. The Academy's decision in *l'affaire Ezra Pound*, is a major blow to American and international intellectual life.

MARTIN KILSON *is a leading American Negro scholar and professor of political science at Harvard University. He was the author of a long study of "The Black Student Militant" in* ENCOUNTER *(September and October 1971).*

## Daniel Bell Replies

THE TASK OF THE INTELLECTUAL is to make relevant distinctions; Mr Kilson can only make crude amalgams.

First, a small item of fact. I was not the "instigator" of the Academy's action. There had been no prior meeting of the Council and none of us knew what the range of individual views was. About seven persons spoke against the award to Ezra Pound. Mr Kilson was not present at the meeting; his knowledge is second-hand.

Politics is embedded in moral norms; would Mr Kilson have it otherwise? I said that anti-semitism, pro-fascism, and pro-Axis broadcasts during the war favouring the victory of Hitler and Mussolini were more than political acts, they were moral obscenities. Would Mr Kilson deem them otherwise?

I said that aesthetic works have to bend to moral norms; a complete autonomy allows the individual artist to explore murder, torture, and other modes of experience—in the imagination and in practice—without restraints. (In the Council discussion, Professors Harry Levin and Louis Martz agreed with this view.) How in the world could one deduce from my statement that "aesthetic works possess no existence or value outside of morality"?

For Mr Kilson to be unable to recognise a distinction between "homage to a man" and "censorship of a work" may be characteristic of his intellectual powers. I assume that most men can readily recognise the distinction and act accordingly, without being accused of becoming inquisitors. (For a man who defends moderation, Mr Kilson is prone to go to extreme lengths, such as approving the "unbridled growth of aesthetics" and "unfettered powers of

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intellect." Is growth always good? Are no restraints ever justified?)

On the question of "ethnic defensiveness." Forty years ago in the élite WASP universities, a Jew would never even raise the issue of the anti-semitism that existed then; it would have been regarded as "ethnically defensive." The fact that today individuals can freely speak out on legitimate ethnic issues, rather than be silent, I take as a sign of progress. But more importantly, it is morally myopic for Mr Kilson to equate the Holocaust with ethnic defensiveness. Such individuals as Gottfried Benn, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, and Ezra Pound associated themselves with one of the most demonic anti-human causes in human history. Is one to neglect this question entirely when one is asked to honour a man? And it is ridiculous to equate the refusal of an award to Ezra Pound with a parochial attack on William Styron.

Finally, on the sources of value judgments. Mr Kilson can only make amalgams when distinctions are needed. In fact, from the bewildering mishmash of his paragraph one cannot know what are the sources of value or moral judgment for him. One can read it as an argument for complete relativism of all judgments (*e.g.* since the leftists are using moral judgments, liberals should not; presumably none should apply), or for some objective set of standards which define "humanistically superior" works, lest naked power decide.

I do not believe that one should impose one's "particular moral-political doctrines" on other groups in society—that is the heart of the liberal doctrine since Kant. I do believe that there are objective standards which define not only "humanistically superior" works but also moral conduct as well, otherwise all moral actions become relative. I do not believe Mr Pound's actions were moral. I could forgive, but not honour.

How are such honours to be decided? In a society of free men, subject to free debate, and in the community of intellect—which is the American Academy of Arts and Sciences—we decided, after an agonising debate and in moral humility, that one should not pay homage to Ezra Pound. What is so striking is that Mr Kilson wilfully distorts that process of decision, that he refuses, even, to wrestle with the difficulties of dealing with the moral components of aesthetic judgments, and that he so arrogantly makes himself the defender of intellectual freedom—as if that were the issue.

DANIEL BELL

*Harvard University*

## Refugee Mythology

FERDINAND MOUNT may be on to something in suggesting the establishment of Chairs in Dispossessology (ENCOUNTER, December 1972), but it is to be hoped that the potential encumbents do not have a tendency to lisp. He misses, to my mind, one psychological impediment affecting nearly every refugee, and it is one that probably applies to the majority of Uganda Asians who have recently come to Britain. Nearly every refugee at any time in the world's history has carried into exile with him an idealised picture of the life he has left behind. This is partly to boost his self-esteem, partly to compensate for the difficulties in adjusting to new surroundings and problems and sometimes to enhance his reputation with his wife, his children, or his in-laws. It would be difficult to find a descendant of a Jew who escaped the pogroms of Tsarist Russia at the turn of the century who has not got some family story of his family having been vastly rich in the Pale of Settlement or of being from the most learned Rabbinical stock.

The same is possibly true of the immigrant Irish or Italians in the USA. All three groups are doubtless better-off in their present situation in the United States than their grandparents were in Europe. Each, today, is likely to nourish his nostalgia with support for his kindred group in his "home country"—the Jew almost certainly for Israel, both as the repository of his sense of ethnic or national pride, after being for centuries without one, and certainly as the refuge for all his fellow Jews who need a haven from oppression.

The Palestinian Arab presents a different case. He feels resentment not only at his dispossession, not only hatred for the Israeli usurpers, but also for his fellow Arabs who have failed to assist him materially and also exploited his plight in an inter-Arab-state struggle for power in which he is not concerned. David Pryce-Jones has summed up that feeling brilliantly in his new book, *The Face of Defeat: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), where he writes:

> By virtue of the Partition Vote, the Arab half of Palestine should have gained its independence but even that rump of the country was absorbed into the Kingdom of Jordan by King Abdullah whose Arab Legion had occupied and held it during the fighting. A military defeat as such remains unacceptable to this day; it has to have concealed depths and hidden explanations into which may be sunk the shame of not having stood against the Jews. In the years of exile that lay ahead the Palestinians have come to visualise themselves in a clamp between Israel atrocities and Arab betrayals.

While UNWRA continues to bear the burden of maintaining the majority of Palestine refugees with Western money and only the merest token of a contribution from the oil-rich Arab states and practically all the Arab governments resist any idea of resettlement of some of them on their own territories, this humiliation will grow and fester. While this situation continues the possibility of a Middle East peace settlement is greatly hindered, even though the refugee problem is only one element of a complex situation.

When it comes down to it, an Irish-, Italian- or Jewish-American has a choice of settling in an old homeland of his own. Only a few are likely to take advantage of that privilege. Few of them will exchange United States prosperity for a lower standard of living in their "homeland"—or the hazards of local terrorism it may involve—because of strong emotional or nationalistic sentiments. This will only be the choice of an idealistic few. The majority of the dispossessed are probably happier with the myth of the greener grasses they have left behind than with the reality that "returning" would involve for them. The Irish-American has his emotional yen satisfied by marching on St Patrick's Day and "wearing the green", and every other ethnic group seems to have his Sunday on which to block-up Manhattan. These are small

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prices to pay for blowing off steam. Chairs of Dispossessology might only succeed in feeding some cankers of despair that could be subject to some other solution.

JACK BARNETT

*London*

## Lipset's "Ideology and No End"

IN HIS ESSAY "Ideology and No End" [ENCOUNTER, December], Professor Lipset does us some service in reminding us that the end of ideology thesis was not merely a bit of ideologically-blinkered wishful thinking. But one cannot help but wonder if he might not have made a better fist of defending the thesis had he not been so concerned with defending himself.

Not merely does Lipset decline to admit any error of his own, but his essay is an attempt to compromise the competition. For example, he attributes to Barrington Moore the assumption that "the class struggle in the West was all but over" when Moore had merely said that American society seemed to have "settled down for a time" and explicitly referred to Blacks as exceptions to the rule that no group any longer "has a vested material interest on behalf of freedom" (a remark Lipset quotes in *Political Man* but judiciously omits in the present essay). Lipset attempts, too, to shelter under the umbrella of Daniel Bell's rather more astute remarks —particularly Bell's stress that the end of ideology would not mean the end of utopia as well. But Lipset himself, in "The End of Ideology?", had evidently supposed that Ideology and Utopia died together:

> This change in Western political life reflects the fact that the fundamental political problems of the industrial revolution have been solved: the workers have achieved industrial and political citizenship; the conservatives have accepted the welfare state; and the democratic left has recognized that an increase in overall state power carries with it more dangers to freedom than solutions for economic problems. *This very triumph of the democratic social revolution in the West ends domestic politics for those intellectuals who must have ideologies or utopias to motivate them to political action.* (my emphasis)

Lipset does not, in the original article, make an analytical distinction between "ideology" and "utopia" and suggests that both are inappropriate to Western industrialised countries. After all, what room can there be for utopias if "democracy . . . [*i.e.*

## *Anti-Communism on the Left:*

*IN the latest number of "Kursbuch", the leading West-German left-wing periodical (edited by the poet Hans Magnus Enzensberger), there are five reports on the state of socialism today, and it is proving to be a shocker in intellectual circles.*

*Soviet power is "degenerate", and the Soviet state "is not the direct and clear expression of the proletariat." The social system of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic is "not socialist, but centralist, bureaucratic, authoritarian and totalitarian." The Communist régime of North Korea is "an authoritarian, nationalistic 'Fuhrer-staat' " or, put another way, a "traditional Korean despotism." Fidel Castro's rule over Cuba is a hyphenated monstrosity, made up of "Hunger-Fear-Chaos-Terror-Lies," a state which produces "wild hate", "cold anger" and "disgust."*

*All the quotations are taken from the latest number of "Kursbuch" which has been for many years the leading organ of the German Left Intelligentsia. Hans Magnus Enzensberger has now put together five travel-reports and analyses of how socialist countries are actually governed, and all the contributors are left-wing socialists: Rossana Rossanda (on Soviet Russia), Bernd Rabehl (on the East German DDR), Sibylle Plogstedt (on Czechoslovakia), Günter Maschke (on Cuba), and Horst Kurnitzky and K. D. Wolff (on North Korea).*

*In his concluding commentary Enzensberger observes that the West European comrades travel happily to Amsterdam or to Sardinia or even to fascist Greece, but deliberately avoid "Hungarian or Ukranian realities." He calls this behaviour "the strategy of evasion", and what he means is clear: the comrades just don't want to look at revolutionary reality.*

WHY THEY DON'T WANT TO GO *and take a look for themselves is explained by Comrade Rossanda. On the one hand, what one learns is often humiliating; on the other hand, one is reluctant to tell the truth, since the relationship of the European Left to the revolutionary socialist countries "has always been a submissive, subaltern relationship."*

*How "subaltern" it still is when faced by revolutionaries in power is demonstrated by the report from East Germany by the former West Berlin student leader, Bernd Rabehl. Although the author can't help noting that the East German workers have "alienated themselves from socialist labour" and seek to flee into a "consumer orientation" and "depoliticisation", still he avoids in his interviews with the Communist functionaries any inquiry into the reasons why. Even indirect questioning provokes the Party officials to an irascible anger, and the interviewer decides to keep his thoughts to himself for fear of being "insulting."*

*The report on North Korea by K. D. Wolff, the former German leader of the revolutionary* S.D.S., *is almost touching. It consists almost entirely of maxims and slogans from socialist calendars. In only one passage does he describe an example in socialist Korea of genuine (i.e. non-alienated) socialist labour. He saw a group of road-workers load a truck with sand, not by means of shovels, but with a long line hand-to-hand movement. K. D. Wolff was completely charmed, and it seemed to him that "only workers who have an interest in their work could think up something like that"—and that, if anything, is evidence only of his own rather alienated relation-*

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Western liberal democracy] is the good society itself in operation"?

When it comes to his own writings, Lipset's quotations are happily selective. He quotes from "The End of Ideology?" concluding that "the predictions of the end of class politics in the 'affluent society' ignore the relative character of any class system" but omits the immediately preceding remarks about the "representation functions of political parties" and the necessity of "consensus on the nature of the political struggle". Nor does he mention that in a previous chapter of *Political Man* he had cited, apparently with approval, Mark Abrams' remarks to the effect that increasing affluence meant that the British working class was gradually drifting to the Tories, adding his own conclusions that "consequently the Tories rather than Labour have been making the more enduring gains", thereby becoming an accomplice in that other sociological red herring of the late 1950s—the "embourgeoisement" thesis.

On the question of intellectuals, Lipset has recourse to quotations from an earlier chapter of *Political Man.* Fortunate that he should do this in the light of what he had said in "The End of Ideology?". Besides the remark already quoted, Lipset expatiates upon the intellectuals' loss of role and detects a turn to apolitical *social* criticism, a "shift away from ideology towards sociology", to worry more about conformism and culture than about politics. All of which looks pretty silly in the light of the events and intellectual ferment of the past seven years—in the United States at least.

Lipset is more than a little disingenuous in his observation that "ideology is not the commonsense term, meaning *any* kind of political thinking, that some of our radical critics seem to think it is", since his own use of the term in earlier essays was as a rather ambiguous commonsense term denoting, if not "*any* kind of political thinking", at least any *system* of political thought that encompassed valued ends and appropriate strategies for attaining them. Nor did Lipset's earlier writings equate ideology with false consciousness, for he assumed it had a positive role to play in building democratic institutions in the Third World, even if its day was past in the West. And if Lipset insists that he *was*, in announcing the end of ideology in the West, treating ideology simply as the "elaboration of false consciousness", then his error is all the more obvious, since he can hardly demonstrate, in the light of the political disasters of the past decade,

## *the New Course*

*ship to the practical uses of a shovel.*

HORRIFIC IN ITS EFFECT *is the placing of the two North Korean reports next to each other. According to Kurnitzky, all Koreans are forced to honour Kim Il-sung, the Party leader and head of State, and his father and his mother as a kind of "holy family." The school-children learn slogans like "The Leader loves all children, and all children love the Leader." Kim Il-sung is praised as "the incomparable Patriot, the national Hero, the great victorious unconquerable Leader." Reverence for the old is inculcated, and especially for achievement. All the men wear their hair short and move along in a "marching step." Nobody is supposed to marry before the age of* 27, *and whoever has a wife or mistress is accused of "not being able to work effectively any more." In the universities there is the separation of male and female students. The party functionaries speak to the citizenry like army commanders, and nobody dares to get too close to their limousines in which they drive to their own separate shops and private theatre entrances.*

IF NORTH KOREA *may still be capable of "great achievements", Cuba—according to Maschke, a German army deserter who took refuge there for a year—has been turned by Castro and Che Guevara into a living hell. It is a place of warring individuals and conflicting groups: "homo homini lupus". Out of sheer hunger the main subject everywhere is food. Every day the question is, "what luck on the black market?" or "where can something be stolen?" The author confesses that in the beginning he felt very strongly "the wish to be deceived", but the realities were even stronger. And the reality looks like this. The support for the régime comes from the "partisan-aristocracy", the old cronies of Castro and the officer corps. This "closed group" lives in luxury and enjoys exclusive privileges. The favourite automobile of the functionaries is the Alfa-Romeo de luxe* 1750. *"This is the new class which preaches self-denial and sacrifice to the masses and speaks lightly of 'material difficulties', which propagandises for the New Man under Socialism, with a Rolex on the wrist and an Upmann cigar between the fingers. . . ." It is a régime which has been conducting a crusade against Cuba's homosexuals, and some* 5,000 *are said to have been rounded up and held in semi-military barracks; and there are also so-called Rehabilitation Centres for tramps and vagabonds. Castro himself makes tirades against "narrow trousers . . . long hair . . . patterned stockings . . . and epileptic dancing." The estimated number of political prisoners is no fewer than twenty thousand. As for the economy of the country which, under Batista, was "relatively functioning", it has been thoroughly disorganised and ruined under Castro.*

ENZENSBERGER *has entitled this* 30*th number of his "Kursbuch" the "Dilemma" of "Socialism as State Power." The first edition was* 45,000 *copies, and the dilemma which is being circulated among the Left intelligentsia is this, according to Rabehl. The Western Left intellectual, confronted by the realities of revolutionary socialism, is faced with: on the one hand, "the dogmatisation of revolutionary Theory"; and on the other, "a new kind of Anti-Communism." As Rabehl says, "this process is now in full swing."*

**Der Spiegel** (*Hamburg*)

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that Western man's capacity for self-deception has diminished. As Donald MacRae has observed [ENCOUNTER, March 1970]:

> We do not become more rational in our acts, but merely more rationalistic: the forms of superstition change: the quantum of non-natural belief remains constant.

LIPSET'S firm conviction that guided him through *Political Man* (1963), and indeed, through many of the essays collected in *Revolution and Counterrevolution* (1969), was the one that he accurately enough describes as the temper of his times (*i.e.* the late '50s): that we in the West had, through our Welfare State, Limited Capitalism mix, found the best possible system of government, arrived at consensus on basic goals, and reduced political controversy to the level of technical disputes about matters of administration. Lipset, along with a multitude of others, was wrong. True, conflicts of interest would remain, but these would be of no systemic significance: they could be settled within the framework laid down by the existing rules of the political game.

CHRISTOPHER A. ROOTES

*Jesus College, Oxford*

## Fairlie's America

MR HENRY FAIRLIE'S recent article (ENCOUNTER, January) on George McGovern's loss of the late election is laughable in its couch-liberal naïveté, but almost charming in the delicacy with which it beats at its guilty breast. McGovern did not lose because he did not make up with George Meany. He lost because he allowed himself to be made to look the fool by Eagleton, whose role in the politics of 1972 in the minds of the electorate left too many questions open. Most of the "foolish" things McGovern did (delivering his acceptance speech at 3 in the morning, revising his welfare programme, tolerating the kooks and eccentrics) cut both ways: "McGovern's above a ruthless manipulation of the press," "McGovern's the only presidential candidate with a *real* welfare programme," "A lot of Americans are kooks and eccentrics; thank God for a little tolerance." But McGovern was put on the rack by Eagleton, because he had a true political tiger by the tail. If he backed him, he was loyal and honourable; if he didn't, he was a manipulator and a hypocrite. But what kind of judgment was it that would back a cynical liar overcome by ambition? And what kind of humanitarian was it that would punish a comrade for his affliction?

As for George Meany, his betrayal of those who are not directly benefited by the machinations of big labour has eliminated his power. Most Americans are pretty cynical about the unions now anyway, and one of the brighter prospects for the immediate future is the coming overhaul of trade unionism which has already begun. The vaunted humanitarianism of the crotchety old grey eminences who once went to meetings of the A.D.A. is a myth which commands the credulity of only those—like Mr Fairlie—who feel the necessity of shaking their fingers at those who are *under thirty*. As William Appleman Williams has pointed out, since Woodrow Wilson's proclamation of the Fourteen Points in which America agreed to regulate the world market-place to the satisfaction of the industrialised nations and especially our own (since with certain natural advantages we could count on taking the biggest profits) both national parties have been agreed on foreign policy: naked economic imperialism disguised by Western missionary zeal. But McGovern's "Come Home, America" has sounded a new note. There are many who have already responded to it. And thus Mr Fairlie is right when he notes that in Miami in 1972 a new party replaced the old; with Wallace on the right and a growing militancy on the left, the populist centre is with McGovern, and his successor will undoubtedly win in 1976. Who knows, it might even be George McGovern himself who will be considered the only man decent and honest and fair enough to pull the party back together.

What is certain is that the American people will never again back the old coalition of tweedy professors, hardhats, Uncle Toms, thugs, racists, red-baiters, and condescending but cynical, profit-taking "humanitarians" that Mr Fairlie so fondly remembers as "one of the great fertile alliances in the politics of the Western democracies during the first half of this century." It is simply the case that the interests of the labour unions headed by Meany are unbendingly opposed to the interests of blacks, chicanos, farmers, working women, and students without whom no party can from now on ever get a mandate. Until Big Labour renounces the style and purposes with which it has been directed by Meany and the Big Business with which he has so often been willing to compromise, until the intellectuals truly address themselves to the life-experience of "ordinary working people," until affluent Americans realise that domestic problems cannot be solved by foreign expansion, there is little hope that they shall be able to take the commanding position in the direction of the enormous power which this country can wield in the making of the future which they so sedulously covet. But as long as Mr Fairlie thinks of McCarthy as the power that unseated Humphrey in 1968, instead of George Wallace (whose vote—if it had gone to Humphrey it would have given him a landslide victory as it gave Richard Nixon four years later—represents the depth of confusion, even agony, in the hearts of the illiterate and uneducated), then there is little hope that liberalism will ever be able to exercise its powers for good under the old mask of pragmatism again.

E. A. PEYROUX, JR.

*Athens, Georgia*

## Homosexuality

I APOLOGISE for overlooking Mr Champion's letter of support for homosexual matrimony (ENCOUNTER, January), but I was abroad when it appeared. Now that it has been drawn to my attention, may I hope that he will provide the sceptical among us with more specific references to "the reasoned case" for legalising homosexual marriages which he thinks "has been made quite frequently." In view of the remarks in the remainder of his letter, however, I suspect that his conception of what constitutes a reasoned case is likely to differ from mine.

Mr Champion is correct in saying that I support the conservative principle of requiring the would-be innovator or reformer to produce compelling argu-

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ments. But I am uncertain after reading his statements which follow whether he himself accepts this maxim. For by asking, in effect, why not ("Who will be hurt . . .?" "What . . . principles will be violated?"), he is manifestly attempting to place the burden of proof once more on the supporters of the established view.

Thus, although he is right in asserting that scientific knowledge grows under criticism, and right also in suggesting that our existing laws be subjected to critical review, those who accept the force of the above methodological maxim should recognise also that, in making criticisms of existing scientific or social beliefs, it is wholly up to them to produce the compelling evidence and/or arguments in order to persuade "the Establishment" of the defects of existing theorems or institutions, or of their inferiority compared with those being proposed. If there does exist an irresistible case in favour of altering our existing institutions to the extent of legalising homosexual marriages, I should imagine that no less than 10,000 words would be required to make it. And if that article were to appear in ENCOUNTER, I would assuredly read it with the closest attention. In the meantime, however, the common retort that is tantamount to the exclamation: "If homosexuals would welcome it, you tell me *why not*!" has, once more, to be gently but firmly brushed aside.

Mr Champion asks me why I am "prepared to tolerate the existence of homosexuals" but not the legitimisation of homosexual marriages. The answer is surely obvious. If one regards active homosexuality, as I do (and I believe psychiatrists do), as not merely an abnormal but as a pathological condition, common charity and good sense require of us only that we sympathise with those afflicted to the extent of removing any remaining disabilities they suffer under existing laws. They do not require of us that we alter our existing institutions so as to sanction and promote the pathological practices resulting therefrom.

This brings me to Mr Champion's final paragraph. I need hardly be reminded that we humans are "no longer uncritical components" of nature's selective mechanisms since here we are, both manifestly criticising each other's views. My remark on the subject was intended to remind those of his persuasion that an important selective component in the survival or "success" of different societies over thousands of years is the institutions they come to adopt—among which is the still-surviving institution of heterosexual marriage, and the family (from which observation, incidentally, nothing whatever follows about a "moral imperative" to propagate). Among other things, therefore, informed criticism has to consider the implications of that important fact.

As for the word "normal" in my letter, it has no necessary relation to the concept of a numerical majority, nor does it carry any implied approval of majority characteristics: desirable qualities are often very scarce. Thus, the fact that homosexuality has increased since the War does not, of itself, bring it any nearer to "normal" in my use of the word. I would tend, rather, to explain the fact in terms of one among other symptoms of widespread social disintegration—such as the continued rise over the last two decades of alcoholism, drug-addiction, suicide, rape, crime, overt obscenity, and violence, along with cults of abandon and excess, the debasement of language, and the concomitant erosion of norms of propriety and taste—brought about by what Alvin Toffler calls "future shock". In other words, the growth of homosexuality is but one of the socially neurotic responses to the more upsetting features of accelerating technological change, among which are incessant movement, urban compression, media saturation, noise, congestion, and tenseness arising from the endless struggle to keep up.

Repeated experiments have shown, not surprisingly, that otherwise "normal" mammals such as monkeys or rats (though provided with abundant food) start to behave in "abnormal" or "anti-social" ways in a short time when exposed to continuously unusual conditions—to excessive light or excessive noise, or to being confined in too small a space. In effect they "go to pieces." The females neglect their young or kill them. The males attack the females, and either lose sexual interest or engage in homosexuality.

If the male rat, reacting in this last way to these unnatural conditions, could speak his mind, he would doubtless proclaim that his new-found pleasure of anal intercourse with other male rats sprang from the profoundest part of his being, that such an indulgence was truly a liberating, an exhilarating, if not a transcendental experience, one from which great benefits were sure to accrue to all rat colonies who promoted it.

E. J. MISHAN

*London School of Economics*

## *Death of a Poet*

**Moscow**

THE PARENTS *of Yuri Galanskov, a dissident Soviet poet who died in a labour camp this month, have demanded an official explanation of the circumstances of his death. Galanskov died on 4 November of peritonitis, nearly three weeks after an operation in the labour camp for a perforated ulcer.*

*"We demand an explanation of why a young man of 33 years perished in such conditions surrounded by doctors who for six years stressed that his condition was not serious and that there was no threat to his life", Mr and Mrs Galanskov wrote.*

*Their letter, made available to foreign correspondents, was addressed to the department of the Internal Affairs Ministry responsible for places of confinement. "If we do not get a comprehensive, persuasive and official explanation, we will insist that our son was killed" the parents' letter said.*

*"We demand to know the names of the people who performed the operation against his and our will, the names of the doctors who observed him during the post-operation period and the names of those involved in his death."*

*Galanskov, who died at a camp in Mordovia, east of Moscow, was serving a seven-year sentence for anti-Soviet agitation. The charge arose from his authorship of a "samizdat" (underground) journal, "Phoenix '66," which criticized restrictions on Soviet writers.*

THE TIMES

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*Kampala*

**BOMBSTERS: President Amin said he was concerned by reports that people calling themselves "Lost Israelites" had been seen in Karamoja in North East Uganda. Security forces would look for them and, if discovered, they would be bombed, he said.**

**He indicated that this was because Uganda has broken off diplomatic relations with Israel and is concerned about alleged attempts by Israel to infiltrate Israelis into Uganda.**

**However, religious circles in Kampala say the "Lost Israelites" are a small Christian sect of Africans in Western Kenya, close to the Uganda border. They have no connection with Israel.**

DAILY TELEGRAPH

*New York*

SARTRE'S ARTHRITIS: *"I would let the Mona Lisa burn without a second thought. Her smile for so long has only served as a cliché for bad writers.*

*"I do not really see anything wrong with burning university professors. Some of them are criminals. But actually I would insist that they be left in cellars for a certain time, like paintings and books during the war, to be discussed with a clear head once the main action is over."*

*Half suspecting a hoax, Americans are reading this sort of stuff, reams of it, in a hysterically-funny interview with Jean-Paul Sartre, the superstar of the French intellectual Left, in the latest issue of "Esquire" magazine. I have the awful feeling it is genuine [writes Jeremy Campbell].*

*Dressed in a little jacket from a Venice boutique, Sartre talks with relish about beating up the police, smashing bourgeois culture and locking up business executives in their offices "so they have to piss in their desk drawers".*

*Then he rushed off to lunch with Simone de Beauvoir at La Coupole.*

*"Why are you not a Maoist?" the interviewer asked.*

*"Arthritis," Sartre replied.*

*"Arthritis?"*

*"To be a Maoist in France you cannot be over 30. For physical reasons first of all: if you are trying to get away from guys who are charging you with clubs, and you are 67 and have arthritis, you have to stop at the end of 50 yards.*

*"Moreover, the true Maoist is capable of entering a factory and working on an assembly line. I am no longer able to do that. I am too old."*

*Sartre is very choosy about who he likes. He seems to prefer Jews who have been persecuted a bit and reached higher intellectual standards, and residents of Israel, "Where the police, the whores and the workers are all Jewish." At the same time he is quite nasty about intellectuals, especially Jean-François Revel, who is optimistic about America.*

*" I like women because they are oppressed," he says. "I think that's it . . . when I see women from these new liberation movements, which I approve of heartily and even admire, I really don't feel much like talking to them, except about politics, and then it's exactly like talking to boys.*

*"But with women who are still in part alienated, I can have a conversation about the people going by, about things that are a little subtle."*

*Sartre has a lot of time for the Black Panthers: he likes the way they "blow up houses." But he refuses even to speak to the Russians, partly as a punishment for having Nixon to stay while American bombs were falling on Vietnam.*

*"The depths to which Russia has sunk. It is unbelievable!"*

EVENING STANDARD

*London*

**TAKING SHORT "A's": Creased, craggy and immeasurably wise, W. H. Auden gave an exhilarating performance at the National Book League on Wednesday. He read from his own works and those of Dryden.**

**His use of the short "a" in words such as dance and ghastly, led some of the audience to think he had become Americanised. But it merely reflects his Derbyshire background. (Lord Curzon was another Derbyshire man who had the same trait.)**

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

*East Berlin*

LEXIKON (EAST): *The East German ideologists have begun to mobilise their forces to counteract the Westernising influences which have been following on from the Willy Brandt/Egon Bahr "Ostpolitik."*

*The latest edition of East Germany's standard dictionary, "Meyer's Lexikon" has a number of significant changes. "Call-girls", for example, are no longer class-angled as "women and girls of bourgeois background", but simply and literally as "Rufmädchen." And the French "Can-Can" which was formerly described as a "licentious dance with provocative movements" has now been reduced to "high leg movements at a galloping tempo."*

*A special warning has also come from the East Berlin Professor of Philosophy, Georg Klaus, about propagandistic unsubtleties and their psychological after-effect in clumsy Eastern agitation. "One can say everything simply," he says simply, "but one must beware of vulgar and primitive formulations. . . ."*

DER SPIEGEL

*London*

**A ROSE IS A ROSE: From the alterations to a list of speakers available in a Rotary news-sheet: "The Institute of Landscape Architects. . . . The title 'Making a Garden' should be deleted, and replaced by 'External Environment of Urban and Rural Areas'."**

DAILY TELEGRAPH



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*Bonn*

**BLOODY PUN: West Germans, shocked by the violence in Northern Ireland, have found a new nickname for the province. Instead of correctly calling it "Nordirland", they call it "Mordirland" (murder Ireland).**

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

*London*

VIET LINGUISTICS: *In her book "Fire in the Lake" Frances Fitzgerald's explanations of linguistic points take her, painfully, out of her depth—for example, that Ho Chi Minh preferred "socialist" to "communist" (but did he?) out of patriotism, the Vietnamese word for the first being pure Vietnamese, that for the second borrowed from Chinese; actually the two words are equally Chinese, though coined in Japan.*

*Miss Fitzgerald's thesis is that American advocacy of democracy and the open society has been incomprehensible to the Vietnamese people, who yearn traditonally for discipline; the Communists are strong because they are conscious heirs to authoritarian Confucian social attitudes. The key to the present conflict, Miss Fitzgerald goes on, lies in the mysteries of the Chinese "Book of Changes"; but she quotes no sinologist (Paul Mus was not one) to support her interpretation (based on an English translation made from a German one) of "fire" and "lake" in that ancient fortuneteller's handbook, nor any evidence that there even exists a Vietnamese edition of it, let alone that the Marxist-Leninists of the Hanoi politburo have ever paid attention to it.*

*It is sad how many liberals today have come to the conclusion, since decolonization, that a collectivized, secretive, and totalitarian society is "the only thing natives understand".*

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*London*

**NO BUSINESS LIKE BUSINESS: "I am not a writer: I am a businessman. My business is writing." The words, modest and heartfelt, are those of the Scottish writer Alistair MacLean, and the business is a profitable one; since he started writing in 1955 he has sold an estimated 24 million books, making him, after Agatha Christie, the second-best-selling author in Britain.**

LOS ANGELES TIMES

*London*

THREE LITTLE WORDS: *The BBC has ordered a clean-up in both TV and radio programmes following public protests.*

*Producers have been sent a new code headed "Tastes and Standards in the BBC" which gives strict instructions on sex scenes and swear words.*

*On swearing it says: "It is principally three words which give offence: bloody, bleeding, and God.*

*"There are occasions when such words are included gratuitously in scripts to give force to lines or situations otherwise lacking it.*

*"The BBC regards the use of these words in such circumstances as indefensible."*

*The code states that in some documentaries swearing is permitted, but it must be discussed at senior executive level first.*

DAILY MAIL

# AUTHORS

**Lewis A. Coser** is Professor of Sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and author of *Sociology Through Literature* (1963), *Political Sociology* (1967) and *Masters of Sociological Thought* (1970). . . .

**H. V. Hodson** was editor of *The Sunday Times* from 1950–1961 and Provost of Ditchley from 1961–1970; he has published various books on economics and the problems of Commonwealth.

**Sir Karl Popper** is Emeritus Professor, London School of Economics, and the author of numerous distinguished works in philosophy and scientific method. His most recent book, *Objective Knowledge*, was recently published by Oxford U. P.

**C. B. Cox** is Professor of English at the University of Manchester, author of various books on modern poets and poetry, and co-editor of *The Black Papers on Education*. . . .

**Maurice Ashley** was Deputy Editor and then Editor of *The Listener* from 1946–67 and Research Fellow at the Loughborough University of Technology for the following three years. He is the author of many historical works, including *Charles II: The Man and the Statesman* (1971) and *Oliver Cromwell and His World* (Thames & Hudson, 1972).

**Leonard Schapiro** is Professor of Political Science with Special Reference to Russian Studies at the London School of Economics, and author among other books of *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (1960), *The Government and Politics of Soviet Russia* (1967) and *Totalitarianism* (1972). . . .

**J. H. Plumb** is Professor of Modern English History in the University of Cambridge, Fellow of Christ's College, and author of *Sir Robert Walpole, The First Four Georges, The Growth of Political Stability in England,* and *Death of the Past* (1972).

**John Boardman, F.B.A.,** is Reader in Classical Archaeology at Oxford and Fellow of Merton College. He is an excavator and has written books on Greek prehistory, Classical art and gems. Revised editions of his *Greek Art* and *The Greeks Overseas* and a new handbook on Athenian black figure vase painting will be published this year. . . .

**Barry Cunliffe** is Professor of European Archaeology, Oxford University, and a Fellow of Keble College. His works on *Fishbourne* and *Roman Bath* appeared in 1971, and his account of *Iron Age Communities in Britain* will be published by Routledge later this year. . . .

**John Bossy** is Lecturer in Modern History at Queen's University, Belfast. He edited *The Spirit of the Counter-Reformation* (Cambridge University Press, 1968) and is now working on a study of *The English Catholic Community 1570–1850*. . . .

**James Macphearson** is a writer on North African and Saharan affairs, and a regular contributor to the BBC Arabic Service. . . .

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## A PLACE FOR HABITATION

THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND THEIR QUEST

**From north Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire to Holland and then finally to America and the hardships that met them there, the story of the Pilgrim Fathers and their search for "a place for habitation" is splendidly recreated. Francis Dillon includes much little-known information about those early days, before coming to the bitter struggle for survival that first winter on the inhospitable New England coast. He continues with a detailed account of life at Plymouth for the next half century and again includes new material which explores the Pilgrim's relations with their neighbours.**

£3.50/illustrated

Hutchinson

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